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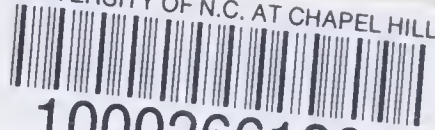
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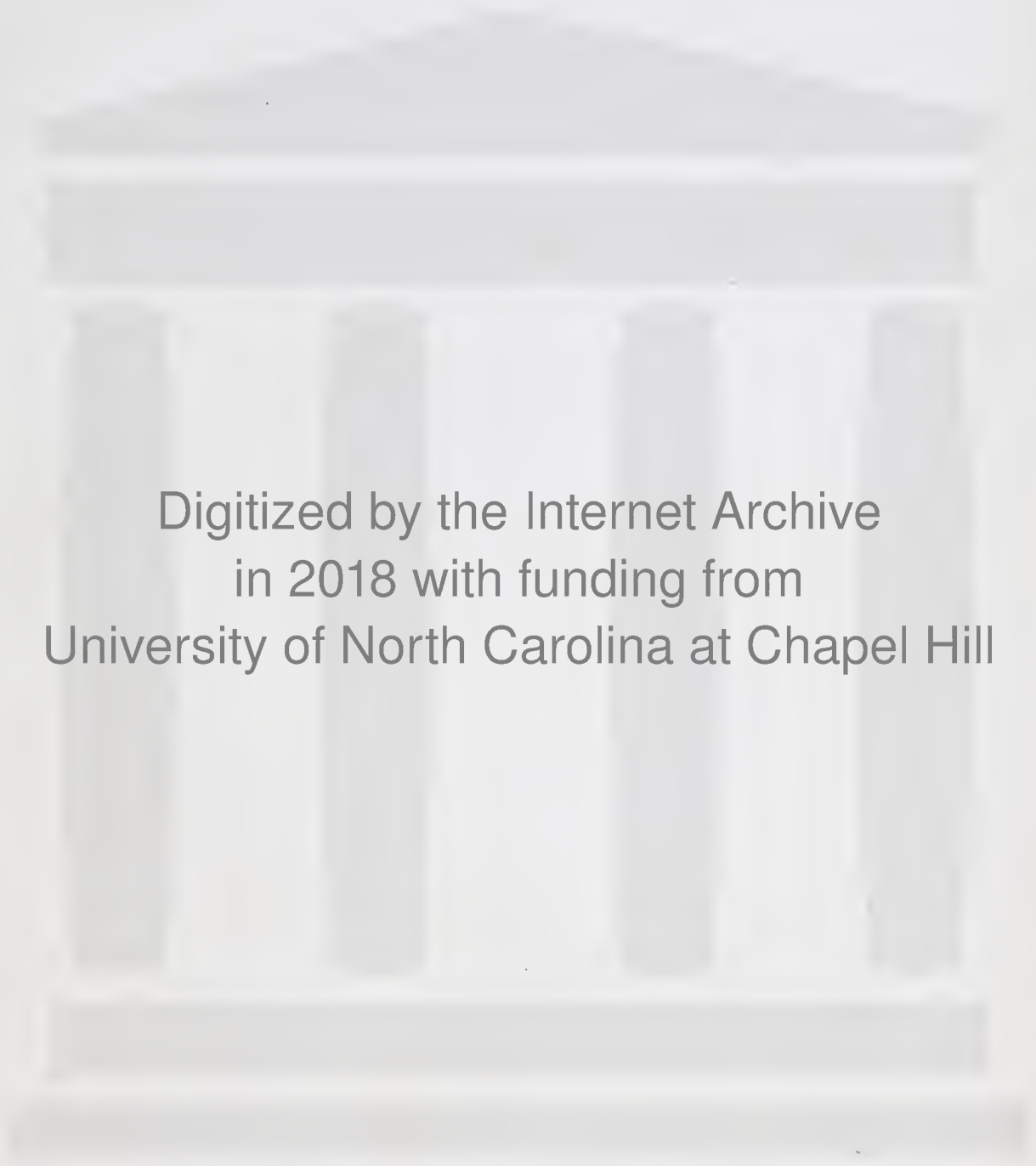
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A  
THREE MONTHS' TOUR  
IN  
SWITZERLAND AND FRANCE.





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*From a Sketch taken on the Spot by the Rev.<sup>d</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Liddiard.*

*Printed by C. Hillmaier.*

FALL of the STAUBBACH.  
near Lauterbrun

*Published by Smith Elder & Co Cornhill.*



*William Henry Walker*

DQ23

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A THREE MONTHS'  
TOUR  
IN  
SWITZERLAND AND FRANCE:

Illustrated with Plates,  
DESCRIPTIVE OF MOUNTAIN SCENERY,  
AND INTERSPERSED WITH POETRY;  
WITH  
A ROUTE TO CHAMOUNI, THE BERNESE ALPS, &c.

---

BY  
THE REV. WILLIAM LIDDIARD,  
AUTHOR OF "THE LEGEND OF EINSIDLIN, A METRICAL TALE OF SWITZERLAND,"  
AND OTHER POEMS.

---

"To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
With the wild flock that never sees a fold;  
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;  
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled."  
CHILDE HAROLD, Canto 2.

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LONDON:  
SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., CORNHILL.  
1832.

LONDON :  
Printed by Maurice and Co., Fenchurch Street.



TO THE

REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D., F.R.S.A.,

AS A MEMORIAL OF FRIENDSHIP,

AND AS A TESTIMONY OF ESTEEM FOR HIS TALENTS,

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.



## P R E F A C E.

---

IN visiting the Land which forms the chief subject of the following Tour, the author has been instigated by various motives;—to view the handy-work of the Deity in all its sublimity, and at the same time to tread a soil which, like Greece, has been stamped with the seal of Freedom; celebrated for the heroic deeds of those who purchased for it, with their best blood, the first of all blessings; who swore that it should be free,—“and it was so.” I was actuated also by another motive. A Metrical Poem, which I was then writing, induced a wish to see that particular spot, *Morgarten*, where the battle was fought in which the Spartan Swiss proved victorious, and drove an invading foe, in spite of an immense superiority in numbers, from their lakes and hills. I wished also to see the splen-



did Monastery of “*Notre Dame des Hermites*,” (Einsidlin,) from whence the little Poem I speak of derived its name. I regret that my time did not permit me to see more of these attractive valleys and awe-inspiring hills: but I ought to be grateful, and not to forget that I never was for one single day impeded by bad weather, and therefore saw as much of the country as any person could have seen, in the same time. This I attribute, not solely to the weather, but as much to a determination I made, upon leaving England, not to be persuaded to go to Italy; a resolution which I found it was no easy matter to adhere to. At Martigny, in particular, I had to struggle against the importunity of an agreeable fellow-traveller, then with his brother on his way to the Simplon and Milan,—whom I left (after having resisted all his entreaties) on his way; while I pursued mine, in solitude, towards the Pisse-Vache, St. Maurice, Chillon, Bex, Vevay, &c.

Whatever reluctance I may have felt at the time, I had reason to rejoice at my determination; as, when I was travelling the Bernese Alps afterwards, I found, by a letter from my fellow-travel-

lers, that they were prisoners on the wrong side of the Alps; a fall of snow having prevented them from meeting me, as they had intended, on the Lake of Lucerne. How much depends upon a well-digested plan may be learnt from this circumstance; the person I allude to having been *three* times in Switzerland without having seen, what I have Lord Byron's authority for calling, the "finest country in the world."\*

In giving this short Tour to the public, the author is in hopes it may prove serviceable to those who have time only to make a brief visit to these mountains.

If it should stimulate a single individual to such an undertaking, he will feel that he has not written in vain. If he has been excursive upon an hackneyed theme, he is assured that it is one which is inexhaustible, since no two travellers, perhaps, see this mountainous region under the

---

\* Lord Byron says, in his Notes in a Tour to these very Alps, that he was fortunate both in the weather and in his companion, Mr. H——. "I can bear fatigue and privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world."—See the second volume of Moore's *Memoirs of Lord Byron*.

same aspect,—now glooming in mist, now sparkling in the sunshine, yet never otherwise than sublime.

In my ascent of the Righi I was most fortunate, and would say, that the sight of the rising or the setting sun, but more especially of the latter, from thence, cannot be too dearly purchased by any toil. He that has seen this, has reached the “ne plus ultra” of that delight of which our earthly vision is capable.

I shall only detain my reader whilst I deprecate his too severe criticism of a Tour which has been written with a view to stimulate others to undertake a similar Journey. To form any thing like an accurate opinion of the grandeur of this country, which I have humbly attempted to describe, it must be visited;—to be duly appreciated, it must be seen.



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## TOUR TO CHAMOUNI.





A  
Circular Route

from  
Geneva to Chamouni, Martigny, &c. &c.  
back to  
GENEVA.



A  
Second Route  
by

Lausanne, Berne, &c. &c. to the Bernese Alps.

The Lakes of  
LUCERNE, ZUG,  
&c. &c.



# SIX WEEKS' TOUR,

&c.

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## LETTER I.

*Departure from Ryde for Havre in the Camilla Steam Packet—Sailing Match—Arrival at Havre—Hotel de Londre—Douaniers—An Account of the American Indians—A Table d'Hote—Singing Girls.*

HAVRE DE GRACE, AUG. 3, 1827.

WHEN Sterne applied the term of apparition to a letter, he must have considered absence as a temporary death, from which the absent, like the departed, are permitted occasionally to escape, to revisit the “Glimpses of the Moon”—to hover occasionally round the loved and well-remembered abode of their friends “*et quo non possum corpore mente feror.*” Of such it may be said that they are never more *at* home than when *from* home. As such a test, I trust you will hail the appearance of this Letter.

I shall now recur back, without further prejudice, to the moment when I took leave of you on the Pier of Ryde, and stepped from thence into the steam-boat in waiting. Cer-

race of this kind before ; and that which I now, for the first time, looked upon, was not calculated to impress me with that great interest, which many who have not witnessed such a race imagine such a contest to present. Mr. Maxie's yacht, to which we lowered our colours as we passed, was just on the point of going round the stationed vessel, while the next nearest yacht was at least a mile behind. It seemed to be a *hollow* thing, there being nothing like the strife, the "tug of war" you almost always are sure to witness in a degree enough to make it interesting in a horse race. It is generally too well known which vessel will win the race, according as there is a breeze or calm: so far there is this advantage, that as neither Boreas nor Zephyrus are to be bribed, so there can be no foul play ; it being impossible that the water jockeys can ever reach the climax to which those of the turf have arrived.

After a restless, negative sleep on the hard deck, wrapt in my cloak, I was not sorry to hail the dawn of day, and, soon after, the harbour for which we were bound. The number of docks rather injure the beauty of the entrance to Havre, whilst the want of a free circulation of water in summer must give rise to an unwholesome effluvia. It is to this stagnantcy that the natives must attribute the intermittent fevers to which the people at Havre and its immediate neighbourhood are always liable in summer.

After a visit from the Douaniers, the pressure of whose fingers I felt upon my cloak, without being productive of

any result, I hastened to the nearest hotel, the Hotel de Londres, where I was well accommodated during my stay at Havre. We (that is, all the English) had our patience and temper tried by the Douaniers, who were evidently determined to detain us as long as possible, honouring our occasional sallies of impatience at the delay, with epithets not very complimentary. “*Cochons Anglois*” was a term which more than once assailed my ears, responded to by us in our turn, in an equally opprobrious strain. The insolence of office, it must be confessed, exceeds that which petty “brief authority” plays off in our own country.

In the Passport Office, where I left my passport, I experienced much vexatious delay, all of which I afterwards found might have been avoided by a small *douceur* to a Madame ———, who regulates these matters more speedily and satisfactorily to her employers. Substitutes were given us in lieu of our passports, which were forwarded to Paris. There, we were informed, they would be restored. All these *contretens* are so many appeals to the pocket. Woe betide him who should follow the scriptural instruction to the *letter*, and travel without scrip or purse, a most indispensable part of the traveller’s luggage. We found very good accommodation at the Hotel de Londres, kept by an English woman, who was very attentive, and, considering all things, reasonable in her demands: five francs a-head entitled us to an excellent dinner, a dessert, and a bottle of claret, well flavoured, at the “Table d’Hote.”



Whilst in the enjoyment of our dessert, a more intellectual treat awaited us, through another sense, the ear, which was now regaled by the sound of sweet music, vocal as well as instrumental. We soon found we were indebted to a trio for this repast, consisting of a father and his two daughters; both of whom sang, one of them accompanying her voice with the harp, the father playing the violin. After several delightful “chansons,” a plate was sent round the table, into which (as much was not expected) every person put something; what I know not, but enough, apparently, to satisfy the performers, one of whom had to boast of no small beauty of person as well as voice.

In rambling through the streets the following morning, I met one of our fellow-travellers, who had taken up his quarters at another hotel, together with some *lions*, or, in other words, “American Indians, from the Back Settlements,” who were on their route to Paris, with a view to gratify Charles Dix and the Parisiens. I was induced to accompany him to his *auberge*, where we found the objects of our curiosity busily occupied in discussing an ample dish of plums, spitting out the stones in various directions, of which the chequered floor bore testimony on every side; an action in which they evinced no small degree of assiduity and perseverance. Possibly they had no reason to regret that we disturbed them in this operation, as we afterwards heard their healths had suffered from the excess in this indulgence. As soon, however, as they perceived we were observing them with a prying eye of curiosity,



they made their retreat, setting in motion a number of little bells, which were suspended to a sort of bracelet, fastened to the upper part of the arm, by means of which, like the lady of “Banbury,” they make a sort of “music wherever they go.” Their complexion was rather dark tawny than black; the females, reversing the order of nature, having the least beauty to boast of, their features partaking more of the *Squaw* than those of the men:—their language seemed to be rapid and dissonant. We were interrupted and precluded from further observation by the appearance of one of the *gens d'armes*, who told us it was against their orders to admit strangers: we were therefore obliged to decamp without ceremony; and, amongst the rest, our friend, who in vain endeavoured to assure the *gens d'armes* that he had apartments in the hotel, until a *femme de chambre* made her appearance, and confirmed the assurance.

To-morrow we propose leaving Havre by the Rouen steamer; an intention I have been induced to adopt, from finding that several of our party have resolved to do the same thing, and for the same cause—the beautiful scenery which the banks of the Seine present on every side. For the present, then, adieu! My next Letter will be from Rouen, when I shall endeavour to describe the events of the day, which is rich, at least, in promises.

## LETTER II.

*Leave Havre in the Steamer for Rouen — Honfleur — Chateau on the Seine — Dinner on board — Setting Sun; proposed by a Lady of the Party, that every one should write something upon the subject — Rouen Hotel.*

ROUEN, AUG. 5, 1827.

RETROSPECTION may be said to have two urns; one containing that which is *bitter*, the other that which is *sweet*. Thus, though the former stream is most abundant, yet she sometimes lets us taste of that which is more grateful. In the present instance she has been in a bountiful humour, the past claiming precedence over the present; an assurance you would well understand, were you circumstanced as I am in the Hotel de Midi, from whence I write. Such a combination of circumstances seldom occurs to enhance a day's enjoyment, and to stamp it in the memory with its endearing reminiscences.

The hilarity arising from a bright day to which few are insensible, and the morning scene upon the waters, were, yesterday, chequered by taking leave of those I loved; an event which, even under the happiest circumstances, impresses the mind with more or less melancholy; though it has been truly said that the worst, the most difficult part

of leave taking, is from the parlour to the hall-door. There is something in these partings, which, to a reflecting mind, reminds us of that final separation which sooner or later awaits us all. This conviction it was, no doubt, that caused a celebrated writer to exclaim upon a certain occasion, when about to part with a friend to whom he was sincerely attached: “*May we never meet again!*” meaning, no doubt, thereby, that if such were the pains of parting, it were better to avoid its recurrence. There are many anecdotes of the author of the “Tale of a Tub,” to prove, that, with much assumed roughness, he was possessed of a tender heart.

“But,” as the historian says, “to return.” There was nothing of this kind to interfere with, to counteract the enjoyment which commenced from the moment I entered the steam-boat, my ears listening to and recognizing the voice of one of the minstrels, accompanied with the harp which I heard yesterday, singing a sort of parting admonition to the assembling passengers, in the words of the *chanson*, to which she imparted a peculiar interest, “*Gardez vous D’Amour, Bergere.*” From the moment I entered the steam-boat, until I left it at the midnight hour for the Hotel de Midi, from whence I write; from “morn to dewy eve, a summer’s day,” it was all “couleur de rose.” Difficult to please, and ungrateful to Providence must I have been, not to have appreciated, not *still* to appreciate the golden hours which constituted a day, marked in my calendar, as having been fraught with every concomitant calculated



to endear it to the recollection. Imagine me then gliding down the Seine, one of the most lovely of rivers, rich in interesting scenery, each side seeming to vie which should most attract our notice. *Here*, a town or village with its steeple close to the water's side, and backed with rising woods, affording a luxuriant shelter ; and *there*, the ruined Chateau of Tankerville Castle, inviting the imagination to muse upon the busy and fruitful past. Such are the scenes which Harfleur and Tankerville Castle, alternately, on either side present. No sooner is the latter past than the wide and ample river spreads itself out, as it were a lake, again in, a little while, to resume its more humble character.

There is something peculiarly delightful in the sensation of gliding down a spacious river, rich in its scenery, the mind awakening as the body becomes quiescent, particularly so on a day such as that with which we may be said to have been blessed, where we had nothing to distract the eye, or prevent the enjoyment of the inexhaustible food, now refreshing, animating, revigorating the soul. This intellectual repast is doubly exhilarating, when to this is added the co-operating charm of novelty, and the consummation of all, which I possessed, in being surrounded by persons of both sexes, who were embarked in the same vessel, and upon the same errand by a congenial taste ; one congenializing knot, in search of the same ore, abundant enough to gratify all who seek the inexhaustible mine.

Amongst those who were partaking of this rich repast, I recognised several ; but one party in particular, who had



been fellow passengers in the Havre packet, who had, as well as myself, taken their passage from Portsmouth—a Mrs. O—, the widow of an admiral, her daughter, and governess; the rest of the party consisted of a Mr. and Mrs. F——, from Warwickshire, and a Captain M——, of the Royal Navy. In spite of the cold distance which “*les Anglois*” are too much in the habit of indiscriminately observing towards each other when thrown together by accident, they who have any tact will not make “rules for themselves to err by.” Certain it is, that those who take too much precaution in these cases, have but a negative enjoyment. A sympathy springing from our admiration of the same object, fleeting before us, (as it was,) left us no time for consulting pride or prudence. The advances which I was induced to make in the first instance, without being indebted to the weather for a remark, were met with the urbanity which is never wanting in those who combine talent with good breeding. No chilling repulse followed an effort which was not misconstrued into presumption; my observations were met, as they were intended, with polite cordiality; and with more than I had a right to expect from a company who wanted not the aid of a stranger to add to their numbers or their harmony. Their kindness I am therefore ready to place to the account of their philanthropy, excited by my solitary state. To one who, like myself, had never been on the Continent, and who knew the French language (at least, to speak) imperfectly, the value of such attention must be felt, to be understood. It was therefore no small gratification

to be asked to join their dinner party in the cabin which Captain M——, the director of the party, had bespoken. The rich mental feast of which we had been partaking, or rather the fine air around us, prepared us to welcome the more sensual fare which was rendered doubly grateful by the *Cuisinier*, who had done his best to make every thing good and piquant. “*Cotelets à la maintenon*,” and rich “*patées de veau*,” were washed down by some excellent “*vin de Macon*.” In order to do justice to the eye and the palate at the same time, it was proposed to quaff our claret upon the deck. Here we beguiled the passing moments in pleasant talk, mixed with remarks upon light and shade, until the former was fast departing, not with a doubtful appearance, but with such a promise of return as gave us the certain earnest of a glorious morrow, banishing every fear, whilst inspiring gratitude for that which could never be wholly taken from us,—the feast of reason, of which we had been already partakers, (still remembered, though now numbered with the past,) and that joyous hilarity which such a scene inspired.

One of the ladies present, whom I found to be highly gifted, proposed that each of the party (the sun approaching fast to his ocean pillow,) write something upon the occasion, in verse; that, after being read aloud, we should consign the lines to a bottle, first partaking its contents, and then give it, corked and labelled, to the stream over which we were then passing. Behold! all pencils, all brains at work, and, at length, prepared to

read the votive offering. Whether it was, that a proposal I made, that we should label the bottle, and direct it to the enlightened Editor of the ————— alarmed the suddenly inspired knot, I know not, or to what cause to assign it, I am at a loss to say ; but my proposal was not attended to, though we each read over our several compositions, to the mutual entertainment of those concerned. I much regret I could not persuade the parties to make an exchange of lines. There was one, in particular, of these *impromptus*, I should have much wished to have possessed, and only regret that I cannot recollect it. It was by one of the ladies.

We arrived at Rouen at a most inconvenient hour, increased by a crowd, which, though near midnight, had collected, in hopes of seeing the Indians. Luckily, there was no further inspection of baggage: we were therefore not long in reaching the Hotel de Midi; it was some time, however, before we were all accommodated. The *aubergiste* recognized, in Captain M——, an ancient customer, in spite of the disguise of his own immediate state, being “half seas over.” His over anxiety to please now became inconvenient, as he would insist upon cracking a bottle of his “vin ordinaire,” as a sort of “all hail!” and, what was still worse, after the ladies had retired, upon our listening to some adventures which had befallen him in Paris, which he had just left, at any time uninteresting to those who know nothing of the parties, the stories were not calculated to give us a high opinion of our host’s morality.



Reversing the terms of *Charles* in the “School for Scandal,” I was inclined to cry out against his *immorality*, and to request he would “shew us to our bed.” This was done at last, when I found that which was consigned to me not calculated to give a high opinion of the house, either for cleanliness or accommodation. I passed as good a night as I *expected*: and my expectations had not been much raised. The *café au lait* in the morning was better than the bed, and, with the bright sunshine of an August day, has helped to vanish all gloomy recollections; an effect which has been aided by the occupation in which I am now engaged, and which I must now, for the present, bring to a conclusion, with the assurance which custom, not necessity, I hope, enjoins.



## LETTER III.

*Rouen — St. Owen — Visit to a Garden of an Englishman, at Rouen — Military Mass at Rouen Cathedral — Leave Rouen for Paris — Hotel d'Italie — Visit to the Louvre — Franconi's — Leave Paris in a Voiture for Geneva — Palace at Fontainebleau — Table upon which Napoleon signed his Abdication — Cathedral at Sens.*

ROUEN, AUGUST 5.

AFTER tumbling and tossing upon a very *bad* bed, in a still *worse* room, I met our party at breakfast this morning in the *Salle à-manger*, all of whom, I was glad to find, had fared better than myself. After an excellent breakfast, we issued forth in search of the *lions* at Rouen. The first things which attracted our notice, were the two Cathedrals, especially that of St. Owen, a noble gothic building of Norman architecture. The interior of this magnificent Church, and its fine stained glass, meets with no impediment to break the beauty of its long and graceful aisles, or destroy the effect of the *coup d'œil*, which is highly imposing; whether we look up or around us, there is no impediment to the admiring eye. Here are no pews, such as we see in our cathedrals, which make the *tout ensemble* appear to less advantage. Chairs

here are substituted, which are let out for a trifling sum for the time being, to such as may wish to occupy them. There is nothing but the long aisle with its "dim religious light." I should have made one exception, which I ought not to have forgotten, as it gave rise to some mirth at the moment; I allude to the confessional boxes, of which there were several here, though at this time unoccupied.

We now repaired to the Tower, which we began to ascend, in hopes of getting a bird's-eye view of Rouen and its environs. For this effort we were well repaid, with the exception of Miss O——, who, when about half way up the stairs, grew giddy and took fright. Notwithstanding the winding steps are partially protected by a railing, as the intervals between the bars are wide, the depth below is not concealed from the person ascending; neither is the protection enough to make a very timid person feel secure. As the eye, Tacitus tells us, is that organ which first takes fright in a battle, so was it in this case; Miss O——, who was the last of the ascending party, from fright, was compelled to cling to the banister for protection. We did not at first perceive her situation, till she made us acquainted with the predicament in which she was placed by her cries, when Captain M—— immediately went to her assistance, and conducted her in safety to "terra firma."

The rest of the party were repaid for their perseverance by the noble view of the Seine, and the environs of Rouen,

which amply reward the prospect-hunter for his trouble. In endeavouring to return to our hotel by another way, we lost ourselves; we were indebted to the lady immediately under my protection, for the speedy recovery of the loss, if *such* it could be called. Speaking French fluently, and addressing herself, at my suggestion, to Frenchmen only, we were soon furnished with such information as put us in the right road. “Ayez vous le complaisance aller a-droit et encore au gauche et vous retrouverez bientôt le rue que vous cherchez, et L’Hotel du Midi;” as far as I can remember, this was pretty much the polite manner in which the lady’s request was met.

After dining at the Table d’Hôte, which was well served, and reasonable, and which we should have enjoyed much more but for the officiousness and vulgarity of “mine host,” the *Roué*, the ladies disappeared, for a purpose I was sorry to hear announced,—to *pack* up, and make other preparations for their departure on the following morning; Captain M—— having purchased a carriage in the course of the day, which just held the party. It was not without some disappointment I was told in the morning, when my *l’eau chaude* was brought to me, that they were on the eve of departure. I made all the haste I could, but, to my regret, I found they had started before I could say adieu. Their early departure precluded me also from making, as I had intended, my thanks for their very kind attention, which made me for a while almost forget I was a solitary wanderer in a strange land. “*Telle est la vie*,” the sensation



of loneliness returned with their departure. It was not, however, of long duration;—the loss of my new acquaintance was amply compensated when the door opened,—and an old long-tried friend stood before me;—never came friend at a more welcome hour. Finding I would not take Dieppe in my way to Paris, my brother-in-law came over from Dieppe to see me, being more conversant with the ways of the Continent, to help me, a novice, with his advice. As this could be imparted whilst walking, we directed our way towards the Boulevards, and after a complete inspection of these beautiful and shady walks, we paid a visit to a garden of considerable dimensions, laid out by an Englishman, and full of the most rare flowers and plants; amongst which the *grandiflora*, *fusia*, *poligula*, *pomegranate*, *loria rosa*, and *nereum splendens*, were conspicuous. Many acres are here laid out, including hot and green houses, with judgment and taste, and well repay the visitor for the time he may dedicate to the inspection. For my own part, I could have lingered all the day in this sweet spot.

To the sweet succeeds the bitter in this life. They who have fortunately learnt what it is to have known a true *friend*, which so many pass through life without finding, can alone understand the pang of *parting*: yet what is this to the loss which I have since sustained, of which this was, as it were, alas! a type? I was well aware that I should have to undergo this penalty for the delight I had experienced in meeting *one* in a strange land.



As soon as our ramble amidst the wilderness of sweets was over, the wife of the horticulturist, who was the representative of Flora on this occasion, a comely and fair personage, of a "certain age," finished her courteous reception by presenting each of us with some of her most choice flowers: we then took our leave, expressing our thanks for her politeness.

In another half hour my friend was on his way to Dieppe, while I had nothing to console me but my flowers, the fading leaves of which, bright as they were, only reminded me of my loss, and once more, in the midst of a populous city, I found myself in solitude. The assurances that I was *alone* were too many and too appalling to admit of my banishing for a moment, the recollection, save when engaged in recounting, in obedience to my promise, the little incidents which have already befallen me, and which, unimportant as they are, will, I know, find an interest with you. To-morrow, being Sunday, I hope to see the celebration of mass in the cathedral, with all its accompaniments of drums, trumpets, &c. &c., for it is, I understand, a half military ceremony. For the present, I will say, "good night!"

PARIS, AUGUST, 1827.

The return of the Sabbath-day determined me to visit the shrine of St. Owen again. Understanding the military were to assist at mass, I preferred this to the other Cathedral. It is impossible, I should think, for any devout

person, let his religious opinions be what they may, not to feel an elevation of soul when he enters a magnificent building like that of St. Owen, dedicated to the worship of the Deity. The impression made upon me was increased by the sound of a deep bell, situated at an immense height, just over my head, with a seemingly suppressed or muffled tone, "swinging slow with solemn sound." The long interval between the strokes gave a peculiar and melancholy character to its tongue, "telling of the time that stays not." Although every thing around me proclaimed the church to be Catholic, I do not remember, at any moment of my life, to have been more devoutly impressed with the solemnity attached to a house of prayer. When I surveyed the height and lightness of its arches, I could scarcely bring myself to believe it was "made by hands," or that some fairy hand had not turned the "willow wreath to stone;" the length of its aisles, terminating with long windows of rich stained glass, made up the charm. Well might the priest walk proudly and stately down such an avenue: such avenues *should* be the path to Heaven. The organ is superlatively fine, grand in the dimensions of its tubes, though it has no trappings of gold to recommend it; its voice has never been heard since the Revolution, fatal to all sounds save those of discord.\* If I was rightly informed, it soon will speak again.

The military procession, which was to assemble at twelve

\* I mean the first. The observation is wholly inapplicable to the late glorious Revolution.

o'clock, assisting, as it does, at the ceremony of the mass, was, no doubt, the attraction of the greater number. Lighted tapers were seen burning in different parts of the building. The paintings, surely, are much better calculated to aid, or excite devotion than these lights, though each has its designation. What is it, after all, but holding a candle to the sun? Some of these lights were intended, no doubt, as representatives of the Apostles. These, however, were better typified on the stained arched windows, high above the crowd, at their proper elevation. They seemed there to look down with contempt upon their little, paltry, twinkling representatives below.

These reflections were interrupted by the distant roll of drums, rousing the attention of those who were now assembled beneath the sainted roof. In a few minutes they were inside the large arched entrance door, followed by files of men, and marching towards the altar, where, as soon as they arrived, they beat a regular *tattoo*. This over, the band commenced a concerto or overture, which sounded very like something of Rossini's. The impression made by the scene was any thing but solemn, resembling that which a theatrical representation is calculated to inspire. What made the resemblance stronger perhaps, was the obligation each person was under of paying for their seat.

The exterior of the building, the carved gothic work of which is very striking, seems not to be regarded with the same respect which is paid to our cathedrals, if a judgment may be formed from a prohibition which, in large characters,



meets the eye as you enter the holy pile, notwithstanding, according to the Chinese custom, parents are made responsible for the offences of their children, “*Defense aux enfants de jouer autour de cette eglise sous peine d’amende et d’imprisonnement, dont les pères, meres, maîtres et maitresses seront responsable, &c.*”

From the church we proceeded to the Museum, the gardens of which are prettily laid out, and open to every description of persons. Dahlias, pomegranates, and roses of all kinds, were in full blow. They cannot be said to “waste their sweetness,” as no person ever attempts to gather a flower, their entire charms being dedicated to the public in general. The picture galleries were undergoing a repair, the good paintings having been taken down and placed face to face. Report, who is a common liar, frequently would have it, that the best pictures had been sent to Paris for the Louvre. One daub was left, for it could be called nothing else, intended for *Charles Dix*.

We left Rouen at six in the evening, and arrived at Paris by seven o’clock the next day,—seventy-five miles. If the travelling is slower, the traveller has the satisfaction of knowing that the journey is done without distressing the noble animal to whom he is so often indebted for all the pleasures and advantages of change of scene; that he is not pressed, as is too often the case in England, beyond his speed.

Although I travelled the lower road, which is by far the most picturesque, I had but little opportunity of



witnessing the attractions which it is said to possess. The inside of a French diligence, like the drop curtain at a theatre, shuts out all that is attractive. At length, we reached the environs of Paris. The approach through the *Champs Élysées* is imposing, rather too much so, as it excites an expectation which is afterwards disappointed, when you find yourself moving through narrow streets, not at all in keeping with the entrance of the *Grande Ville*, while, of the public buildings, you only get an occasional glimpse;—enough, however, to convince you that they have not been over-rated.

After we had made the necessary arrangements at our Hotel, (I speak in the *plural* number,) having prevailed upon two of my fellow travellers, who were bound, like myself, for Switzerland, to accompany me to the *Hotel D'Italie*, my hotel, we lost no time, but sallied out as soon as we had breakfasted. Our first visit was to the *Thuilleries*: we were not a little surprised, in attempting to enter the palace gate, at being stopped by a centinel, — the hats of my companions happened unfortunately to be white, a colour forbidden within the Palace gates.

It was not till after remonstrating with the *gens d'armes* upon this unexpected prohibition, we discovered the *insuperable* objection, when, upon Mr. H—— making the “*Pourquoi?*” he pointed to the offending part of his dress, (at the same time telling him that no *chapeaux* but *les chapeaux noirs, comme Monsieur*, pointing to mine, could be admitted.) We found that the argument, if not con-

vincing, was insuperable ; and not wishing to take advantage of my *dark* passport, I accompanied my fellow travellers to the entrance gate of the gardens, where we found no difficulty in obtaining admission.

The gardens of the Thuilleries have been too often described to render it necessary to say a word upon the attractions they are universally admitted to possess, as a place of public accommodation. These gardens, as well as those of the *Luxembourg*, are well deserving of imitation in this country ; and it seems rather extraordinary, that a garden in the environs of our metropolis has not been laid out upon this principle, where the hortatory taste is full as strong, and as chaste perhaps, as it is in France. In the first instance, it is possible it might be necessary to place constables to prevent any depredations. After a little time, however, when the thing is understood, the flowers and shrubs would be as safe and sacred as they appear to be in the French *Jardins*. Beds and borders of flowers might be made with much advantage in Hyde Park, railed in as they are in France, while the dahlias and pomegranates might divide the attention of those who regale themselves with an hebdomadal walk in Hyde Park. I hope yet, that in a few years we shall see that realized which was only used in a metaphorical sense in the play,—the “orange tree in blossom and in fruit at the same time,” and without any danger of its being plucked. I have heard it hinted, that it is in contemplation to lay out a part of the Regent’s Park in this manner.

After partaking of an excellent dinner and dessert, for which we paid five francs a head, including a bottle of *vin de maçon* each person, we went to see Franconi's equestrians in the Boulevards. The speed of the horses, the grace and agility of the riders, amongst which was a female, whose elegance and activity surpassed any thing I had ever seen at Astley's or elsewhere, were the more to be admired, as there was not an appearance of any thing like a pad on any of the horses' backs ; a circumstance which must have added to the difficulty, especially where the motion was so unusually rapid.

From Franconi's we repaired to one of the Caffé's which abound in the Boulevards, where we refreshed ourselves, after the heat of the crowded circus, with some punch “à la Romaine.”

After a *cursory* view of the Louvre the next day, for we had not time to see any thing properly, we passed the rest of the day in looking out for some conveyance to Geneva : the *coupès* of the *diligences* which travel that road were all engaged for ten days to come. We did not like to lose time in Paris, as the weather was fine ; besides, we might see Paris on our return ; and yet we could not persuade ourselves to take places in the *interieur*, where we should not be enabled to see any thing, or at least very little of the country through which we were to pass.

A *voiture* was the next thing which occurred to us ; we made inquiries at different places where such a species of conveyance was to be had, and at last heard of one that



was to start the following day. The inside was engaged; but we were told that there was room for two persons outside, in a seat placed in front of the carriage, not unlike the *dicky* of a landaulet or chariot, over which was a sort of leather head, resembling, in shape, (though large enough for two persons,) a *calash* worn still by old ladies in country towns, who prefer trusting their own feet to those of chairmen or quadrupeds. How to accommodate the third person was the question: this, however, was arranged by making up a seat on the top for the occasion: all that was necessary were a few boards.

Suppose us, then, prepared to start, after having entered into a written agreement to pay five napoleons and a half each, (a sum, of which we paid half at starting,) and for which we were to be franked to Geneva, it being stipulated that the owner of the voiture was to provide, every day, for us a breakfast and dinner, and a good bed at night, and also to bring us to Geneva on the ninth day, “*pour prix et somme de quatre cent francs, payable, moitié en partant, et l'autre moitié a l'arrivée a Genève,*” and two napoleons more, if we went to Venice. Amongst other stipulations was this, that we should be provided with *four* horses.

A breach in this article having taken place in the first instance, we were not very sanguine in our expectations, and started with no small degree of despondency; but we had paid half our fare, and were without resource. Our fears were not a little augmented by the appearance of the horses, of which there were only *three*, one of which



appeared lame at starting: the rest were somewhat of the scare-crow, or I might say, “crow-inviting order.” To add to the grievance, our *cocher*, who was an Italian, assured me, upon my noticing the halting gait of the unicorn leader, that he was his best horse—*le meilleur cheval*. The fellow could scarcely help laughing when he made the assurance: we had no remedy but patience, a virtue which was never more necessary than on this occasion. As far as the environs of Paris we had the carriage to ourselves, the lady, whom we afterwards discovered to be a Countess of S——, and her son, who was going to Venice to take possession of his property upon coming of age, having appointed to meet the *voiture* at the outskirts of the town. Here we accordingly came to a halt, and prepared to take our proper places, having, so far, been inside passengers, together with a female whom we did not, at the time, know was the wife of our Italian *conducteur*, rather supposing her to be the maid or humble companion of the Countess. We afterwards understood that she taught the guitar at Paris, and was a Spaniard by birth.

The Countess soon made her appearance, and we found ourselves once more in motion. That we were so, I soon found to my cost: although the seat in front of the *voiture*, which is intended for the driver, is on the same springs as the body, yet there is no place for the feet; and a person sitting runs the risk of having his whole frame dislocated, by being compelled to avail himself of his only resource, resting his feet inside a kind of basket

which is made a vehicle for ropes, screws, oats, &c. and is placed upon the axletree of the fore wheels. It is, upon a *good* road, but a *bad* footstool; but upon the paved road on which we were moving slowly, it is scarcely to be borne. I was several times on the point of leaving the vehicle, and putting up with the first loss. There were, however, as there are in most cases in life, some advantages to counterbalance the inconveniences. If our progress was slow and rough, there was the prospect of travelling in pleasant society, in society *tout nouvelle*; and though we might not make much progress in a day, we had the advantage which such deliberate movements afford, of seeing more of the country. Custom reconciles us to almost any thing. Hope, too, came to our assistance, and whispered that things might improve as we advanced, when we should probably get off the paved way, and out of the dust which enveloped us, as it were, in a continual cloud, whenever any envied traveller passed us, who journeyed upon the softer material.

Before we arrived at Fontainebleau, the limit of our first day's journey, I began to be somewhat reconciled to the motion under my feet, as did my eye to the three-legged leader, the *fourth* leg scarce deserving the name, until at last it became a source of merriment in which our driver partook, when I asked him if his *ch  val* had been taking lessons at Paris in dancing.

We reached Fontainebleau about six o'clock. While dinner was preparing, we paid a visit to the palace. The

paintings and tapestry are well deserving attention: amongst the former, is a very fine portrait of Francis the First, and another of Henry Quatre. The tapestry is very good, though the colours are somewhat faded; and the keeping better observed than it is usually found to be in pictures of this description. Except Miss Linwood's, I never saw any worsted work that was perfect in this respect. This reminds me of an anecdote related by a fellow traveller, relative to Miss Linwood's exhibition at Paris in Bonaparte's time. Bonaparte, it is said, expressed himself much pleased with this lady's works when at Paris, a circumstance which occasioned at the time some remarks, the more so, as it happened at a period when he was outrageous against the English. Lord Plunket who is well known for his bon-mots, as well as for his legal talents, and exertions in behalf of Catholic emancipation, was at the time at Paris, and accounted for the admiration which Napoleon had expressed at seeing Miss Linwood's works, by saying, "nothing was more natural than that Bonaparte should be pleased at seeing the English *worsted*."

The ceilings are highly gilt, too much so; but even this is better than throwing away the labour of a good artist in painting that, which no one likes to pay the penalty of examining, and which, indeed, is not always to be examined with impunity; in such a position, the price of torture being disproportionate to the gratification,—the risk dislocating of the neck. The chapel here has not escaped the French mania for gorgeous glitter.



We were well treated at the "Lion d'Or." After an excellent dinner and dessert, at which we had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the Countess and her son, the young Chevalier, we retired at an early hour to rest, that we might be better able to start early in the morning, the only chance we had of making our way, as we never travelled more than *three*, and often only *two*, stages a day.

Before I retired, I amused myself with looking over the book in which travellers are expected to enter their names, to say from whence they came, and, if they *can*, "whence they are going." No wonder such a request is often *burlesqued*. Amongst others, were the (of course) *fictitious* names of "Lord and Lady Cranky, on a tour for their health;" another gentleman and lady, after their names, seeing the request, I suppose, in the same point of view, had added, "*why* or *wherefore* they came there, they could not *say*, or *whither* they were going."

I had almost forgot to mention our having seen the table, not amongst the least of the curiosities of the Palace of Fontainebleau, upon which Napoleon Bonaparte signed his abdication of the throne which he had waded through so much blood to obtain. This table, which is very small, is fastened with a *catch*, underneath which, when uplifted, a brass plate appears, declaring the event to which it has been a passive accessory. What, also, is deserving of notice, is a part of the garden dedicated "*a l'Honneur*," where a collection of busts are placed on pedestals, amongst



which none are admitted but those who have entitled themselves to this distinction by “deeds of arms.”

We started at five o'clock the next morning for Ville-neuve le Guyard. We did not reach Sens till late in the evening, in consequence of an *orage*, with which we were visited, much to the annoyance and alarm of the Countess. I was not a little surprised at the sagacity she shewed, in foreseeing that of which I could see no appearance. After two or three appeals to our *cocher*, to apprise him of the coming storm, he hastened his speed; indeed, the horses seemed to be sensible that something was in store, or possibly anticipated the quiescent state which awaited them; whilst the *cheval boiteux* seemed to have forgot his sufferings, moving on with a celerity proportioned to the impatience of the driver, who now suddenly turned into a farm yard on the left-hand side of the road. In a few minutes more the horses were in the stable, and the carriage under a shed, just in time to avoid a torrent of rain which now fell, accompanied with vivid flashes of lightning, and tremendous peals of thunder. We experienced much kindness and attention from the people of the house, who were of the humblest order of peasantry, making us welcome to their cheer, consisting of coarse bread, good cream, and thin claret. I could not help observing a churn, of a very small description, made of earthenware, and not larger than a large pitcher, a very accommodating article for a small family.

After giving them a few francs, for which they returned

many thanks, and wishes of a *bon voyage*, we once more found ourselves on the high road to Sens, a place we did not reach till a late hour, when only the “imperfect surfaces of things are seen,”—of course too late to see to advantage the celebrated monument in the cathedral by Guillaume Couston. We lost no time in making the effort, but at last were obliged to call in the aid of a torch. If this light injured the general effect, as we took, in turn, a view of each of the fine figures which constitute the monument, our attention was less divided, and we soon discovered how just the claim which each has to peculiar celebrity. It is difficult to decide which has the most attraction, the figures of RELIGION, IMMORTALITY, or TIME, the latter of which is contrasted in its hard boldness with that intended to designate conjugal love; the figure of a youth, represented holding Hymen’s torch, extinguished and reversed, and looking with grief at an infant, who is described in sorrow, breaking a wreath of flowers, symbolic of the union of affection. The artist is supposed to have designedly placed the figure of Time, who is trampling on the wreck and ruin he has made, on the side next the *nave* of the church, while the side next the *altar* is consigned to Religion and Immortality, as being sources from which alone mortals can derive consolation.

The two urns of porphyry are supposed to contain the ashes of the Dauphin and the Dauphiness. That of the Dauphin, who died first, is enveloped by the veil of Time, while he appears to be endeavouring to enclose that of the

Dauphiness, who was living when the monument was commenced by order of Louis the Fifteenth.

The figures of Religion and Immortality are said to have been erected by Julien, a celebrated sculptor, an élève of Couston. The epitaphs, which are engraved in golden letters upon the sides of the pedestal, were composed by the Cardinal De Luynes, Archbishop of Sens, and once Chaplain to the Dauphin. The cypress leaves which surround the epitaph, are inimitably finished, and worthy of the monument, which is fully equal to any in Westminster Abbey. It runs thus:—“ *Epitaphe des augustes Prince et Princesse Louis, Dauphin de France, et Marie Josephe de Saxe, son Epouse.*” But your eyes, as well as my own, demand rest; without further ceremony, I shall exchange my pen for my pillow, not wishing to give you a pillow in my pen. So “good night !”

This town has given birth to several Chevaliers (Moreau amongst the rest,) who distinguished themselves in the French Revolution.



## LETTER IV.

*Joigny — Pont de Pargny — Procession at St. Laurent — Fête — Female Saint — Reuss — The Jura Mountains — Lake of Geneva — Mr. Canning — The Blue Rhone — Arrive at Geneva — ‘La Ballance.’*

BALLANCE, GENEVA, AUGUST.

THERE is nothing very particular between Sens and Joigny. The road runs between an avenue of lofty trees, with swelling hills on each side, covered with vines. We got to Dijon to breakfast, on the fifth morning, having slept the night before at Pont de Pargny, from whence I shall take you at once, nothing particular occurring in the intermediate stage, to Dijon, where we remained four or five hours.

Our attention was attracted, in walking through the streets, by a crowd which had collected round the shop of a *marchand des modes*. We found, upon inquiry, the object of curiosity was a woman, said to be 114 years of age, who was then in the shop, making a bargain for a cap. She presently made her appearance with her purchase, and after making a curtesy to the surrounding spectators, marched off quite alert, taking one of the arms of her



companion as her support, but without the aid of a crutch. From the numerous lines in her face, I could easily suppose the representation of her age was correct.

I observed, this day, several very fine walnut trees, in full bearing, close to the road side, reminding me of the “*nux ego juncta viæ*” of Ovid. Could it have been gifted with a voice, as was the peculiar privilege of the poet’s tree, the fruit was not enough advanced to have put it in danger of assault, or have justified a complaint of battery, “*pretereunte petor.*”

We visited the churches at Dijon, at one of which I saw, for the first time, a fashionable lady at confession, and one of a humbler rank, waiting to take her place at the confessional box.

At Mount St. Vaudry, where we stopped to breakfast the following day, I was challenged to play a game at billiards by the Countess, who played with a cue, and fairly beat me. I saved my credit, however, with her son, who, by his rash and juvenile play, without entitling me to much credit, made me in my turn a conqueror.

The country was beginning fast to assume a more interesting character, gradually preparing us, in its cottages and peasantry, for the more interesting land which we were fast approaching. At Poligny, where we slept, the Countess surprised us with some wine, which, from its sparkling nature, we at first took to be champagne, but which we afterwards learnt was called *Vin d’Arbois*. Mount St. Vaudry is celebrated for this wine. If any thing,

it is rather sweeter than, but like, champagne. As we were not allowed to pay our share of this extra expense, we ordered two or three bottles to be put up in the *voiture*, with which we intended surprising the Countess the next day at Mori; but the best intentions in this world are sometimes defeated: the virtue of the wine, in a great degree, had evaporated; the spirit was not the same, and we could scarce recognise it to be the same wine.

This was a *fête* day, in honour of some female saint, as we afterwards found. We had an opportunity of seeing the ceremony in all its gradations. *Imprimis*, at St. Laurient, a procession from the church, through the street and back again. I observed there were very few men, and those of a very indifferent appearance; the chaunting was nasal and bad. The procession was headed by a female, carrying a banner or painting, (as I suppose,) representing the female saint. At Mori, I should have supposed the *fête* to have been in honor of Bacchus, judging from the noise, and flushed countenances, of the crowd of worshippers through which we were obliged to pass on foot. The *cocher*, who had let the Countess out at her own request, to walk down the steep hill that leads to Mori, having forgot to fulfil his promise of waiting for her at the bottom of it, we were obliged, as we had lost sight of the carriage, to ask, now and then, which way they were gone; interrogatories the addressed did not, all of them, seem disposed to answer. Although the Countess complained much of the insolence of our *conducteur*, as she either felt herself

in his power, or was disposed to forgiveness, I did not see the necessity of telling him all that I *thought* of his conduct. Perhaps it was as well I did not, as the sulky manner in which he received my remonstrances, did not seem to augur me any good. The horrid oaths he had made use of, which the halting gait of his leader, who now literally had only *three* legs to move upon, and the laughter of the crowd had drawn forth, together with a countenance which betokened no very amiable temper or forbearance, made it prudent to cut short my reproaches. I began to think I had reproached him once too often about *le cheval boiteux*,—*le meilleur cheval*,—and that if I wished to see Mont Blanc it was time for me to hold my tongue.

They had not finished their orgies when we left Mori at four o'clock in the morning. I perceived now we had five horses in the carriage, and, to my surprise, *le cheval boiteux* was not amongst the number; a circumstance at which I could not help feeling some delight, if not exultation. I was too premature, it seems, in my conclusions, for upon reminding his enemy of my prophecy, that “he would leave us in the lurch, *sooner* or *later*,” he was mute and sulky, nodding his head at the same time, as if to imply that we had not yet taken leave of him.

I found we had a very long and steep hill to ascend. I was not sorry to find that we kept company with the Diligence, though I soon had reason to wish we had led the way, instead of being followers as we were, and frequently



obliged to stop, from the slow pace of the Diligence, at the risk of our own lives, by being driven back : luckily, the *lame* horse was not with us : we had some better stay in the quality of those added to our number, or we might have been backed over the precipice, at the edge of which we were, without a fence of any sort to stop the carriage, should the horses have proved unequal to the draft. The chasm seemed yawning, as if ready to receive us ; a false step, perhaps, making our destruction inevitable, should a retrograde course once commence. This ascent continues for nearly six miles, till you reach Reuss, where we were detained for a considerable time, while our passports were examined. There was no examination of our baggage, though a very strict one is made of those who return this way from Geneva.

The day, which had been wet, cold, and foggy, began now to clear up, and we soon arrived at La Vallay, the place where breakfast was prepared.—We were now on the Jura Mountains. After a hasty breakfast, we agreed to walk on, leaving the carriage to overtake us : we looked down to the right, upon a deep, but lovely, valley : to the left, was a vine-clad steep, while, here and there, a bold rock gave variety to the scene. The road, in many places, gave evidence that the “ mountain went down,” occasionally, to the “ valley below,” where I observed several chalets, all built about the centre of the valley, whilst many of them evinced the necessity of such a precaution, by the neighbouring blocks of granite, several of which had approached

very near the huts which, had they advanced a few paces further, they must have inevitably crushed. Some had passed even beyond the cabins, as if not bent on destruction,—as if they wished to spare. Woe to the traveller who happens to be passing at such a moment, when these rocks leave the parent bed !

We were lamenting the loss of this picturesque valley, by the road turning suddenly to the left, making inquiries, at the same time, for our road ; and when we might hope to get a sight of the Lake of Geneva, which, all at once, burst upon our sight in all its bluey brightness, though not in all its extent.

It was amongst these mountains that my thoughts recurred to the melancholy intelligence I had heard the day before, of the death of George Canning, to the irreparable loss which England—I might add, all Europe—had sustained, just at the moment when his services were likely to confirm the high opinion entertained of his all-comprehensive talents ; when he was rising victorious over, and proving the weakness, the imbecility of, his enemies, and about to confute the prejudices of insane Bigotry. The green isle of Erin will hear the annunciation with tears. The redresser of her wrongs, the advocate of her claims, is no more ! The popular mediator, who would have made her valleys smile,—Commerce to lift again her joyous head, where she has long longed to shew herself, but dared not to place her foot on those shores which invite her approach, but from whence she has been driven by

party spirit and distraction ; he, who would have broken her chain, “ is dead—is gone to his death-bed !”

I had just finished the last of the few lines which appear here, when the thread of my thoughts was broken by the sound of the wheels of the carriage. I found the web was broken, past recovery, so left it as you will find it here :—

#### TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE CANNING.\*

(Written amongst the Jura Mountains, where the Author was first informed of the loss Europe had just sustained.)

Poplar !—methinks, as now I turn my ear,  
 To list the sighing sound amid thy leaves,  
 As from the hills far off—anon—now near,  
 It comes by fits, thy trembling limbs it heaves ;—  
 Methinks thy voice sounds like a mourner’s, when  
 It breaks—solemn and sad—from yonder glen,  
 Heard in Mount JURA,—in her woods,—the vale  
 Which saddens, like Britannia, at the tale ;—  
 “ *Canning’s no more !*” upon whose gifted tongue  
 Senates, applauding loud, with rapture hung.  
 Mourn it, ye Mountains, where his Spirit roams ;  
 Raise high your voices in your rocky domes ;—  
 Let every hill, and those most near the sky,—  
 Too near for man,—to JURA’s voice reply.  
 Each vine-clad valley, let it catch the strain,—  
 Let Erin’s isle reverberate again,—  
 For gone is he who would have broke her chain !—

\* \* \* \* \*

\* The author, when writing the above passage, was little aware of the great event which has since taken place, or how great a victory the nation was about to achieve over the most stubborn of foes,—*Prejudice* and *Bigotry*.



These lines were written when my fellow-travellers were occupied in some inspection, which left me for a time to myself and my own thoughts. The sight of the lake, and the chain of mountains beyond it, gave these now a new direction.

It is astonishing how naturally the thoughts rise with the subject which occupies them. I never experienced a stronger instance of this truth than in one of my *compagnons de voyage*, who, till now, a plain-spoken man, began to launch out in expressions of admiration approaching to the sublime. After his first “*quoi de grande!*” he observed that the scene before us was certainly the “*chef d’œuvre*” of the great Maker of the universe. I caught the lofty strain, and could not help adding, that if ever the Deity descended to the earth, I should think this the spot he would prefer, as being the handywork of which, perhaps, he would have most reason to be proud.

As we stood, still enchained in admiration to the spot, the view improved upon us, the envious clouds gradually withdrawing themselves, all but one,—that *one* which still concealed the summit of Mont Blanc from our sight; but I did not expect to be favoured so soon with an unveiled sight of his majestic brow, “half hid in jealous hood,” like the hero in a dramatic piece, who does not make his appearance immediately the curtain rises. He seemed now to be holding silent converse with the heavens, and indisposed to unveil his majestic head. On many of the higher peaks of the neighbouring mountains in attendance,

the clouds wore the semblance of smoke, as if the “mountain worshippers” were offering up their incense to their Creator. Their shapes were continually varying, yet still keeping up the delusion, raising our hopes one moment, and disappointing them the next; coquetting, as it were, with their admirers’ rapture.

Our attention was withdrawn from their Titanian attraction, or rather divided, by the bright blue lake, whose broad and ample bosom reflected the mountains, decked as they were with snow, and mist, and cloud, in its lovely tranquil mirror. Never will the scene be erased from my memory; warmed as was my imagination before this, it was hitherto but *half* kindled. The view of such a scene can alone teach us properly to comprehend the beauty and feel the grandeur of such a sight, or to understand and appreciate the enthusiasm which the first sight of Switzerland from the Jura Mountains inspires. I saw only the *one thing* before me, the object I had been dreaming of for years: my *dreams* had fallen short of the *reality*. The brightness of its Maker was typified in his mighty work. I do not wonder that our forefathers should have made choice of such mountains, on which to offer up their worship. In a few days more, we, I trust, shall be at the foot of this monarch Mountain.

We walked down the steep road that leads to Geneva, and which we could now see in the distance, if we could be said to *see* any thing but those great grand objects

which so fully absorbed our attention. We soon after found ourselves on the banks of the blue and rapid Rhone, and, after crossing it, in a few minutes more, at the Ballance, from whence I write. In a day or two, you may expect to hear more upon a theme on which I could for ever dwell.



## LETTER V.

*Difference between Switzerland and Italy — Geneva — Model of Swiss Mountains — View from the Jura Mountains — Visit to Furney — Sheet lightning on our return.*

GENEVA, AUGUST, 1827.

IN making a tour through Italy, it either becomes progressively more interesting to the traveller, as we advance forwards on the Peninsula, as we draw nigh to that celebrated spot which, it is said, is not only the very *acmé* of all that constitutes excellence of climate, but which can also boast of works of art, little inferior to those by the aid of which the by-gone mistress of the world attracts so many strangers to her walls.

To a combination of charms, amongst which food may be found for the “curious as well as the pleasure-hunter,” we are indebted to the proverb “*Vide Napoli è per mori*,” “See Naples ere you die;” intending thereby to insinuate, that after seeing this city and its neighbourhood, every thing else will appear “stale, flat, and unprofitable.” Of the truth of what may be considered as an axiom, I am not disposed, if I was even authorized, to doubt:—not having

visited its shores, I am incapacitated, even if I was inclined, to draw comparisons; but should I ever be destined to have the wish gratified, which I feel, for an opportunity of forming my own judgment upon this head, I will still indulge myself in the belief that I have seen (notwithstanding the proverb is against me) that which is as *well*, if not *better* worth seeing,—SWITZERLAND; at least, what is more accordant to my taste,—convinced as I am, if the characteristics which mark Naples and its vicinity bear out the proverb in the claim it makes to super-eminence in the beautiful, and its classic associations, that it still must yield, by comparison, in a still greater degree, to the claim of superiority which Switzerland makes to the sublime;—to the just assumption of Mont Blanc, “I AM, and there is none like me.” If I ever had entertained any doubt upon this subject, the sight of Mont Blanc for the first time, from the little village of St. Martin, yesterday, must have resolved those doubts into certainty. But before I enter upon this wide field, that I may not learn the art of sinking, I must say a few words about Geneva, and its more immediate environs.

The fineness of the day tempted us to trust ourselves in one of the flat-bottomed *bateaux*, which you hire by the hour, upon the lake. This excursion was not of long duration, although long enough to shew us that lakes are no more exempt than seas from sudden changes of weather. Without any prognostic being afforded to prepare us for it, the fair was changed suddenly to foul

weather. The Bise, or north-east wind, began suddenly to blow ; and we were glad enough to put on shore, about three miles from Geneva ; where we were discharged, rather chusing to walk to Geneva than to trust to the flat-bottomed boat.

On reaching Geneva, we paid a visit to the exhibition of a model in miniature of the country we were about to visit. Here we saw before us Mont Blanc, and the neighbouring mountains, with the intervening glaciers, of which, though upon a small scale, the proportions are well observed. A person who pointed out the different mountains, glaciers, &c. &c. with a long rod, shewed us the track we had to take. Here also we met the Countess and her son, who made us promise to accompany them to Furney in the evening, in an open carriage, which she had engaged by the day, whilst they remained at Geneva.

At the Table d'Hôte, at the Ballance, which is excellently kept, we met a large party, consisting of persons from all nations,—English, Germans, Russians, Americans, and *one* Frenchman. The American acknowledged that there was nothing, even in America, which could vie in grandeur with the scenery in the neighbourhood of Geneva.

We once more,—the same party, in search of the same united object,—information and pleasure,—urged by the same motive, curiosity,—found ourselves on the road to Furney, a village which is indebted for its importance, comforts, and good appearance, to the great poet, who has conferred



a sort of immortality upon the spot. The house in which he resided was built after his own design, is tasteful and convenient, without making any pretensions to grandeur. The first room you are shewn into contains two paintings worthy of attention; one of these is a portrait full of character, of the great captain of the day, Frederick of Prussia, presented to the poet by himself, with whom he lived on terms of the greatest intimacy. The countenance is at once talented, harsh, and unrelenting, and exhibits that calm collectedness, self-possession, and quickness, which, blended, are calculated to constitute a great general and conqueror. He is drawn in the little three-cornered hat which he brought into fashion, and which, as well as the character of the wearer, Buonaparte no doubt took for a model. The other picture is more entitled to notice from the variety it betrays, than from any felicity in its execution. Well may the author of the “Lay of the Last Minstrel” designate the poet as belonging to a “simple race,” who waste their toil

“For the vain tribute of a smile.”

The painting describes the Muses on Olympus offering the *Henriade* to Apollo, while he consigns his enemies to Erebus in another part of the picture. There is a portrait of a lady, said to be the one who personated the parts of his *Zaire* and other heroines, at his private theatre, and with whom he is supposed to have lived in close intimacy.

We were now shewn into his *own* room, which contains his *heart*, as we are told by the following inscriptions.—

mighty mountains, now emblazoned and now left in darkness, as the lightning flame issued from, or retired to its cauldron bed.

We arrived, at length, at our hotel. The *mauvais quart d'heure*, or rather *moment*, was arrived, as the motion of the carriage wheels subsided, when palm meets palm, reluctant to separate. We had been long enough acquainted to regret the separation. With faltering voices, we gave, and received in return, all those expressions of good will which such moments call forth; when, with doubt and uncertainty, we ask ourselves the question, “When shall we meet again?” a doubt which was, under all circumstances, but too well justified, considering our *relative* situations, notwithstanding the many kind and pressing invitations we received, should any thing, at any time, call us to Venice, to *remember* the residence of the count S—— upon the Brenta.

And now I must take my leave, and endeavour, by the aid of sleep, to forget the past, and look forward to the morrow, when we hope to pay our homage at the foot of the King of Mountains.

## LETTER VI.

*Visit to Chamouni — Bonneville — St. Martin — First view of Mont Blanc unclouded — Little Church and Steeple of St. Martin — Journey from St. Martin to Chamouni — The Aiguilles — Glaciers seen from the Vale of Chamouni.*

CHAMOUNI, AUGUST, 1827.

WHOEVER has been the little tour, or what might more properly be called the *grand* tour, from Geneva to Chamouni, cannot fail of returning impressed with a more exalted opinion of the great Maker of the Universe. Although the Godhead dwells everywhere, after surveying the mighty works which surround us, every step we tread, he seems, as it were, more especially to be identified amongst the veiling clouds and mountains, the mighty amphitheatre which here demands our notice, our admiration, and our praise.

While treading these regions we seem, ourselves, for the time, to have found a higher world, our thoughts exulting, as we approach the skies, and the grand objects which surround us, and invite us forward. Every low and worldly thought, as if by a talisman, seems banished, to



give way to those of a higher order, which cannot dwell in the same mind,—at least, at the same moment.

Some powerful charm, we must allow it to be, which periodically collects on this spot so many from every part of the civilized globe, and sends them back as *witnesses*, ready to bear testimony to the unrivalled eminence which Switzerland bears over every other country, for the beauty, the awful sublimity of its majestic scenery.

Who that beholds the scene, reflects for a moment upon the great plan by which these mighty operations are carried on, in an undeviating, unerring, safe, yet awful course, could for a moment doubt the wisdom, the existence of Him by whose hands all things are upheld. And yet here I was assured that a great Poet, now no more, had announced his belief that all that he beheld was the work of chance, by putting down his name in the travellers' book at Chamouni as an atheist by *profession*. I was rejoiced in not being able to find his name, which I searched for very carefully, as I am in hopes that it is one of those slanderous reports which had its origin in falsehood and envy. I need scarcely say, that I allude to the author of the "Prometheus Unbound."

We left Geneva at an early hour, in a *char au banc*, stopping at Bonneville to rest the horses. Here there is a pillar erected to commemorate an act of Charles, Duke of Savoy, who, by deepening the bed of the river, has been the means of preventing the recurrence of the damage which the town and neighbourhood were liable to, and have

sustained, at times, before this improvement, from the overflow of the Arve. On one side of a handsome column which is built near the river, the Arve is represented by a female figure, chained in all her limbs, sitting, surrounded with emblematic water-plants, and a mountain in the back ground: the pillar is surmounted by a figure of the duke. The Road increases in interest as you advance. From Cluse to Maglan the valley is highly interesting, particularly about Balme, and increases in interest as you proceed.

At length, as you draw near St. Martin, Mont Blanc bursts upon you in all its grandeur. Whether it was from the position in which we saw it, I know not, but it appeared to me loftier from this than any other point from which I afterwards surveyed it.

The beautiful little church of St. Martin, as it appears to be, fixes the attention as a relative object which immediately sets the mind at work by inducing a comparison between this little temple and the dome of the hallowed mountain at the foot of which it seems to stand, its little spire pointing the same way, though in a less ambitious manner than the towering object we came so far to behold.

From an open gallery, above that side of the Auberge next the mountain, a door from the bed-room passage leads into a gallery, from which you command a very fine view of Mont Blanc, particularly that summit called "Le Dôme de Goutè." We contemplated the scene with no small degree of interest, casting our eyes up to the mountain

Monarch, who never puts off his snowy diadem, round which the lightning was playing, ever and anon, from the opposite mountains of Green pines, whenever he threw aside for a few moments his fleeting veil, and permitted us to look upon his ghostly brow. The sight was rendered more awful from the silence which reigned around, and the changing hues, as the vivid flashes gave a momentary glow to the unstained snow, and its impenetrable surface. I could not sleep in such a neighbourhood. A crowded succession of thoughts, I felt, rendered it impossible, even had I wished it. I found my pocket-book and pencil in my hand, by some involuntary motion. Before I sought my bed I composed a poetical address\* to the little church of St. Martin.

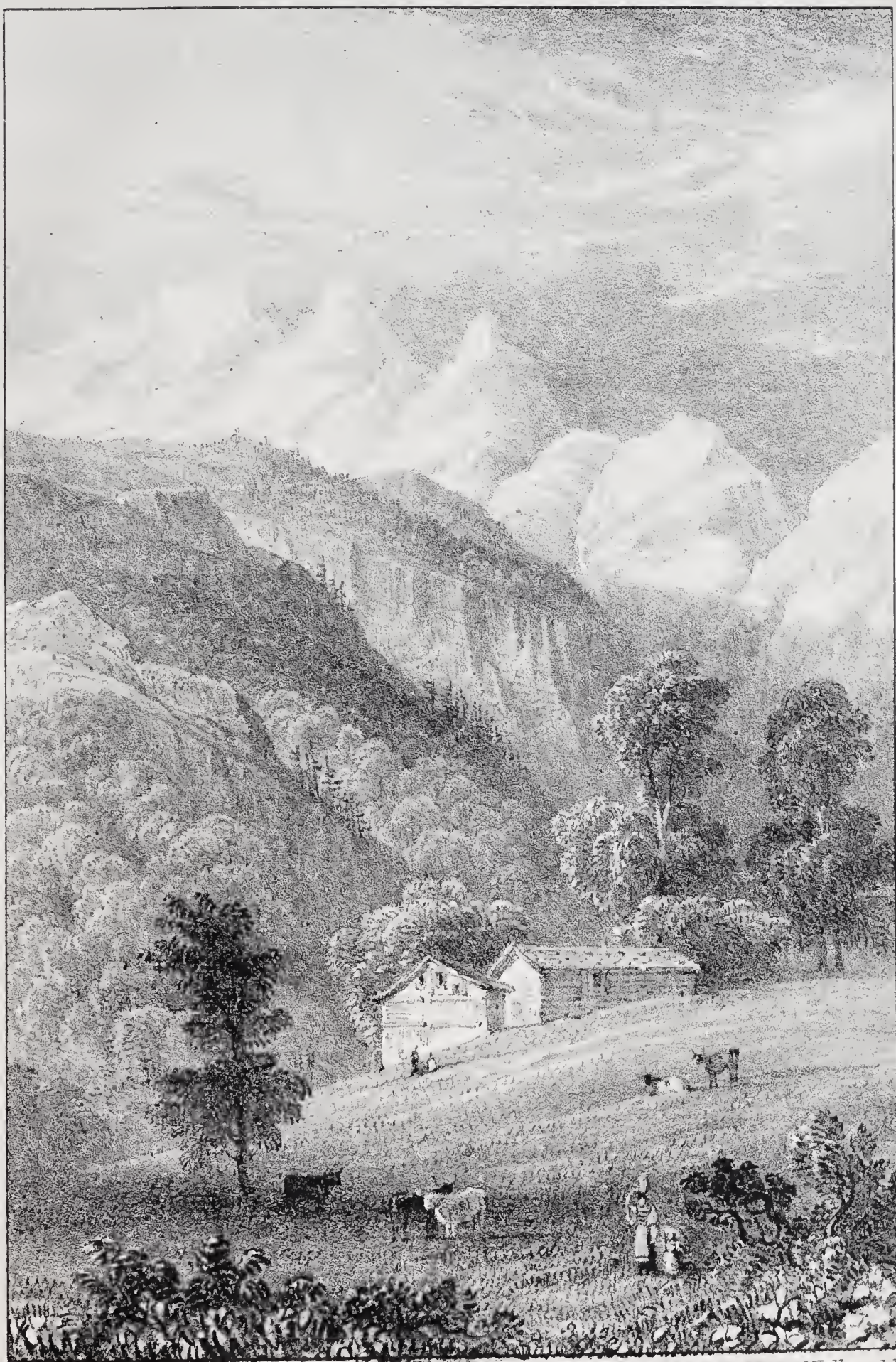
The great feature, which distinguishes Switzerland from almost every other country, is the contrast you behold around you so frequently, where the two seasons of Summer and Winter are such constant companions, and harmonise together in such good fellowship. On one side, mountains clad in the verdure of Summer, even to the summit; on the other, loftier still, the more imperial hills enrobed in the grander livery of Winter, crowned by a *tiara* of Ice, with an *Avelanche* for the sceptre of his sway.

The waterfall of Chede† is worth inspecting; but is more beautiful and picturesque than grand. We deviated to

\* Published in the same volume with the "Legend of Einsidlin," by Saunders and Ottley.

† The view inserted in this volume was taken near this spot.





*From a Sketch taken on the Spot by the Rev. Wm. Eddiard*

*Printed by C. Hullmandel*

VIEW near CHÉDE .  
between Sallenche and Chamouni  
*Published by Smith, Elder & Co. Cornhill*





the right, in order to get a sight of the Alpine bridge which crosses the noisy Arve. I saw several wild plum trees in full bearing, as well as an "acacia" in full bloom.

The view from Montèes, where you enter the Valley of Chamouni, affords a fine view, as well as echo. We soon afterwards got a view of the small glacier of Taconai, then, that of "Des Boissons," and, at length, that of "Des Bois." The road then passes the torrent at Nant de Nagin, the village of Ouches, and brings you to the Prieuré, and Chamouni, the first view of which is highly striking. The glacier of "Des Boissons," with its frozen waves, makes, as it were, an appropriate base for the mountain, extending as it does to the lower part of the valley, and forming an awful feature in the mighty landscape.

When we sat down to dinner at the *table d'hôte*, with about forty others, notwithstanding the good cheer spread before us, and the keen appetite which the mountain air had created, our thoughts never lost sight of the one great object which we were all in search of, as was evinced by the simultaneous movement of every person, when we, as if with one consent, starting from our seats at a signal, flew to the window, which commanded a view of Mont Blanc, to be seen now in all its beauty and grandeur, its peaks lit up with the last rays of the setting sun, casting its roseate tint over the pure and silent snows. The effect was increased as some clouds which still hovered round its Dome, but beneath its highest apex, gave what it scarcely wanted, a fictitious height to the ambitious mountain.



The effect of these clouds was still more apparent upon what is called the Aiguilles, a name given to these rocks from their resemblance to needles in shape, whose escarped points appeared like the pinnacles of a rich gothic cathedral, claiming a higher region than earth for its worshippers ;—belonging, as it were, to the skies. When we first caught a view of these pinnacles, upon our first approach to Mont Blanc, they appeared like silver minarets ;—they were now like burnished gold.

Our eyes were now withdrawn from the mountain, gradually becoming fainter, till wrapt in the robe of night, by several groups returning from their various excursions, while the sound of the bells of the cows, returning from the mountains, to be milked, broke sweetly the still grandeur of the scene.

We were not sorry, after making arrangements with our guides for the following morning, to retire to our *chambres à-coucher* that we might be the better prepared for leaving them at an early hour the following morning, in order to ascend the *green* mountain. I shall not close my letter till after to-morrow's visit, till when I will say, "good by !"

## LETTER VII.

*Visit to Montanvert — Mer de Glace — Visit to the source of the Arveiron  
— Rose of the Alps — Pomegranates — Saying of the Guides to those  
who shew any reluctance to follow them.*

AUGUST 18.

THE guide was ready at an early hour with a mule; my companions walked. The road continues for a considerable way by the side of the Arve, before you begin to ascend Montanvert; the path to which assumed a more fearful appearance, as being the first time in my life I had ever been placed in such a situation, mounting a steep and rugged path, very narrow, with a deep precipice below, into which one false step might plunge you.

The guide now directed our attention to the root of a tree, out of which four *embryo* trees, of different species, were growing; no equivocal proof of the luxuriance of the verdant mountain whose side we were climbing. As we approached nearer to the higher point of the mountain, in compliance with the guide's entreaties, I mounted my mule again, fearing I should reach the frozen region we were

bound for (the Mer de Glace) in too warm a state for safety.

At length we reached the chalet upon Montanvert, and after having partaken of some refreshment, washed down with some “l’eau de Cerise,” a spirit distilled from the wild cherry, we descended to the “Mer de Glace,” each with a spiked staff. My first intention was to have proceeded no further on the ice than might have enabled me to say I had trod the ice waves; I was well aware that I was but ill prepared for such an expedition, having on a thin pair of Wellington boots, when I ought to have had a stout pair of shoes, with plenty of nails in them. I felt unwilling when once launched on the ice, to relinquish an adventure in which I began to find myself interested, and to which I was now urged by my companion, who expressed a wish to cross to the opposite side. At first, I found the sides of these ice waves more difficult to ascend than I afterwards found them to be, when I discovered that the best mode of getting to the summit was to run up them, fastening my spike in the ice as I proceeded, the guide assisting me in my descent, by far the most dangerous and difficult part of the undertaking. At length, after passing several crevices, we were stopped by one, the width of which required no small care in passing; we were about three parts over what is called the Mer de Glace when our career was thus impeded. The guide declared it was too great an undertaking to attend *two* persons, it being a *rule* that *each* person should have a guide on



such occasions, as is the case always with those who visit the “Mer de Glace,” or the “Jardin,” which, in point of danger and difficulty, is as easy to reach as it is to cross the ice in any one direction, the only difference consisting in the distances, and the more frequent occurrences of these chasms of ice. Our return was rendered somewhat more difficult by our not being able to remember the exact course we took. Once, while on the extreme edge of one of these ice-waves, I found my arm suddenly and strongly grasped by the guide; why, or wherefore, I did not know, until, upon looking behind me, I beheld at the bottom of the wave, on the top of which I then was, a yawning crevice beneath me, and into which, had my foot slipped, I must have been precipitated. I was not sorry when I found myself once more at the “*Morain*,” the stony boundary of the ice.

Instead of proceeding directly for the Chalet we had stopped at, we took a circuitous path higher up, where, although the wood had ceased to grow, we met with abundance of wild flowering shrubs, particularly the rhododendron, the bilberry, and a wild species of the pomegranate, in high beauty. It now became a question whether we should descend by the path we came, or by a steep and rugged way, leading to the source of the Arveiron, which forces its way from underneath pyramids of ice of the most fantastic forms. Although I felt rather fatigued, I could not resist the hope of the reward which, at the end, promised to make amends for the undertaking.

My mule was sent round to meet us at the bottom of the mountain, at the foot of the Glacier Des Bois.

As we approached the source of the noisy Arveiron, the Glacier, from which the river issues, and of the contiguity to which we had ample notice in its distant roar, was seen to raise its aspiring head, while the wood on the opposite side formed a fine contrast and side scene to the towering icy spires from whence the bellowing torrent was now seen to force its way, as if reluctant to leave its bed. After fretting on in its course for a little way, it disappears again, as if it preferred the cold sepulchre, from whence it came, to the light of day, and the noisy existence into which it seems thus unwillingly to be called. Breaking through all obstacles, it soon, however, is forced forward by succeeding currents, once more leaves its gelid, uneasy bed, muttering and foaming through the valley, as if indignant at the fate assigned it, and sweeping by Chamouni in its hurrying and desperate course. The arch formed by the melting of the ice, as it partially yielded a way to the intruding stream, and of which travellers beheld and spoke of, till lately, with so much enthusiasm, is no longer to be seen. It fell suddenly, one day, and, unfortunately, at a time when a too curious visitor who had proceeded too far up its narrow channel, paid the forfeit of his life for his rash curiosity.

When we reached the termination of the Glacier, I found my mule waiting for me. As I returned by the side of the stream, I was much struck by the contrasted

tints which the mountains we had just descended presented: the lighter green of the larch harmonizing well as it blended with the deeper shade of the luxuriant pines, contrasted again by the Glacier, which looks as if it had been suddenly shaped and arrested by the magic wand of some enchanter, just as it was pouring down into, and overwhelming the valley below. Here was a study for a landscape painter, enough to employ him, and to repay him, for the dedication of a summer to the fertile theme.

We found a large company assembled at the *table d'hôte*, my fellow travellers, amongst the number, who had been to the Jardin. They described it as a dangerous as well as a laborious undertaking, while the exultation at the achievement was somewhat qualified by hearing that a lady and her daughter had been there a day or two before them, who had slept upon the ice, with that view, the night before. The vain glory of those who would wish to be thought to have purchased a right to the title of adventurous, without encountering too much hazard, was much "shorn of its beams," by the assurance of the guide, who, when he sees any thing like hesitation in the *guided*, affirms that the thing is quite safe; concluding all by the encouraging affirmation, "les dames passent la." But where will not the dames pass when spurred on by curiosity, that great basis of enterprise to man, and woman too?

But I must now introduce you to a "Lady of the Mountains."



Maria of Mont Blanc is not altogether an imaginary character :—mention is made, in Dr. Clarke's narrative of his and Captain Sherwell's ascent of Mont Blanc in 1825, of Maria of Mont Blanc, a name which was given her by the guides, in consequence of her having been where no woman was ever supposed to have been before, to the summit of Mont Blanc. It seems she had been from early life, probably from the attachment of one of the guides of Chamouni, in the habit of accompanying them to great heights on the mountain, to which no woman, and few men, except the guide, would venture; and where she was often in the habit of preparing a repast, to cheer them on returning from their perilous undertakings. Grateful for these attentions, they determined upon taking her to the summit of the great mountain, an envied spot, which, by their assistance, she was enabled to reach. It was to this circumstance she was indebted for the title of "Maria of Mont Blanc." \*

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\* Some apology, perhaps, may be thought necessary for inserting here a poem which has made its appearance in another place,<sup>1</sup> lest the author may be thought to evince any undue partiality for the *fair subject of his muse*, and, like Pygmalion, to have fallen in love with his own creation.—The only plea he can offer for thus introducing the "bewildered maid" of Chamouni a second time, is the hope that she may create an interest, not only with those who now meet with her for the *first* time, but an increased interest with those by whom she may be recognised under the improved dress in which, the author hopes, the "poor Maria" now appears.

<sup>1</sup> "The Legend of Einsidliu," and other Poems, published by Saunders and Ottley.

## MARIA OF MONT BLANC.

Oh ! tell me, tell me, who is she,  
Blest with a soft, yet glowing mien,  
Who the blanched mountain treads with glee?  
MARIA of Mont Blanc, I ween !

She her own true love to meet,  
Fresh from the perilous glacier,  
With eager eye prepares to greet,  
Anxious his well-known voice to hear.

And has she left her calm chalet ?—  
'Tis love that urges her to dare  
The giant hill, the icy sea ;  
Enough had been Maria's prayer !

But Love can never danger know ;  
Safety seems ever at his side ;  
Then verdant mead becomes the snow,  
The torrent wrath a gentle tide.

So thought MARIA, as unkenn'd  
She followed JULIEN, void of fear,  
As she beheld him upwards bend,  
While he recked not the maid was near.

And ev'n when now a darksome cloud  
The faithful pair was thrown between,  
Spite of the flash, the thunder loud,  
His path by love's keen eye was seen !

This track, it must be his!—Oh, yes!

'Tis Fate that tells me so—then here  
His toil-worn frame to hail and bless,  
I'll sit me down—prepare his cheer.

Oft, thus, MARIA to defy  
The crevice learnt,—the crag to spurn,  
To greet him with the glowing eye  
Of welcome, on his glad return.

Oft JULIEN couched on snowy bed,  
The stars for his bright canopy,  
Beneath the shivering tent when spread,  
Listened to the rude lullaby

Of Avalanche—then his humble roof  
Came in his broken sleep to mock ;  
Far off then wished De Gouté's woof,\*  
While harder felt the Mulêt's rock.†

\* “ Le Dome de Gouté,” the name given to one of the heights of Mont Blanc, so called from the shape of the dark rocks which compose it.

† There are two rocks upon which the snow never rests, and which have, therefore, been made use of, by those who visit Mont Blanc, as a resting-place. Here adventurers pass the first night, and get as much sleep as such a rough bed is capable of affording. The Grand Mulêt, the rock usually chosen on this occasion, is of a conical shape, a precipice nearly three hundred feet high on one side, and one hundred on the other. The latter is the one selected on such an occasion, and those who select it, *pour passer le nuit*, must climb till they arrive nearly at the top, before they find a platform wide enough to afford them such a negative accommodation. See *Auldjo's Narrative of an Ascent of Mont Blanc*.



JULIEN, his comrades homeward wend,  
Quick jump the crevice—fond lips meet,  
A joyous welcome speak, and lend  
A charm can make e'en danger sweet !

A day past—and again the beam  
Of summer sun the guiding hand  
Asks of the mountaineer—the dream  
Is fled—start forth the venturous band.

They mount the icy wave elate,  
Snow pillow find again—the morn  
Breaks on their pallet chill—Oh, Fate !—  
Would thou wert of thy dark veil shorn !—

Scorning or danger, steep, or cold,  
The lovely maid of Chamouni,  
By custom as by love made bold,  
Is towards the mountain seen to hie ;

Scarce fleeter e'en that airy thing  
With pinion bright that loves to soar,  
In summer's ray that spreads its wing,  
When winter comes, its gambols o'er.

And now she seeks *Du Midi's* peak,\*  
Where hangs the Lauwine o'er its prey,

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\* The "Aiguille du Midi" is thus described by Mr. Auldjo. "From these magnificent scenes, and over this plain, we hurried as speedily as circumstances would allow, to avoid those dangerous avalanches which fall continually from the "Aiguille du Midi," sweeping every thing before them. The pyramids of ice which rose on either side of us, in all the sublime variety of nature, forming a thousand different shapes,

Threat'ning with sudden swoop to break :  
 The rough *Moraine* \* stops not her way !

Once more MARIA kens the mark  
 Where JULIEN trod the yielding snow,  
 An ice-gulph stops her way.—Oh ! hark !  
 What sound is that ?—'tis from below !

Now silent all, and cold as death—  
 No !—nothing stirs !—all—all is still !  
 All buried seem one shroud beneath,  
 Save dark snow-bird † with yellow bill.

Too fleet sad Truth, with dark wing, flies !  
 Dark moving forms the mantle white  
 Of nature blurring, she descries ;—  
 They now approach, her hopes to blight !—

No JULIEN with them—now more near  
 They come !—“ He should have led the way ;”  
 “ Alas ! my JULIEN not there !  
 “ Their looks I read !—Ah ! luckless day !”

kept me rivetted to the spot, and, as they increased in number and size, I became lost in admiration, unwilling to leave them and move forward, until the voice of the guide exhorted me to hasten from the dangers with which I was momentarily threatened.”—*Auldjo's Narrative, &c.*

\* A name given to the rough and steep stony barrier which is found at the extremities of the glaciers, composed of rocks which have fallen upon the ice from the overhanging precipices, and which move forward as the ice advances to the valleys.

† A bird of the crow species, which is often to be seen on the Gemmi and other mountainous regions, called by the natives Davi ; but which is, no doubt, the “ *Corvus pyrrhocorvax*.”

His death-clothes a snow-sheet at last,—  
An icy cavern is his grave !  
His requiem the wailing blast,—  
There where cold torrents ever rave !

\* \* \* \* \*

Ask you the sequel of my tale ?—  
Below you'll find it in the vale.  
The thundering Avalanche, whose doom  
Swept JULIEN to his frozen tomb,  
More havoc made—it swept away  
From poor MARIA reason's ray.

Sometimes she's seen at early morn,  
Seeking the glacier, all forlorn ;  
Anon, into the glassy spring,  
Muttering, is seen wild flowers to fling ;  
Pointing to distant pinnacle,  
The crag round which no snows can dwell.  
“ See yonder !—’tis my JULIEN’S bed !  
“ Yon towering tombstone at his head !  
“ Raised by the SNOW KING in a night,  
“ It rose at morn in all its might !  
“ His giants work when others sleep,  
“ And, while they work, ’tis said they weep,  
“ As I do now !”—Then falls the tear  
Upon her JULIEN’S fancied bier.

Now with her stray locks—hapless child !  
She dries her lids—and gazes wild—  
Now laughs—now sings her saddening song—  
It is MARIA OF MONT BLANC !



## LETTER VIII.

*Visit to Martigny, by the Col de Balme — View from thence of the Vale of Chamouni — Mont Blanc — Hear distant Avalanches towards St. Bernard, as we approach Martigny — Remains of a Roman Fortress.*

MARTIGNY, AUGUST.

THE following morning we were all ready at an early hour. Added to our party was a gentleman who joined us at St. Martin, and who was now bound the same way with us, for Martigny, by the Col de Balme. Nothing could be more animating than the sight of the different parties assembling, all full of expectation and hope, excited by what they had so lately witnessed.

The combination of new scenery, new manners, new language, and a *new* people, had so fully engaged the mind, that all seemed, as if with one consent, to have banished every thing but that which was immediately present, the prospect before us, bright and elastic as the sunshine that lit us on our way. We seemed like so many children initiated into a new existence, and one which was certainly calculated to raise the idea of Omnipotence. The groups, as they departed in different directions, equestrian and pedestrian, gave an interest to the scene.

Few visitors leave Chamouni without taking with them some specimens of the curious crystals in which the neighbouring mountains abound. Those found at Mont Blanc and the Mers de Glace, are well known, and justly esteemed for making necklaces, ear-rings, &c.

We went merrily along, feeding in anticipation upon the banquet which we were taught to expect in store for us, from the mountain we were about to ascend, and from which Mont Blanc is seen in all its glory, as well as the Vale of Chamouni, the Arve, &c. We soon began to ascend, when I mounted my mule, congratulating myself at having had the precaution to provide myself (though the only one of the party that did so) with such a resource, as it was now that I began to find the effects of the preceding day's exertions, particularly in my knee, which I had strained when at Rouen, the pain of which I felt now even more than when actually descending the path which, rugged and steep, leads from the Mers de Glace to the source of the Arveiron. We turned round more than once to catch a view of the monarch of mountains, and were not disappointed; from this spot it is seen to great advantage, notwithstanding our present elevation. The Arve is seen at its feet, winding along the valley, towards which several glaciers are seen advancing at different distances; the Arve, so narrow as scarce in appearance to exceed a ribbon's breadth. We took a last view, and began to descend the other side of the hill, leading towards the Tête Noire and Martigny. Before we began this descent,

we had to pass a very narrow path, overhanging what appeared to be an almost interminable abyss to the left, whilst the mountain to the right rose so abruptly as to add to the difficulty, the apparent, as well as the real danger. To avoid the extreme edge of the precipice, I rashly attempted to guide my mule, instead of putting that confidence in his judgment which I am now well aware is indispensable with security. Had he fallen with me here, I must have terminated my tour with a speed, and in a manner, which I had not anticipated. I determined from henceforth to follow my guide's advice implicitly, and to have no further dispute with my bearer.

After passing another grand glacier to the right, we reached the valley which divides Savoy from Switzerland. We were now in the road that leads from the Tête Noire, which we followed. The valley here is highly beautiful and characteristic, from the contrast afforded by the struggle which nature seems to make, which shall take the lead, Summer or Winter; the valley presenting, on one side, abundance of foliage, from the beech, larch, and pines, with which it abounds; and on the other, an awful glacier, surmounted with pyramids of ice, intersected with chasms which seemed to defy the foot of man.

After ascending again for a short space of time, we began to descend, while the sound of distant avalanches at intervals announced our approach towards the Valley of Martigny,—the sound, which we heard at intervals, not unlike that of artillery at a distance, was not inappropriate,



as we were making rapid strides towards Buonaparte's track. The artillery of the hills we now listened to, we were told, came from the neighbourhood of Mont St. Bernard.

At length, the valley opened before us, while, at a great depth below, we beheld the town of Martigny and its steeples, as well as the road which leads to the Simplon, once the route of the victorious squadrons, led on to victory by the hand of him whose head planned the pathway, till then deemed inaccessible to an army.

It was just the hour when every thing of the sort is seen to advantage:—the shadows deepening below, whilst the higher peaks of the mountains immediately surrounding Martigny, to the left, were lit up with the ruddy beams of the departing god of day. It was at such a moment that this fairy scene broke first upon our eyes. There were three distinct valleys, leading, as it were, from the town, or, rather, at the meeting of which the town is built:—that which leads to St. Bernard, to the right, that immediately before us leading to the Simplon, and that still narrower pass, (at the mouth of which you behold the remains of an old Roman fortress, built upon a high eminence,) from which issue out together the road from St. Maurice and the Rhone, which run parallel with each other for many miles.

It required some resolution to part, the next morning, with the companions in whose society I had passed many a day of *sunshine*. A few days passed anywhere where there is any thing like a congeniality of taste, is time

enough to cement a friendship, or ought, at least, to be so, when the shortness of life is considered, and ceremony is dispensed with, as it was in this case, by mutual consent. That our tastes were congenial, we had proof enough; we were alike Mountain-worshippers, upon the same pilgrimage. That we were no longer bound for the same mountain, was the source of our present regret; I was convinced, as our palms met at parting, that this feeling was not confined to my own breast. They were bound for the Simplon, Lake Como, Lake Maggiore, and Milan. That I might be induced to accompany them, they held out the prospect and promise of crossing from the other side to the lake of the Four Cantons, which I wished particularly to see. That such a measure was fraught with doubt and difficulty, the map convinced me; I therefore determined to adhere to my own plan, whatever might be my reluctance at being obliged to trace my path without one to whom I could make an observation—to whom I could observe, how our “shadows lengthened as the sun went down.” I had afterwards reason to rejoice at my determination: had I suffered myself to have been over-persuaded, I never should have seen the Jungfrau, Lauterbrun, or Grindelwald.

## LETTER IX.

*St. Maurice — Account of the Roman Castle — Martigny — Dent de Midi — Dent de Morcles — The Diablerets and Martinets — Bex — Chateau Chillon — Bonivert — Montreux — Clarens — Vevay — Embark for Geneva — Storm — Effect of the Bise, or North Wind.*

MARTIGNY, AUGUST.

MY Friends, I afterwards found, but not till my return to England, were completely disappointed in their hopes of getting to the Lake of Lucerne, by a sudden fall of snow, which made the mountains impassable in the direction they had intended to pursue, over the Splugen Alps. I had scarcely less reason to regret my having declined an invitation from my other fellow traveller, to visit Mount St. Bernard; in leaving which, the next day, he had (as he told me afterwards, when I met him by accident in another part of Switzerland,) encountered a tempest of snow, rain, and wind, from which he complained of having suffered much, although much better prepared than I was, who had nothing but a camlet cloak as a protection against bad weather.



I lost no time, upon my return to Martigny, in hiring a *char au banc* to St. Maurice. The entrance of this pass from Martigny is picturesque in the extreme, guarded as it is by a rock-founded castle, now in ruins, but once deemed impregnable; it is said to have been built in the time of Cæsar, who subjugated the inhabitants of this valley, in order to insure to the Romans the pass of Mount St. Bernard. Servius Galbus, we are told, made this place, then called Octodurum, the winter quarters for the twelfth legion, two cohorts of which he stationed amongst the *Nantuates*, a people who dwelt between this town and the Lake Lemman. The Veragri and Seduni, who dwelt on the side of Lion, made an attack from thence upon the Roman camp, put to death ten thousand persons, left Octodurum to the flames, and retired towards Savoy.

The horse and driver stopt naturally at the Pissevache. Whether it was that I had raised my expectations too high, or that I had seen better things of the kind, I know not, but I was rather disappointed at this fall. It presents, however, an imposing appearance:—you may see it without leaving the road, a circumstance which, although it impresses you with an exalted idea of the country, at the same time diminishes the interest to the spectator, judging, as we are apt to do, of the attraction, by the difficulty and impediment thrown in our way. The waterfall harmonises well with the scenery around:—the *Dent de Midi* on one side, and the *Dent de Morcles* on the other, between which the road and the river run nearly in

parallel lines :—the *one* which never *moves*, the *other* that never *stands still*.

St. Maurice divides the Valais from the *Pays de Vaud*. “ Mine host,” whom I inquired for upon my arrival at St. Maurice, I found, was under the hands of the barber, and could not appear to answer the questions I was anxious to have explained. He soon, however, made his appearance, *bien rasée*, when he recommended me strenuously to proceed to Bex, and stop there ; where, by the time I arrived, he told me I should find an excellent dinner at the *table d’hôte*, an assurance I found to be perfectly correct, though not quite disinterested, as the *pension*, I found, was conducted by my informer.

The country about Bex is truly delightful, the house well kept, and reasonable. The difficulty is to leave such a spot, where every thing around invites your stay. The immediate neighbourhood is of the most captivating, as well as of the wildest scenery, including some fine glaciers, particularly those of the Diablerets and Martinets, places much frequented by the Chamois hunters. Amongst other things which are worth seeing in this neighbourhood, are the salt-pits, the only pits of the kind of which the country can boast.

I found here a French party, whom I had met upon Montanvert, and whom I recognised with much pleasure. After partaking of an excellent dinner, and still better dessert, for which I paid five francs, I proceeded on my way for Vevay, reaching the castle of Chillon at the sweet

and dubious hour of evening. The water was still, and deep, and blue, just rippling to the pebbly shore ; a solitary vessel moving, but scarcely seeming to move, with all its sails set, upon the water, like a night moth just essaying its wings. The mountains at the opposite side of the lake, and the vine-covered hills about Montreux, Clarens, and Vevay, decked in their sombre evening livery, while clusters of ripening grapes were reflected in the unruffled mirror. Nothing was gloomy but the water-tomb of the living, immediately before me ; but for the gloomy towers of which, and its drawbridge, whereon centinels were tracing their monotonous steps, I might have supposed myself transplanted to a paradise. Lord Byron's lines recurred to me ; I thought *he*, even, had not said *enough*. No tyrant could desire a better spot—a safer dungeon—for the indulgence of his demoniac passion, where the groans of the sufferer could meet no sympathy, could excite no avenging arm. Would, for the honour of the Canton, some storm would demolish the walls of the disgraceful ruin, and convert it from a hellish prison into a dilapidated mass, such as might at once rejoice the heart, while it pleased the eye ! This I would wish, for the honour of the *Pays de Vaud*, where it stands between *two* elements, and, alas ! defying *both*.

It is a gratifying reflection, that Bonivert, the prisoner of Chillon, has not been forgotten by posterity ; and still more so, to know that every honour was paid him by the republic of Geneva, to whom he was a faithful adherent,



yet in whose behalf he was fated to undergo those sufferings which have engraved his name amongst the first of its best and most undaunted subjects. It was, doubtless, no small compensation, at the termination of his imprisonment, to find that the safety of the republic, in whose behalf he became such a martyr, was established in its independence. As an acknowledgement of his services, a house and a pension of two hundred crowns were awarded him, as long as he remained at Geneva, where he was admitted a member of the Council of Two Hundred in 1537.

In 1551, he gave another proof of the regard in which he held the republic, by bequeathing it his library, the books of which, for the most part, consisted of rare and beautiful editions of the fifteenth century. Not content with this valuable bequest, he made the republic his heir, upon condition that his property was dedicated to the establishment of a college, the foundation of which he himself projected. He is said to have died in the year 1570. There appears, however, to be an hiatus in the obituary, between July 1570 and 1571, which makes the exact period of his decease uncertain.

In the commencement of a History which he wrote of Geneva, he says, “ Des qu’il eut commencé de lire l’histoire des nations il se sentit entraîné par son gout pour les republiques, dont il épousa toujours les interests.” It was this feeling, no doubt, that brought down upon him the vengeance of the petty tyrant, the Duke of Savoy, to whom he owed his cruel captivity.

The road to Vevay by Montreux possesses every charm that can captivate and entrance the eye, running on the borders of the Lake, which is rich in picturesque houses and vineyards, while the deep blue waters and distant mountains, particularly those near Clarens, give a finishing to the incomparable picture: the silence that reigned around, giving rise to the idea of solitude, but not of desolation, made the charm complete.

After a restless night, in a wretched bed, at the hotel at Vevay, which was *more* than full, I took my passage, the next morning, in the William Tell, steam-boat, for Geneva. The morning being very stormy, there were but few disposed to trust themselves to the tempestuous lake and its rolling waters. I rather rejoiced at the opportunity it afforded me of seeing the lake in a new character; nor was I disappointed. I did not think it possible any lake could have mocked so well the roar of ocean. The vessel rolled at last in a manner calculated to excite alarm, and, by its motion, proved that it must have been flat-bottomed, or built with a keel of very little depth. Upon observing the careless manner in which the only sail we had, a very small one, was fastened to the mast, I was informed that a passenger, a Mr. Story, a few days before, had lost his life by the fall of this same sail, shaped not unlike what is called, by some, the *latin* sail, and affixed to a clumsy piece of wood, which fell upon and crushed him, just as he was observing the dangerous manner in which it was suspended.

An accident of another sort was now near happening, from an attempt to land some of the passengers at Ouchy, where, as well as at Lausanne, they usually stop, to put down and take in passengers. My first notice of what was going on, was from the agonising cry of a child, who was pressed against the side of the vessel, as the father was descending with it into a boat: from a sudden roll, he lost his footing, and must have fallen with his little burden into the water, when there would have been but little chance of his escape, but for his presence of mind. With one hand he clung to a rope of the steamer, while the other held fast his charge, who, though somewhat hurt by the pressure against the side of the vessel, was thus saved from an untimely grave.

After this it was thought too hazardous to approach the land. The passengers (there were not many of us) were, therefore, conveyed beyond, or short of the places they were bound for, and landed at a place called Morges, from which many were obliged to measure back their way to their homes as they could, whilst we proceeded to Geneva on foot. As we approached Geneva, the impetuosity of the waves seemed to have gathered new force, bounding over the high walls which divide the Lake from the adjoining fields, into which they demanded, and obtained admission with no gentle assent.

Geneva was full of strangers; so much so, that it was not without difficulty I succeeded in getting a bed, many stories high, at the Ecu, the Ballance being quite full.



In the evening I took a survey of the Lake, in order to see what impression its waters had made in that part of the town most exposed to their fury, when I found they had made an encroachment, though of no great consequence, having crossed one of the streets, the side of which proves, for the most part, a sufficient boundary. But it must ever be liable to these partial inundations, when the *Bise*, or north wind, sets in with any violence. Once more, adieu ! In a few days, I hope to set out for the Bernese Alps.

TOUR TO THE BERNESE ALPS,  
LAKE OF LUCERNE, &c.





## LETTER X.

*Departure for Lausanne—Different Services in the same Temple, on the Sabbath—Chateau de St. Barthélemi—Noble View from thence—Obelisk—Inscription—Remains of an Altar at the Hotel de Ville at Lausanne, consecrated to the Sun and Moon—Most rational of all Idolatries—Mildness of the Sectarians here to be attributed to the Sublimity of the Scene around—Join a Traveller in taking a Calèche to Berne.*

LAUSANNE, AUGUST, 1827.

MY accommodations at the “Ecu” I should have considered very comfortable, had they not been quite so near to the sky, an inconvenience, perhaps, I should have thought more of, but for the difficulty I found, at first, in obtaining any thing approaching so *near* to what might be called *tolerable*. “Not being worst, stands in some rank of praise.”

I found, as I learnt experience from the passing moments, a very great difference between the Ballance and the Crown, when the merits of the two houses were fairly weighed, especially in the *spread* of the *table d'hôte*:—nor was this inferiority confined to the fare of the table; the company, in its order, bore no consistency with the high-sounding title by which the house was designated,

evinced, as it did, how little dependence is to be placed in a name,—every thing depending upon, (or, to make use of a political expression,) *under the control of* the Crown, was unpromising. I felt, however, that at any time a few minutes' walk would place me within view of the grandest scenery, perhaps, in the known world; not even excepting the giant mountain that

“ Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.”

What I had seen, afforded me ample food for reflection, whilst it excited an insatiable curiosity to *see more*, and gave rise to an anxious restlessness to commence a second tour, which I had in contemplation to make, to the “ Lake of the Four Cantons,” or, as it is now called, the “ Lake of Lucerne.” Determining to leave Geneva as soon as possible, I took a place for the following day, in the diligence to Lausanne.

The road runs on the borders of the Lake nearly the whole way, and is on the right side for beholding the mountain-scenery; but monarch mountains, any more than other kings, are not always to be gazed upon by the familiar eye. It was now totally out of the question; not even the Satellite mountains that surround the throne of Mont Blanc were visible: glimpses, however, now and then, as a cloud dispersed, gave intimation of the grand chain I was gradually removing further from. Nearer to us, (whilst we were still favored with a sight of this unrivalled *feast*, (let me call it,) of the *eye*,—this banquet of the mind,) we could observe many lovely villas on the borders of the Lake,

with the appendage-boat, which every residence seems here to possess. Amongst other residences, *two* were pointed out to me by one of my fellow-travellers, in which I could not but feel a more than common interest, when I found that *one* of them had been inhabited by Joseph Buonaparte, and the *other* dignified by having been the abode of the celebrated Madame de Staël. I was sorry my time, or rather my present mode of travelling, which had its *inconveniences* as well as its *advantage*, (the inconvenience arising from that which is its chief recommendation, its *speed*,) perpetuity of motion, prevented me from following an *inclination* which was not wanting,—had I had the power of gratifying it,—of paying a visit to these now forsaken dwellings.

I was now fast approaching the town whose name is associated with that of the great historian of the Roman Empire, and I trusted I should have had an opportunity of inspecting the house in which he dwelt, and finished his great work, not dreaming of the disappointment which afterwards awaited me, upon being, at my request, conducted to the spot, which is now a wilderness; whilst I found all access to the house he resided in impossible. But *one* thing remains, which will *remain* till all things fade away,—the view of the cloud-capt steeps which the site commands—the distant rocks which rise behind the classic shores of Meillerie, and those more immediately near Vevay and the Jurat Mountains. But if the view from Lausanne possesses *more* of the beautiful, it has *less*



of the sublime than that which Geneva has to boast of,—the more immediate mountains, including the grander features visible from the environs of the latter place.

I write this at the Faucon, where the best accommodations are to be found. I am told I shall find little difficulty in meeting with a conveyance to Berne. Indeed, I have already had more than one application from different Bernois, looking out, as they constantly are, to get fares on their return to Berne.

SUNDAY, AUGUST.

Determining to make this day what we ought always to make it, unless we have a good plea to offer in defence of the breach of this observance, a day of rest, I paid a visit to the Protestant Chapel, which, to my surprise and gratification, I found was appropriated, in succession, to *three different sects of Christians*. A light was burning at the altar during the whole of the Protestant service. It was to this circumstance, or rather to the inquiry which it led to, I was indebted for this information. By the lamp remaining lighted when I left the chapel, I concluded it was soon to have been made use of by the Roman Catholics. After which the Lutherans, as I was informed, were to assemble in this little temple, which might be called the *Temple of Charity*, since what could be better calculated to inspire this sentiment, and prevent discord, than the different sects of Christians congregating, *successively*, in the same holy building, in amity and peace. It

reminded me of an inscription to be seen at the Chateau de St. Barthelemi, near Echallens, on the road to Geneva, a mansion belonging to a Monsieur D'Afry, celebrated for the noble view it commands of the Lower Valais, Mont Blanc, and the Jurat Mountains; but still more so for an inscription written upon an obelisk, thirty feet in height, erected by the owner of the place, and calculated to rouse the dormant spark of religion, if religion can be supposed to *sleep* on such a spot,

“Peuples ! louez le Seigneur !”

The petty distinctions and differences, which often worse than neutralize the effects of that awe of the Deity which his mighty works are adapted to inspire in the breast of him who worships, as he looks on, I was happy to find were not followed here by that “*envy, malice, and uncharitableness,*” which are too often the concomitants of disputed creeds. But these mountains seem to have been consecrated from time immemorial to piety, if such a word can properly be applied to those who were in the habit of paying that worship to his works, which is due only to their Creator, since they shew you, at the Hotel de Ville at Lausanne, the remains of an altar consecrated, as the inscription tells you, to the Sun and Moon. Amongst all idolaters, these, however, seem to have been the most rational in the benighted ages, since, next best to the worship offered up to the great Author of all things, may be considered that of those who paid homage to the planets, to whose immediate influence they stood under such con-

stant obligation,—his *sublime representatives*, the “greater planet that ruled the day, and the lesser light that ruled the night.” One thing every person will be inclined to admit, who has witnessed the great luminary shed his departing light on the mountains in this neighbourhood, that he has seen the grandest type of the Creator in these his “handy works.” To the grandeur which nature here puts on, and to the kindred exaltation of mind which such a sight inspires, I would fain attribute the mildness which characterises the homage the various Christians here pay to the Godhead, and the absence of those bickerings which too often disgrace the professors of Christianity in other places.

I have met with a gentleman who is going the same road, and I suppose has been on the look-out for a “travelling companion.” He introduced himself to me, by asking me if I had not been making inquiries after a carriage on its return to Berne. I soon found he had been speaking to the same *voiturier* with whom I had been trying, in vain, to make a bargain; having been a *voyageur* on the same road before, he knew better how to manage these matters.

We have fixed upon an early hour for departure to-morrow morning, are to sleep on the road, I believe, at Payerne, and to reach Berne at an early hour the following day. Once more, adieu!



## LETTER XI.

*Stipulation about Cigars — Moudon — Large Pigeons — Ancient Minidunum — Altar to Jupiter Optimus Maximus, &c. — Inscription to Marcus Aurelius — Morat — Pillar of Skulls removed by the French — Avenche — Ancient Aventicum — Pillar of the Storks — Berne.*

BERNE, AUGUST, 1827.

AFTER partaking of a good breakfast at the Faucon, we entered our vehicle, a sort of *calèche*, which was to convey us to the place from whence I write. My *compagnon de voyage* was for some time too much occupied with his cigar, to admit of much conversation. From the quantity of smoke with which we commenced our journey, we might have been mistaken for steam-coach travellers; not that the celerity of our movements bore any resemblance to the rate of one of Mr. Gurney's carriages. After a silence of a few minutes, my fellow-traveller very politely withdrew his cigar from his reluctant lips, to express the fear he began to entertain, that he *might* possibly *annoy* me by that which, though *grateful* to him, might prove anything but *amusing* to me. I lost no time in endeavouring to ease his mind, by assuring him it was not the smallest inconvenience to me, stipulating, however, that he should

change places with me whenever the wind might waft the smoke to the side on which I was seated. This arrangement being amicably settled, we proceeded towards Moudon, passing by the sweet villa where John Kemble lived for a considerable time, and breathed his last. My companion, as we advanced, became more communicative, and more sparing of his puffs ; in a word, though our intercourse began in *smoke*, the *smoke* was gradually dispersing, urged by the attraction which *le beau temps*, together with the scenery, presented. He was *bound* for the *same tour*, though not for the *first*, I believe, or *second* time, which I had it in contemplation to make. I could not have met with a better guide, nor was it any objection to me that he was, as I soon found, limited to time ; a circumstance which would naturally urge him to make the most of that he had allowed himself, and thus give me an opportunity of seeing more of the country than, in all probability, I should have done, if left to myself, in a strange land. He had, I found, fixed the day of his return to his villa, beautifully situated on the Lake of, and near to, Geneva, where he had left his family, with whom, as soon as he returned, he was to proceed to Italy, for the winter ; a plan which is adopted by many, and very judiciously ; Switzerland being infinitely preferable to Italy in the summer, while the latter country has the advantage as a winter residence. We stopped at Moudon to rest the horses.

The pigeons, which are very fine and large here, I observed were confined in a sort of netted coop, to which

cause I imagine their large size and excessive plumpness may be assigned.

Moudon is the ancient *Minidunum* of the Romans. A Roman inscription, and part of an ancient altar, were found here in the foundation of a house, in the year 1732. By this you learn that Quintus Ælius, a priest of Augustus, raised this altar at his own expense, in honour of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, and Juno Regina: that he gave the town 750,000 sesterces, 75,000 Swiss francs, for the construction of a gymnasium. The inscription is dedicated to Marcus Aurelius, probably between the years 160 and 180. I observed in this town, as well as in many others in Switzerland, the outside wall of some of the houses painted and chequered in different colours. These, my fellow-traveller assured me, were different, according to the Cantons, and are always to be found on the outside of the dwellings of the parish Priest, as a sort of designation by which they may be distinguished from others.

We slept at Payerne, which we left at an early hour, and breakfasted at Morat. The window of our room, the public one, commanded a fine view of this beautiful Lake: we saw several boats, where the fishermen were in the act of drawing their nets, not unsuccessfully, as we soon discovered by the sudden appearance of some of the scaly tribe on the breakfast table, dressed well, and of fine flavour, not unlike whiting in size and appearance. The *once* celebrated pillar, composed of the bones and skulls



of the Burgundians killed at the battle named after this place, has given place to one of stone. A corps of the French army passing this way, and considering this memorial as degrading to their countrymen, burnt the bones in the year 1798. The recollection of their defeat remains the same, signalized as is the spot by the rout of the Burgundian troops, and the flight of their rash leader, Charles the Bold; to whose power this battle proved the death-blow, and which he did not long survive.

A gentleman joined our breakfast table, who told us he came into that neighbourhood with the determination of ascending the Jungfrau. Of the difficulty of this attempt I was not as well aware as I afterwards was, when, on crossing the Wenger Alp, I had an opportunity of bearing testimony to the truth of the assertion of my guide, that it was an undertaking of great difficulty, if not impossible. Many Gasconaders, he informed me, had threatened the assault, and even commenced the undertaking, but were compelled to give up the attempt; and *one* in particular, a *Monsieur Dupuis*, insisted upon his having *been* at the summit. How little the public were disposed to credit his assertion, may be judged from the *sobriquet* which the mountain has since obtained, in derision, of *Madame Dupuis*.

The road from hence lies through *Avenche*, formerly *Aventicum*, a place of great splendour in the time of Vespasian. Flavius Sabinus, the father of this prince, is said to have taken up his residence in this town, and to have

spent here the wealth he amassed in Asia. It is probable Vespasian spent the best part of his life here. Tacitus, in an inscription to be seen on the wall of the church, denominates this place "*Caput Helvetiorum.*" The inscription is as follows: "*Colonia pia, Flavia Constans emerita Aventicum Helvetiorum federata.*" It was ravaged by the Allemanni in the middle of the fourth century, when half of its battlements were destroyed, and the town deserted. Attila, in the following century, converted it into a heap of ruins. The greater part of the ground which the city formerly occupied, is now covered with gardens and orchards; many remains of antiquities are still to be seen. Amongst those most conspicuous, is a Corinthian column, 37 feet high, which may be seen by the travellers without leaving the high road. The inhabitants call it the pillar of storks, "*des Cigognes,*" because these birds were formerly in the habit of building their nests here. A part of a cornice (once belonging to it, no doubt) is to be seen at a little distance, by the side of the road.

I forgot to mention that a linden tree has been planted on the classic spot at Morat, now 140 years old, where the Swiss had erected the awful testimonial, intended to keep alive the remembrance of the bravery and heroism of their patriotic countrymen.

We arrived at Berne in good time on the second day. To-morrow we proceed across the Lake of Thun to Interlacken, Unterseen, &c.

## LETTER XII.

*Bernese Costume — Terrace near the Church — Accident and surprising Escape — Proceed to Thun — Merlingen — Family of Bubenburgh — Beatenburgh — St. Beat — Lake of Thun — Unterseen — Interlacken — Lake of Brienz — La Belle Battelliere — Lauterbrun — Valley leading to it — Jungfrau — The Falls of the Staubbach, 950 feet high — The Myrrenbach and the Schmadribach — Swiss Girls — Mountain Music.*

INTERLACHEN, AUGUST.

WE found Berne very full. The costume of the females here is very peculiar, rather becoming, and worn alike by the old and young; but I should think the covering of the head more ornamental than useful. From its form, I should imagine it might be classed under the order of *fly caps*. A sort of lace-work, black, and made of horse hair, not unlike black lace, when seen at a distance, is made to stand off on each side of the face, resembling a wing in shape, of the gossamer kind; the hair hanging down the back in small plaits, but at its full length, accompanied with long streamers of ribbon, complete this part of the attire, while loose sleeves, with a dark bodice and petticoat, rather short, give the dress a



sort of theatrical air. Nothing is more striking to a stranger's eye than the variety of the costumes of the female dress in Switzerland, always pretty and neat, adapted to the mountain country, and differing in almost every Canton.

Berne is what is called in French a "*presq' isle peninsula*," being nearly surrounded by the River Aar, and is situated in the most beautiful part of Switzerland; at least by a very short walk, and with very little fatigue, it is in the power of any person inhabiting the town, to treat their eyes to such a feast as scarce any other city can afford, not excepting Geneva; for there, though the single object of Mont Blanc is enough, in *itself*, to make up for the more expanded view which the environs of Berne afford, yet the variety of silvered mountain peaks, with their varied shapes, towering in their heights, as it were, with proud and jealous rivalry, leave the beholder nothing more to ask, curbing even imagination in its flight. When we remember that some of these mountains are nearly as high as Mont Blanc, and many of them, as their shape declare, inaccessible, we are inclined to give the preference to the many headed and extensive range which here claims our attention. Let it be recollected, that amongst the most prominent of these giant hills, we are to enumerate the Schreckhorn, Finsterhorn, Wetterhorn, Stockhorn, Faulhorn, Aarhorn, the Eigers, Jungfrau, &c. &c. The terrace or platform, near the church, which is an hundred and eight feet above the Aar, commands a noble view.

There is a marble slab with an inscription here, upon the wall, which commemorates an event of a very singular kind; signifying that on the 25th of July, 1654, a student, named Weinzapfli, took it into his head to mount the back of a horse which was grazing just by; that the horse, frightened by the noise of some companions who were with him at the time, threw his rash rider from the terrace, over the balustrade, which was very low at the time, into a kitchen garden beneath. It is recorded, in the same inscription, that he escaped with his life, but not without breaking both his arms and legs, of which fractures he was afterwards cured.

The shops here put me in mind of the old town of Chester, being for the most part situated under piazzas, and, consequently, like those of Chester, dark.

I here provided myself with what I had found, before this, I was very much in want of, a pair of strong shoes, with nails, which, with a pair of gaiters, I substituted for Wellington boots, having found the latter particularly inconvenient, both in ascending and descending the mountains. We left the Faucon early the next morning; a gentleman and his daughter, of the name of F—z—ll, having joined our party, whom we met at the *table d'hôte*. This addition was not only agreeable, but diminished, by dividing the expense of the *catèche* in which we travelled. We breakfasted at Thun; after which we embarked in a *bateau* for Interlacken. Mr. F——, an Irish gentleman, whom we found very agreeable, informed us he was inti-

mately acquainted with Chateaubriand, and had been a fellow labourer with him in the same vineyard, having lately published a pamphlet in favour of primogeniture; several passages of this he read to us *en passant*, until the beauty of the surrounding scenery, by withdrawing our attention, obliged him, though apparently against his inclination, to stop. The subject, which is an important one, I believe, still occupies the attention of the French nation. The system, in operation at present, appears to be quite opposed to, if not incompatible with, the perpetuation of monarchy.

The scenery, which gradually unfolded as we proceeded down the Lake, soon banished the *brochure* from our boat table, as well as from our thoughts.

The north side is covered with mountains: on the south are to be seen the remains of several chateaus, behind which, in all its beauty, rises the Niesen. To the east, the Simmenflue, the Stockhorn, and the chain called from the latter mountain. Not far from Zeinigen, the *embouchure* of the impetuous Kander, you may see the remains of the chateau Stratlingen. To the left, or south east of Niesen, upon a fertile and most attractive hill, is situated the lovely village of Eschi, at the foot of which may be seen several mountains, rising like so many steps higher and higher, till, beyond them, you behold, terminating, as it were, in the clouds, the silver summits of the Jungfrau, the Moine, the Eiger, Blumlis Alp, &c. &c. The north bank has to boast of a number of picturesque villages;



several, in particular, at the foot of the Blumberg. Amongst these, Merlingen stands most conspicuous. Ralligen is another of these villages, the inhabitants of which, scorning even to profit from experience, have rebuilt their town, it seems, on the very spot where it was formerly destroyed by the Ralligflue; by the fall of some of the rocks of which it was overwhelmed.

At Merlingen the boatmen very frequently stop for refreshment, or when a storm overtakes them. Opposite this place is to be seen the Castle of Spietz. The grand tower of Spietz was built by Rodolph de Stratlingen. Spietz was the principal residence of the family of Bubenberg, a family to whom the republic of Berne have been much indebted. The only remaining branches of this noble family, a brother and sister, surprised by a sudden storm, were drowned near this spot, when on a party of pleasure, and (which made it still more melancholy) on the very day on which they had, severally, entered into a matrimonial alliance with two descendants of the noble house of D'Erlach.

The Staumbach, a fine cascade which falls into the Lake, from whence it is seen to great advantage, not far from this, or rather from Ralligen, is well worth a visit. There are several other streams, which falling from the mountains immediately in the neighbourhood of the Lake, add much to the claims it makes upon the attention of the stranger. We ought not to forget Beatenburg, a mountain where a cavern claims the notice of many who pass this way, called

Beatenhohle, so named from Saint Beat, who is said to have been the first person who preached the Christian doctrine in Switzerland. This, however, seems to have been a fictitious name; his real name, they say, was Suetonius, and that he was sent to preach the gospel here in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. He died at an advanced age, in this cavern, in the year 112. It is only an hour's walk from Merlingen.

If disposed to take advantage of your boat by passing round the promontory called Le Nez, you may land within a quarter of a league of the cavern. The view from thence will well repay the traveller for the trouble of the ascent. The stream which rushes from thence is called the Beatenbach.

You will find this dated from Interlacken, where we sleep to-night, in the midst of every thing that is attractive to a mountain worshipper. Before I sat down to my evening occupation, I followed up the course of the Aar, which passes near our *auberge*, and which I was led to believe, from its direction, had left the Lake of Brienz, in search of that which we had left with so much regret: by mounting a steep orchard, I soon got a view of the water of Brienz, and the abrupt steeps in which it is enchased. Both to the north and to the south it is surrounded with steep rocks; so much so, on the south side, as to render that part of the Lake uninhabited.

I regretted much that the limited time to which my

companion was tied down, would not admit of our going to the Lake of Brienz. It was not without some reluctance I gave up the thoughts of seeing the Fall of the Giesbach, which is on the south side of the Lake. I had, however, on the other hand, the Fall of the Staubbach in anticipation, Lauterbrun, the Wenger Alp, and the Jungfrau.

Having brought a small portmanteau with me, which I OUGHT to have left at Berne, I now consigned it to the care of “mine host” of the *auberge*, which we left at a very early hour the following morning, in a *char au banc*, for Lauterbrun.

The morning was cold and raw, and we were travelling by the side of a very rapid noisy stream, in a deep but enchanting valley, where the lofty pines seemed to be indigenous to the spot, which, from its appearance, seemed to be more favoured by the dews than the rays of the sun. It seemed one of those dark glens which the German romance writer would wish to linger in, and not unlike the spot where the incantations were held at the casting of the “seventh bullet;” a valley, in fact, in which the gloomy author of *Der Freitschutz* would have gloried in tarrying.\*

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\* This spot is connected with a sad tale of a fratricide, to which Lord Byron alludes in one of his Letters. He speaks of this as being just the spot where such an act might be supposed to have taken place.



To add to the interest, which was growing stronger by what it fed on, the Jungfrau and its Glacier “marshalled us the way that we should go,” and beckoned us forward like a stoled and gigantic spectre.

The approach towards Lauterbrun was announced by the Fall of the Staubbach, which is seen afar off, and precipitates itself over a perpendicular rock called the Pletschberg, nine hundred and fifty feet in height. Beyond this fall are to be seen many others of similar height, forming, as it were, a parallel succession of falls; but in quantity of water, certainly at this time bearing no proportion to the height from whence they are precipitated, though enough to give almost a terrific idea of what they, at times, must be. When I saw this fall the stream was spare, though white, and could not have justified Lord Byron in his sublime allusion to the Apocalypse, where, in his Manfred, he compares it to the tail of the ‘pale horse’ of Death. The little inn we breakfasted at is situated in the midst of this grand assemblage of all that can constitute the sublime and beautiful; whence nature seemed to have exhausted herself in a *chef d’œuvre* of landscape.

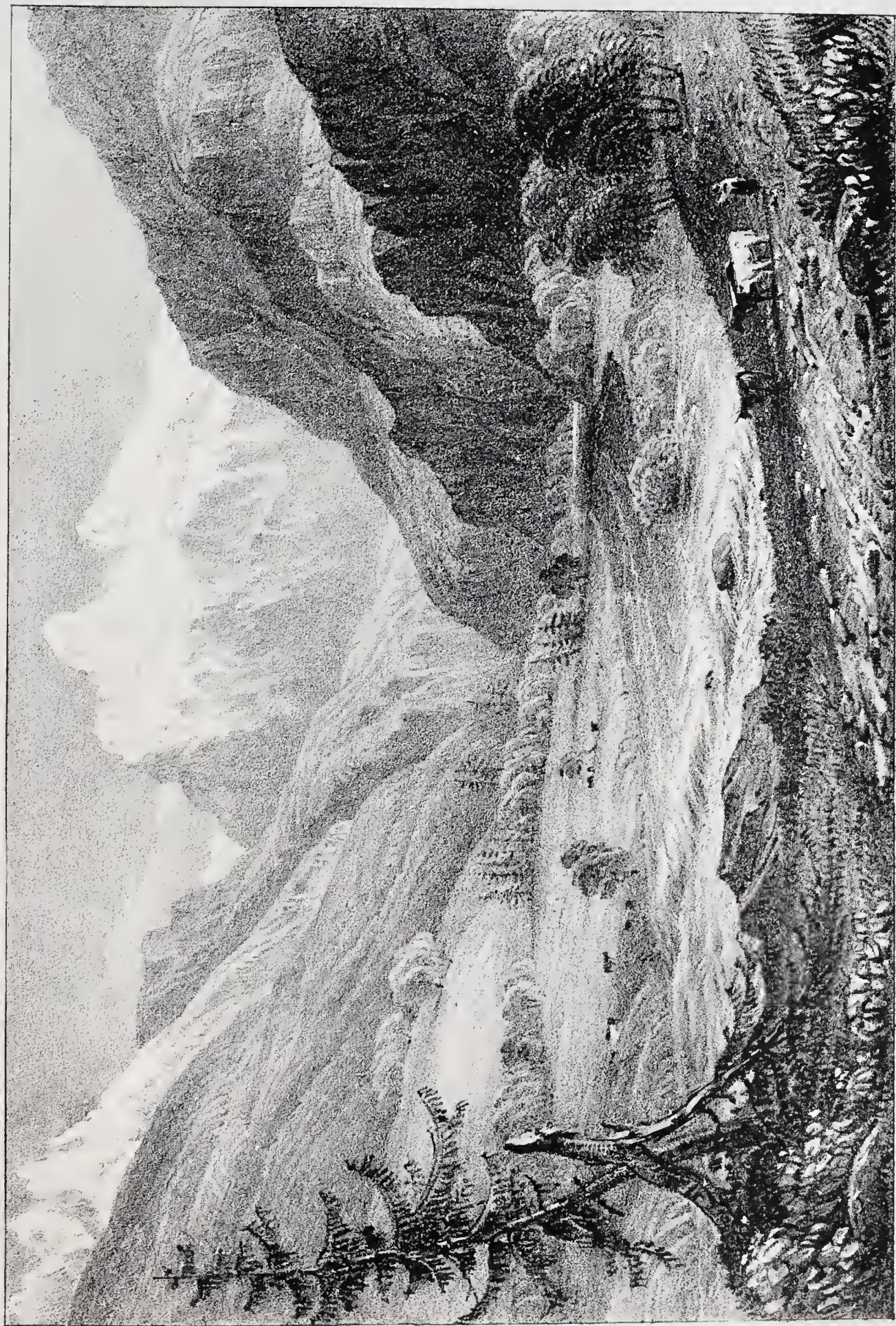
My fellow traveller, Mr. W. B——’s time would not admit of our doing more than taking our breakfast at Lauterbrun, otherwise we could have passed a day to great advantage in exploring the Valley of the Lutschine, which might be called the *valley of Avelanches*, so constantly are they falling here. Not many years since one is said to

have fallen which lasted for twenty-four hours without ceasing.

Waterfalls here present themselves on every side. Had I had time to have mounted the Pletschburgh, over the summit of which the Staubbach throws itself, I might have caught a distant view of the greater number of the falls with which the immediate neighbourhood abounds; but I had not an hour to spare, which it would at least have taken. There is *one* fall, indeed I may say *two*, which many prefer to the Staubbach,—the Myrrenbach and the Schmadribach. The latter has, I am told, a most imposing appearance: a person who had seen it, described it to me as appearing almost supernatural, from its height, magnified as it must be, no doubt, to the eye, from its peculiar situation. It seemed, he said, as if it came from the clouds,—as if the traveller had been transported to another world; a circumstance which is as much to be attributed, I imagine, to its making its passage through a bed of snow, even in the midst of summer, as to its height, which cannot be greater, if as great, as that of the Staubbach, of which a sketch is here given. This latter fall, in Winter, often puts on the most picturesque appearance, forming, with its frozen particles, colonnades of ice, of the most fantastical form.

The Lutschine, which is formed by many cataracts, with which the valley through which it takes its course abounds, is often so swelled by these many mouths, as to become appalling by its velocity. It is not always that it





*Drawn by W. Purser; from a view taken on the spot by Thomas Fearnley Esq.*

*Printed by C. Hollman and*

VIEW of the JUNGLE from the VALLEY of LAUTREBUN.

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is contented to sit for its picture, as was nearly evinced on one occasion, in the year 1791, when a traveller, at the little *auberge* opposite, who was in the act of taking its portrait, was compelled to relinquish his undertaking rather suddenly, saving, as it is said, his life and portfolio with some difficulty.

We found a party at the breakfast-table who had preceded us, and were on the point of preparing for a visit to the Valley, upon which I was now obliged, with much regret, to turn my back. Whoever visits Lauterbrun should take care to give himself time enough to visit the Lutschine. I had no choice, my time not being my own, unless I could have brought myself to relinquish the society from which I had derived so much advantage; but I found I had enough to admire in the path I soon found myself upon.

A gentleman, to whom I was introduced at Lauterbrun by Mr. B——, Lord G—n, a Roman Catholic Nobleman of high respectability, who was travelling the same way, only by a different course, intending to proceed to Grindelwald by the Valley of Zweylutschinen, a road which is perfectly accessible to a *char au banc*, had intimated to me the nature of the road I was about to take, accompanying his information with some precautionary admonition, for which I was much indebted; offering, at the same time, to relieve me from my carpet bag, the only incumbrance I was now saddled with. This polite offer, for which I had to thank my fellow-traveller, and which was

accompanied with a promise to bespeak beds for us at Grindelwald, I most gratefully accepted; and after a parting request that we would not *break our necks*, his Lordship took his course through the Valley, whilst we pursued our more perilous way over the Alp to Grindelwald.

That our road was of a somewhat dangerous description I had little doubt,—the almost perpendicular hills around us assured me that it must be so,—an assurance I was the more confirmed in by the total absence of every thing that bore the semblance of a road, save the ground we immediately occupied a few yards before us: one thing was certain, however carefully concealed, that it must be steep, circuitous, and narrow. A very little time proved that my conjectures were right,—the angles which we turned were sometimes very abrupt; but the danger was guarded against, being planted out from the view, in most cases, at first, so that the traveller is fairly cheated in the commencement of his ascent. As he advances, the road becomes narrower, more precipitous, exposed, and dangerous. The beauty of the surrounding scenery, however, by its attraction, helps to make him forget that he is travelling within an inch or two of destruction.

The pathway, for the first hour, over the Schucken, requires some nerve, and more so from those who trust to the sagacity of the mule, in preference to their own. It was not till after I had reached a very considerable height that I began to consider the position I was in, or rather, till suddenly casting my eyes below, I was made sensible



that I was on the brink of a precipice that seemed nearly fathomless,—where destruction must unavoidably follow a false step of the mule on which I had mounted, and which, devoid of all fear, was pushing forward at the full stretch. With all the confidence I was told I might place in these animals, I could not, however, banish my doubts and fears, which, being able no longer to resist, I, at length, yielded to, and dismounted.

Mr. B——, who was just before me, trusting to his own *baton*, no sooner saw me dismount, than he took my place, assuring me I should be glad enough to resume it before we arrived at the end of our day's journey. At present I did not envy him his seat, preferring to trust to my own feet and my spikestaff. We were both of us at our ease; Mr. B—— as much so as myself. I began to enjoy the scene, and to look around me with a sense of security that enhanced my enjoyment.

My thoughts and eyes were fully occupied with the scene around me,—now looking with delight at the luxurious growth of the trees nearer to us,—and now gazing with awe, and a new-felt mixture of delight, at the unexplored glacier mountain which seemed immediately before us, when the sound of not very distant vocal music struck upon my ear. The sound, the place, the nature of the music, wild as the track we were traversing, with which it was in perfect keeping, enchained me for a moment to the spot. It seemed like the music of another sphere,—nothing, however, was to be seen; it evidently was *nearer*

the skies than we were. Still all was as mysterious as captivating, till the guide, who, no doubt, had observed how much it had attracted my notice, told me, with a smile, that it came from *above*; in plain matter of fact, that the music was the *native* music of the country we were travelling through; an assurance, the truth of which was soon proved, by the appearance of two or three females, the songstresses, who presented flowers to us, and requested, at the same time, to be remembered by their auditors, whom they had seen approaching, though unseen themselves by us, whom they thus welcomed to their hills. A few *batzen* seemed amply to satisfy them, not only for their vocal exertions, but for the wild flowers which they appropriately presented to us before we bade them adieu, with our thanks, and now, in our turn, left them below us.

The sound of their wild airs remained in my ears long after the fair performers had ceased to be visible. I could scarcely persuade my guide that this was absolutely the case. But these hills, like the Enchanted Island described by Shakspeare, are “full” of these “sweet sounds,” which, from the nature of the place and its echo, are heard at a great distance. Nothing could have been substituted in the way of music for these wild strains, which were so completely in keeping with the scenery around. Though singularly rude, yet the sounds were perfectly harmonious, apparently easy to imitate, as I thought at first, but by no means so *imitable* as I supposed; a strange, but to me

most pleasing mixture of what are called head and chest notes, rising from a low note to its octave; requiring a very correct ear and melodious voice, and calculated to be heard at a great distance; it seemed as if the music had been borrowed from the mountain echos.

The singers at first appear as if they were only trying their voices in thirds, fifths, and octaves, and this at length seemed to be followed by a regular air, in which the several singers each took their part; but all in perfect counterpoint, constituting a sort of peculiar and free style, adapted to the mountains; of which the component parts, like the well-known Tyrolese song of freedom, were lightness, sweetness, and freedom. I never have heard a Swiss or Tyrolese air since, that it did not at once bring me back, in a sort of dreamy imagination, to these captivating, paradisaic hills.

“ One of those passing rainbow dreams,  
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams  
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll  
In trance or slumber round the soul.”

MOORE.

To a landscape painter, provided he has a bold hand, a steady foot, and a warm imagination, I know of no walk of equal interest with that which is to be met with between Lauterbrun and Grindelwald, passing over the Wenger Alp, with the Jungfrau before you; its grand outline changing as you change your position, yet unchangeable in its hue; its untrodden snows forming a grand con-



trast to the evergreen pines which deck its immediate neighbour, the mountain which we were now treading, rich in wood, and covered with cattle of the finest description.

As we advanced, we left the woody region behind us, the loss of which, however, was amply repaid by a nearer view of the Virgin Mount, now only separated from us by the gorge called Trimletenthal, at the bottom of which our guide pointed out an immense piece of rock, far below the ice at present, but which was, in the memory of many living persons, the boundary of the icy regions.

## LETTER XIII.

*Chalet opposite the Jungfrau—Hear an Avelanche for the first time—Echo—Descent to Grindelwald—Glacier close to the Auberge—Arch of Ice—The Eiger and Breithorn—Le Roc Chaud—Marvellous Escape of three Bernois—Avelanche on passing the Scheideck—Ross Alps—Dos D'Ane—The Reichenbach—Swiss School.*

MEYRINGEN, SEPTEMBER.

WE, at length, reached the Chalet at the summit of the Alp we were passing, situated immediately opposite to the Jungfrau, who, if a Virgin Mount, as the name signifies, ought certainly to be called a Virgin Queen, towering in all her majesty and colossal height, while, like a Queen, she is surrounded by her satellites, the two Eigers, the Breithorn, the Ischingelhorn, the Gespaltenhorn, &c.

We took our seats on a bank just before the Chalet. 'This we had scarcely done before our attention was called by a sound which appeared to be very near to us; the noise, at first, like that of a rushing wind, and afterwards resembling that of thunder or distant artillery. Our eyes were directed high up the mountain by our guide,—the spirit of the Alp seemed to be laughing at us,—it passed

away, and all was wrapt again in calm and solemn silence. The guide, who was as much disappointed as ourselves, assured us it was all over,—it was *à l'autre côté*, on the Italian side of the mountain. The effect, no doubt, was much increased by the echos, of which we had a good sample, from the discharge of an old arquebus, as I suppose, kept here for that purpose; and which is not listened to with impunity, each traveller being called upon for toll; and for which they make a regular charge. We met with some excellent milk at the Chalet, not the less welcome, after a long walk, for being sprinkled with a little of the *kesser wasser*, a species of white brandy distilled from the wild cherry.

The sensation I felt when sitting in front of this Chalet, in one of the hottest days I ever remember, the mountain of snow immediately before us, was in some degree magical in its effect, at least not easily definable. The refreshing coolness arising from our contiguity to the snow, but for the verdure immediately around us, would have almost led us to suppose we were under the influence of *Gramarée*,—that we were, by the magic of some dream, transplanted into some unknown region. This sensation you do not feel when at a distance from the snow-clad peaks, not till you may be said, as it were, to grapple with them in close contact.

We left this never to be forgotten Chalet with great reluctance; neither can the moment, (one of the happiest of my life,) ever be erased from my memory. The descent



towards Grindelwald is very abrupt and steep. We were not long in reaching the Itramer Alp, not far from the Eiger Breithorn.

Here we got a view of Grindelwald, its glaciers, and mountains, and descending by the foot of the Eiger, and close to the lower glacier, reached our place of destination for the night, at a most comfortable *auberge*, where, as we expected, Lord G——n had bespoke beds for us; an order which he had left with my carpet bag, but which I had not an opportunity of thanking his Lordship for, who, with his son Mr. P——n, had returned by the road he came to Interlacken.

For my own part, I was truly rejoiced to find we were come to an anchor, in the immediate vicinity of a mountain iceberg, the window of my room commanding the view of a semi-circular arch of ice, through which a stream was rapidly forcing its way, and roaring as if with anger at being so long ribbed in its cold prison. This arch of cerulean blue forms an unique and most picturesque feature in the enchanting view, which cheers the glacier hunter from his mountain shed; and to which he naturally looks with unabated pleasure and ardent anticipation, each morning, as soon as the shadowy night withdraws its veil.

We found a large party assembled at the *table d'hôte*, every individual full of his day's journey. At present the chief attraction seemed to be the dinner table, where the sound of knives and forks, mixed with the din of talk, (for each seemed to have something to talk about,) some

beauty to dilate upon, or some hair-breadth escape to relate, aided at length, by the glee of some mountain songstresses, made up the charm.

I thought I recognised the voice, amongst the choir, of the, for a long time, *invisible* harmonists, who beguiled us on our steep ascent from Lauterbrun ; but had afterwards reason to know this was only fancy, arising from the strong resemblance which these wild but *sweet* mountain airs bear to each other.

Amongst the fair minstrels who now made their appearance, in the hope of recompence, I could not discern any features I had met before. The contribution, after the general example which I made, though but of a trifle, was received with a grateful smile and a curtesy, that argued nothing of disappointment.

A wine was produced at dinner which I had not met with before, and which seemed in great request with *les Anglois*, called *Vin de St. George*. The flavour is that of claret, with a strong body, of more flavour than *Cote Roti*, but not as rich as Hermitage. I often asked for it afterwards at other places, but was always told their stock had been exhausted by my countrymen, with whom it was in general a great favourite. It is a wine that suits the English palate, especially after an Alpine excursion of seven leagues, where you are always either climbing or descending a height, and oftentimes a rugged steep; exertions which tell at eve, in spite of the fever of delight by which the mind, at the time, sustains the body.

The next morning we did not leave our inn as early as usual, in consequence of a fog, attended with small rain, which enveloped every object, except those immediately near us, with its dense mantle. The lower part of the little glacier which descends from the Eiger, terminating in an arch of ice, whose blue and green tips were plainly discernible from the inn, was, however, to my delight, exempt from this levelling mist, and still to be seen from our now crowded window.

I was on the point of availing myself of the circumstance, when the envious cloud above began to give symptoms of dispersing, and I was called upon to mount my mule. It was some time before I could be persuaded that my *compagnon* was right in his prognostics, which he assured me were built upon experience. It seems he was borne out afterwards in the result, in which I felt more than a common interest, from being unprovided with any protection against bad weather.

The little glacier, as it is called, forms one of the arms of an immense valley of ice, and is situated between the Shreckhorn, the Vieschorn, and the two Eigers. The grand glacier is entirely separated from the smaller one by the rocks of the Shreckhorn, and forms one of the *ecoulemens* of the valley of ice which are to be found between the Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, and the Mettenburgh. In the midst of the little glacier a vertical rock is seen to lift its head, as if in defiance of the enemy at its feet, as well as the snow, which is never known to rest upon its head,



a circumstance to which it owes its name,—*Le roc chaud*.

The spot now occupied by the remorseless ice, once formed, as it is said, most beautiful and fertile valleys, of which the Mettenburgh, the Eiger, and Breithorn were the boundaries; nay, more, they tell you they have discovered the road which lead to these now frozen plains. As a proof of this fact, they shew you a clock, upon which the figures of the year 1044 are inscribed. This valley, it is said, formerly belonged to a chapel consecrated to Saint Petronille, built at the entrance of these mountains. The same tradition is said to hold good with regard to the Haut Valais; a similar path having been discovered in the Valley of Viesch, which gave its name to the glacier, but which is now entirely merged in waves of ice.

A marvellous tale of an escape of three Bernois is upon record. What degree of credibility it is entitled to I will not pretend to say. Possibly you will put down the people as too credulous, when I tell you that it is very generally believed. During the civil war here, three men, it is said, fled to the Valley of Viesch, in hopes of escaping the rage of the blind fanaticism of the Valaisans, and discovered a way through the ice from thence to Grindelwald, through these frightful scenes of ice.

Another story is told of one Christian Boren, proprietor of an inn at Grindelwald, who had the misfortune to fall into one of these crevices of ice as he was going with a flock of sheep to the pasture of Baniseck. Fortunately he found himself, when at the bottom of the chasm, close

to one of the many torrents which take their course under the ice, and following up the course of the water under the icy vaults, which formed a canopy above, reached the termination of the glacier, with no other injury than that of a broken arm. This man, I was told, is actually living at this present moment.

At the second glacier which you reach after passing the dark Bergelbach, whose soil is blackened by the decomposition of schistus, a large massy rock of the fallen mountain, thirty feet in height, and covered with pines of an immense growth, forms the boundary of the glacier. In the year 1720 the glacier extended to this spot, but it has been retiring ever since. The torrent which issues from it is called the Lutschine Noire; because its waters take a black tint after they unite with those of the Bergelbach.

It takes an hour to reach the little glacier: though smaller, its surface is much more intersected than the larger, and presents to the eye towers and pyramids of ice. The Wetterhorn is seen to great advantage from the Ross Alp, which you pass in crossing the Scheideck. In our passage we witnessed several summer avalanches, or *Lavanges d'été*, enough to give the traveller some idea of the more awful ones which take place in the Spring, when the snows first begin to yield to the influence of the sun.\*

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\* Of the danger of these avalanches we may form some judgment, by the refusal of the guides, at any period of the year, let the weather be as fine as it may, to cross the mountains subject to them, after a day or two of wet weather. When it rains in the valley they

We had a very good specimen of one of these in passing near the Wetterhorn.

From Grindelwald to Meyringen there is a good mule-way, which never is so terrific as to prevent the traveller from viewing at his ease, if at all accustomed to mountain passes, the grandeur of the scenery which meets his eye on every side. The Wetterhorn is never seen to so much advantage as from the Ross Alp, from whence your attention will not fail to be called forth by the imposing forms, the play of clouds and mists, which float around its summits in ever changing shapes. From thence you soon begin to mount the Scheideck, and reach, at length, its highest ridge, called the “Dos d’ane,” 6,050 feet above the level of the sea. The Faulhorn to the east, and the Schwarzhorn to the north, are here conspicuously grand, with various other mountains, between the Scheideck, the Lake of Brienz, and the Wetterhorn.

In the Schwarzhorn Alp, on the descent from the Alpigeln, you meet a Chalet, which is pointed out as one of a superior construction, as having to boast of superior milk, both in quantity and quality. On the south-east, immediately opposite, is to be seen the glacier Schwarzwald, which extends itself between the Wetterhorn and the Wellhorn. At the door of this Chalet an article for sale

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conclude that it snows on the mountain :—this snow, melted by the sun very soon after its fall, sets other snows in motion, and, with these, possibly loosen pieces of rock, forming what is called the “*Lavanges d’été*,” or Summer Avalanches.



was offered, which I purchased for a few franks, a sort of chain, of an ingenious pattern, made of black horse-hair, and wove in a very ingenious manner, so as almost to rival the celebrated *chaine mexique*. It is much stronger than you would suppose it to be from its appearance, and the nature of the materials; one thing is certain, it could not have been twisted into its present form without much ingenuity and perseverance.

After partaking of some exquisite milk we pursued our way by the Bruch Alp to the Alp of Rosenlauri. This glacier makes an imposing appearance, situated between the Wellhorn and the Nellihorn to the south, the Engelhorn and the Kamlihorn to the east. It forms one of the branches of Gauli's Valley of Ice, and supplies the noble Fall of the Reichenbach, which we were fast approaching, with its mighty flood.

From the height of Zwirgi the Valley of Hasli is seen to great advantage, bursting unexpectedly upon the eye. Three quarters of an hour brings you from hence, by a rugged road, to Meyringen. The road continues, for the greater part of the way, by the side of a noisy torrent, which, from its impetuosity and roar, prepares the traveller for the treat which the guide is fully justified in promising the traveller, from the Fall of the Reichenbach.

In descending this path, which runs by the side of this torrent, invited by the mouth of one of those fountains which so constantly hold out their tempting stream to the tired wayfarer, hot and thirsty with walking, I was on the

point of refreshing myself, as I thought, by a copious draught, when the guide, who was at a little distance behind me, with a loud voice, put in his veto against an indulgence, which I understood was attended with much danger,—the cause of which, though I did not then understand, I was afterwards informed. It was not spring-water; but water from a glacier not far off. As I was given to understand I should find good spring-water a little further on, I was easily persuaded to relinquish my first intention; the more so, when I heard that this water, though it looked so inviting, was composed of melted ice.

That which makes the fountains in these mountains so attractive, is the transparency of the water, whilst the height at which you generally find them, by the side of the road, pouring out the crystal beverage nearly upon a level with the lips of the traveller, seems, like the walnut trees, to *ask the traveller to taste*.

I ought to have mentioned before, that we were accompanied on our way from the Scheideck by some of the scholars of Mr. Fellenburg's celebrated school at Hofwyl, whom we first met on the summit of the mountain. They were accompanied by two masters, one a young, the other a middle-aged man, with whom they seemed to be upon the most familiar terms. They were, in number about thirty or forty, all dressed in a sort of uniform jacket of hunter's green, with a cap to correspond, and forming no unpicturesque group amongst these Alpine hills. Each boy, I observed, had a large tin box, for the

purpose of collecting mountain plants. Their diligence, however, in this occupation, was suspended for a time by the new and awful scenes they now, for the first time, witnessed; the *eye* and the *ear* being both put in requisition by the sight and sound of an avelanche from the Wetterhorn Alp, which we had an excellent opportunity of witnessing, on our descent from the Scheideck.

Our party was strengthened in number by another accession, consisting of a gentleman and two ladies: the latter had left their homes in the hope of accomplishing what they had found, from their fatigue, to be impossible, of taking views of the mountain scenery.

It seemed to have been a contest of Mind *versus* Body, in which, beneath the weakness of the latter, the former was compelled, though reluctantly, to give in. The long day's journey, the ruggedness and steepness of the paths, and those often on the brink of a precipice, together with the descent of roads as steep as rough, seemed to have deprived these ladies even of strength sufficient to enable them to enjoy the high treat presented to their sight on every side. This accounts for the very few views you meet with of the more majestic scenery of Switzerland; those usually to be met with in ladies' portfolios, who have had courage and enterprise enough to make the attempt, generally consisting of sketches taken at or near the inns at which they stop.

I afterwards, in another part of my tour, fell in with two ladies, much younger, and more able to encounter



“perils by flood and field,” on our road to Mount St. Gothard, who had suffered much from their mules having fallen in the snow, on their descent, after crossing the Grimsel. Enthusiasm, let its quality be ever so ardent, must give way to nature. There are few females whose strength is robust enough to justify these undertakings. But we are, after all, inexplicable beings. The only lady it has been my fate to meet with who was in possession of any thing of a sketch characteristic of the wilder features of these Alps, told me she left England an *invalid*, and returned to her native land much *better in health*, after having traversed some of the wildest parts of Switzerland, and descended steeps on the brink of abysses, where one false step would be certain destruction, and where she was compelled always to retain *two* guides; one of whom she described as having often held the bridle of the mule, keeping him back as much as possible, while the other was occupied in endeavouring, by pressing with his full weight upon the tail of the mule; to prevent the rapidity of his progress as he descended the almost perpendicular paths. . .

Let the talent be ever so great, no landscape painter can be expected to do justice to Swiss scenery, except he becomes a resident in the country. If this is applicable to the *rougher*, it is much more so to the *gentler* sex, many of whom, now satisfied that it is the only mode of taking views, every year take up their summer abodes at Inter-lacken, where there are several *pensions*, or boarding houses, from whence, at their leisure, amateurs may issue

forth with their pencils, certain of returning without disappointment, provided no sudden change of weather, to which all these deep Valleys are liable, prevent them from laying the

“ Living landscape on the sheet.”

You may suppose me now at Schwendi, within the sound of the seven-mouthed fall of the Reichenbach. Here I found attacks made upon my purse I was little prepared to encounter on such a spot, although I felt much disposed to listen to the appeal. The articles offered for sale were knives, forks, paper-cutters, &c. &c., made of variegated timber, which grows in the mountains, and which they carve very ingeniously with a common pen-knife. Another article, consisting of a collection of mountain butterflies, I was obliged, very much to my regret, to decline buying, from being convinced of the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of carrying them safe.

Although not a little fatigued from the day's journey, I found I should be obliged to mount a steep again, before I should be able to get a view of the first or upper fall, of which there are *seven*; each of which seemed to be emulously striving for pre-eminence. In a word, my ear told me I was not far from a “rush of mighty waters.”

The manner in which you are introduced to the upper fall is rather too premeditated, and detracts from, rather than adds to, the first impression. A cabin is built on an eminence, just opposite to the fall, but so near as to be within reach of its spray. This you perceive as soon as you have

been ushered into a small room, from the window of which you see the torrent immediately before you, while the ear is astounded and deafened with the din and uproar, as the water rushes into the chasm below, into which it falls only to prepare for a second escape from its temporary and noisy bed. The cabin is built upon,—nay, I may say, occupies the only spot from which this fall could be seen with advantage. This is not quite fair, and is certainly an unjustifiable monopoly of one of nature's choicest beauties; no one being admitted into this sanctuary without having his purse mulcted for the treat which awaits him, only upon these terms; not but what I should have liked to have been a "willow" at the "cabin's feet."

The charm would have been more complete, but for the noisy and mercenary babblers who surround you, to point out that which wants no *finger-post*, no Cicerone;—which the *finger* of nature has marked with her never to be mistaken seal. When the Godhead speaks thus in "mighty works," every other voice is discord.

Although the window from which you view this fall is at a great distance from it, the violence of the water, and the great mass of which it consists, are such as to completely wet any person through, who stands, for five minutes, surveying the turbulent cascade. The descent from one fall to another is by no means easy, and would be deemed more trying still, at the end of a long day's walk, was not the excitement so great. Each of these falls have their peculiar character.



The *sixth* appeared to me to be the most picturesque, bursting through a rock perforated by the water, and forming a rude gothic arch, through which it is precipitated. It is the one the painter, I should imagine, would chuse, above all the rest, for a study. The lower cascade, however, has been preferred by one who, I understand, has done it justice, a Mr. Rieter, an artist who resides at Berne. But it is no easy matter to do justice to such a theme,

“ To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.”

Where there is such a field for the artist it is rather unaccountable that the product should have been so little. Perhaps the beauties are so numerous and strongly appellat, that the limner does not know where to begin; like the lady's maid, who, upon finding so much to be done, is said to have flung herself in despair upon the bed, and fallen asleep.

In the first fall I was struck with an effect which was pleasing, though not peculiar. I had observed the same effect in the *Pisse Vache*; indeed, I believe it is to be seen in all falls where the water rushes over a ledge with a certain force, not too *impetuous*, without meeting with any immediate impediment. It was not to be seen in any of the succeeding falls, where the course of water was hurried forward with too much rapidity to produce the effect I speak of; a sort of *shooting forth* of the white water, as if thrown from some giant loom, throwing out and lengthening, as it falls, its silver tissues, forming so many long

white lines from the summit of the fall, till they reach and disperse in their restless bed below, thence to break out, and rush forward in some new shape again. I have never seen the effect attempted by pencil, but to succeed, the painter must throw his brush at it.\* Effort would prevent success: I have often stood watching this effect with delight, unconscious, in the pleasure I received, of the lapse of time, seeming fleet as the waters themselves.

At this fall, if seen on a fine day before twelve o'clock, the rays of the sun present no less than three circular bows over the column of water, one of them at least thirty feet in diameter. In passing from one fall to another, particularly to the last, a guide is indispensable. The evening was closing in fast, which obliged me most unwillingly to leave the Reichenbach.

As I went through one of the orchards, in which this lovely valley abounds, towards the village, I could observe innumerable streams rushing down on every side of this enchanting valley, which, enclosed as it is on every side, and rich in the luxuriance of nature, reminded me of the description of the "Happy Valley" in *Rasselas*, which, with all its charms, nevertheless, proved incapable of restraining the restless curiosity of human nature,—to be restricted by no bounds.

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\* Who has not heard of the painter who, disappointed in repeated attempts to paint the foam from a horse's mouth, at length, angry with himself at his failure, and despairing, threw his brush at the picture, and thus, to his astonishment, succeeded in achieving that of which he had despaired.

We arrived at our inn a quarter of an hour before the school we had encountered in passing the Scheideck. They took possession of a large room which led to the one we were in, and which we were obliged to pass through in order to reach another, where dinner was served up for us. This afforded me an opportunity of observing them more closely; I was delighted to see the intimate terms upon which they appeared to be with their instructors. Before their dinner they sung a German hymn, and again, a longer one, before they retired to rest. I saw several of them busily examining plants and minerals, which they had collected on their way. I could not but admire the mode of education, calculated, as it seemed to be, to improve, at once, the mind and health, while it endeared the mountains to the sons of those who had, amongst them, fought so successfully to maintain their liberty, against their universally discomfited oppressors. The ample mountain was their school room, where they were taught, at the same time, to love their country, to value science and heroic deeds, and imbibe a patriotism which would instil into their minds the inestimable value of that independence which had been bequeathed to them by their valiant sires.

I met the same school afterwards close to the field of Morgarten.



## LETTER XIV.

*Lungern Lake — Standstad — Sarnen — Paintings — Nicholas de Flue — Henry de Melthal — Marguerithe Herlobig, Wife of Werner de Stauffacher, said to have suggested the league by which the Three Cantons freed their Country from the curse of Despotism — Her arguments, cause of the Meeting at Grutli — The Result — Echo — Amsteg — St. Gothard — Chamois — Pont Pedreux — The Urnerlock — Return to Altorf — Stanzas upon the Three Fountains at Grutli — Lucerne.*

LUCERNE, SEPTEMBER.

WE left the valley of a *thousand streams* (for so Meyringen may well be called) at an early hour the following morning, and soon began to ascend the Brunig. On our way we caught passing glances of the distant scene, as well as the Lake of Brienz, and had a last parting glimpse of the Reichenbach, to be still seen, though no longer to be heard.

There is nothing to attract particular attention till you approach the little Lake of Lungern, which, though but a league in length, presents a most beautiful appearance to the eye, especially when it first catches a glimpse of this little mountain gem, set as it is by nature, and surrounded by scenery, which, if it has to boast of no grand features, is truly picturesque.

We stopped here, and after enjoying an excellent breakfast, and view of the Lake, upon which the sun was shining, we hired a *calèche*, which took us to Sarnen. The first part of the road, which runs at the edge of the very deep lake, is extremely pretty, but rather dangerous.

Our driver, in whom I recognised the waiter of the inn, now transformed, seemed disposed to interrupt the calm delight with which we gazed around, by enumerating the many accidents which had happened here; whilst we began to apprehend, by his careless driving, his communicative turn of the head, and eyes averted from the road, we should have to add our names to the catalogue of sufferers. We arrived, however, safe at Sarnen, the valley of which, though pretty, has not to boast of any features approaching to the grand. The *Maison de Ville* is well worthy of a visit, possessing, as it does, a collection of portraits, interesting, as being the likenesses of the celebrated chiefs of the Republic, since the year 1381 to a late date, including that of Nicholas De Flue.

A painting, also, is to be seen here, representing one of the most diabolical acts that is upon record;—the intrepid Henry De Melchthal, father of Arnold, one of the three brave Liberators of Switzerland, in the act of having his eyes put out, by order of the remorseless, sanguinary monster, Landenburg. To this, and some other acts of cruelty, (Heaven siding with the oppressed,) may be attributed the league of Grutli, to which the Swiss were indebted for their liberty. The story runs thus:—

Landenburg, one of their tyrant bailiffs, for some trifling offence, seized a pair of oxen, the property of Arnold De Melchthal. Upon the father's remonstrance at the disparity between the penalty and the offence, the *considerate* tyrant said,—if peasants wished to eat bread, they ought to learn to harness themselves, like oxen, to the yoke. Arnold, indignant, and unable to restrain his indignation at the insult, resisted the constable in his attempt to seize his cattle, and, in the fray, cut off one of his fingers. Fearing the consequence, he sought refuge at a relative's, Attinghausen of Uri. The brutal Landenburg, disappointed at Arnold's having escaped his vengeance, seized upon his father, Henri de Melchthal, and put out his eyes, confiscating, at the same time, the whole of his property.

The league which was entered into shortly after this event, (the consummation of cruelty,) between the *Three* who have been properly called the *Liberators* of their country, is said to have owed its origin to a *Female*.

Disgusted at, and roused by repeated acts of cruelty, at the head of the list of which stood the name of the tyrant of Altorf, Gessler, Marguerithe Herlobig, the wife of Werner Stauffacher, one of whose ancestors had been Landamman, or first magistrate of the Canton of Schwitz, is said to have been the first person who suggested the formation of this league, by which the three Cantons of Uri, Schwitz and Underwalden were afterwards united, and which eventually rescued their country from thralldom:—  
“*You know,*” says Marguerithe, “*that the tyrannical*



*acts of bailiffs are the universal theme and complaint of all the brave and virtuous in the land. Doubt not that there are many in the Cantons of Uri and Underwald who feel equally indignant at the tyrant's yoke : the best, the only thing for you to do, is for two or three of you, who can confide in one another, to assemble privately, and consider of the best means of ridding yourselves of this hateful tyranny :—nay, more, if you faithfully stand or fall together, God, so far from abandoning you, will assist you, without doubt, in putting an end to such injustice ; provided that you fervently pray for his assistance.”*

Werner followed the advice of his wife, and went to Uri, to open his intentions to Walther Furst D'Attinghausen, in whose house Arnold took shelter from the persecutions of the execrable Landenburg, who had so savagely deprived his father of his sight.

In the year 1400, a chapel was erected to the memory of Werner Stauffacher, upon the very spot where the house stood, and which is to be seen to this day. These *Three Heroes* made choice of the field of Grutli, nearly opposite, on the other side of the Lake of Tell's Chapel, for the place of secret conference. There they entered into the sacred vow, to sacrifice their lives, or give their country liberty. The spot is pointed out with a laudable pride by the Swiss, and visited generally with the feelings which it is calculated to inspire.

Immediately below the promontory of Wytenstein, at the foot of the Selisberg, is the house where the Three

Heroes met. It is shaded by some fruit-trees, bathed by the sacred waters of *three* fountains, which the people assert to have sprung out of the ground at the moment when the three great founders of Helvetic independence held up their linked hands to Heaven, and took a solemn oath, to avenge the wrongs of their country, or die in the attempt.

This event is as important in its consequences as any upon historic record, not only as regarding the Swiss themselves, but as an exemplary event to other nations; the more so when we call to mind the moderation which followed their success, affording, as it does, a noble contrast to the irritating wrongs under which they were so long the sufferers. A part of their resolutions entered into, runs thus, “ *De ne rien entreprendre sans la participation de leur confederés; de se soutenir et d’être fideles, les unes aux autres, jusqu’ au mort; de defendre les anciens privileges; de ne porter aucun prejudice aux Comptes de Hapsburg, ni dans leurs droits, ni dans leur possession, et de ne point maltraiter leurs gouverneurs.*”

The three chiefs are said to have advanced into the midst of those assembled, and to have *sworn*, their *hands raised to Heaven*, in the name of the God who created *peasants* as well as *kings*, (assuring to one, as well as another, the rights of man,) to combat, courageously, for their freedom, and to transmit it to their sons, “ *de combattre courageusement pour la liberte, et de la transmettre a leurs descendens !!*”

The painting representing the diabolical deed of the bailiff Landenburg, though almost too horrible for the pencil, is well imagined, as being calculated to keep alive a just indignation against oppression. This town was reduced to ashes by the French, in the year 1798.

We proceeded from Sarnen to Stanzstad, where we embarked for Lucerne, in a three-oared boat. A female\* plied one of the oars, which they all use standing. Though, by no means, plain, she could not be said to boast of any beauty. A coquetish manner, and the care she had evidently taken in arranging her hair, made us conjecture she had called in the aid of some looking-glass besides the Lake, whose bosom we were now upon, and which would have been no bad substitute for that article of the toilet. By the manner in which her locks were plaited, and fastened behind by a long and ornamented pin, not unlike what Lady Morgan gives to Glorvina, in her “ Wild Irish Girl,” we were inclined to think she must have had the assistance of a tire-woman; but, in all probability, the females in this rank of life lend, on these occasions, a mutual assistance to each other. My fellow-traveller seemed anxious to make a purchase of the article, whilst she seemed equally well-disposed to part with it for a fair consideration. It was composed of silver, studded with imitations of different precious stones; the ruby, topaz,

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\* Lord Byron says, the “ batteaus in Switzerland are *manned* by women.”



emerald,—and could not have been purchased at less than what she valued it at,—a napoleon. I cannot give credit (forbid it the spirit of gallantry !) to that which I have heard asserted,—that these plaited locks are not *unchained* above once or twice in the year.

We reached Lucerne, but not till after the sun had sunk behind Mont Pilate. This Lake, for beauty, may compete with any which this *Land of Lakes* has to boast of. Seen from the neighbouring mountains, it wears the form of a cross, Alpnach and Kusnacht forming the arms, and of which Lucerne may be said to be the upper part, or crown.

## LETTER XV.

*Leave Lucerne for Weggis — Altorf — The Righi — Sunset — Sunrise — Righi Staffel — Goldau — The fall of the Mountain Rossberg — Valley of Ruin — Brunnen — Minstrel, with a cross-bow, chants, in German, the history of William Tell — Enthusiasm in the cause here, universal, especially amongst the boatmen — Fluellen — Altorf — French under Le Courbe.*

ALTORF, SEPTEMBER.

EARLY the next morning we left our comfortable quarters at Lucerne, the walls of which are absolutely washed by the blue waters of the Lake, and embarked in a boat for Weggis. Nothing was wanting to add to the charm of the scene, which might be said to have been wound up to the highest pitch of calm delight. To the east rose the Righi\* in all her regal pomp; to the south, the frowning Pilate, with its rugged brow: and between these rival hills, again, the rocky steep of Burgenstock; before us, a long and wide space of waters, reflecting on their placid surface the riches of their unrivalled banks. Above, were the Burgenstock, the Blum Alp, remarkable for its singular form, with its Chalets, which are easily to be discerned

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\* Called by some *Regina* Mountain.

in the evening, though we could not see them then, and the Wetterhorn, between the Blum Alp and Mont Pilate, with several others, seemingly vying with each other which should approach nearest to their kindred skies.

The only interruption to the silence with which we contemplated this fairy scene, lit up by the cheering rays of a bright morning sun, arose from the paddling of the oar, as it dimpled the clear deep water; and brought us gradually nearer to the foot of the Righi, which we purposed ascending, so as to reach the summit in time to behold the setting God in all his pomp.

We did not know which most to admire, the *mountains*, or the *clouds* sailing along, breaking upon the several *peaks*, as they interrupted their course; or that mirror which united the *three* attractions in one element.

We were occasionally hailed by passing boats, with their white canopies, (none were without these defences against the sun,) and which were now more in number than usual, from its being the day of rest. Never do I remember to have passed such a Sabbath before; at least, I never was in such an appropriate temple in which to offer up my thanksgiving and praise, not the less sincere, nor, I trust, the less welcome, because they came silent from the heart, whose lips alone gave them utterance.\*

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\* Lord Byron says, he always found himself more religious on a fine day. He assigns a very substantial reason for this feeling. See *Moore's Memoirs of Byron*.



We reached the little Village of Weggis about eleven o'clock, and after partaking of an excellent breakfast at this lovely little spot, the windows of the *auberge* of which command a view too attractive not to leave it without regret, we prepared to ascend the *regal* hill, at whose feet we were paying our homage.

I found, before I had reached Righi Staffel, which is still a considerable distance from the Culm, that I had miscalculated and undervalued the fatigue of the walk. This had been avoided, had I, for a moment, considered how much our path was exposed to the heat of the morning sun in the month of August. I more than once regretted that I had not taken a mule; and still more so, when a gentleman and lady passed by us, mounted. To make it worse, the sun was in its meridian when we began our undertaking. I had not proceeded far before I bethought me of changing my cloth coat for some habiliment of lighter texture, and overhauled my carpet bag with that intention. A group of pines invited me to a spot where I could see without being seen.

I cannot easily forget the spot I had chosen for my dressing-room; yet, what was the scene this vestibule presented, compared with that which was in store for us higher up the mountain? I had scarcely completed this change in my wardrobe, when the tramp of hoofs met my ear, and the lady and gentleman I before alluded to passed by, reminding me of my folly in not having availed myself of a convenience which enabled them to reach the same

object we were in pursuit of, so much sooner, and with so much comparative ease. The further we advanced, the steeper became the ascent, especially the latter part of the journey,—the more tiresome from its being less interesting.

At length we reached Righi Staffel, where we had determined on passing the night, at an auberge built there to accommodate travellers, in preference to that situated higher up, on the Culm. We had not a moment to lose: the sun was just beginning to light up, with magic glow, the now roseate and multiform peaks, seeming, as it were, to linger with pride and delight on his “tall pillars” of snow, ere he unyoked his weary steeds from his burning chariot wheels.

To describe the scene, is impossible: no words, no pencil, no imagination, however vivid, can do it justice. It must be seen, to be felt—to be understood. He, however, who has witnessed the view which the setting sun presents upon a summer’s evening, from the Righi, must be callous, indeed, if he is not raised to something like enthusiasm—if his mind is not kindled at that which he beholds. One thing at least is certain, that every thing else in the way of landscape must prove barren by comparison. He who has seen it, if he has looked on unmoved, is to be pitied as much as he who would tread the plains of Marathon with stoic apathy; since he might, if he chose, boast of having been present at an intellectual banquet which may be said to be the climax of visionary delight.

“ ————— upon this rock

We stand, above the jarring world.”

MOORE.

The sight was truly sublime, only to be equalled by the solemnity which grows upon the spectator, as he beholds the twilight gradually succeed, so as not to destroy at once the outlines of the sheeted mountains, which, with their aspiring summits, varying in form, but seeming to vie with each other which should outstep the other, wear a sort of spectral form, (putting on features suited to the growing gloom, and the darkness, momentarily increasing,) as if the “*earth owned them not.*”

There was to me something peculiarly touching in the scene, perhaps arising from a combination of ideas, which these majestic works of nature, seen for the first time, and at such an hour, might have helped to engender ; but I felt tears springing into my eyes as I beheld the short-lived feast fading to the unsated view. My feelings, at the moment, were a commentary upon the passage in Ossian, which tells us that there is a “joy in grief, when peace dwells with the sorrowful.” The hour can never be forgotten, stamped, as it is, upon my heart, as well as my imagination. The sight is too grand, too beautiful, and, alas ! too fleeting : a sensation of loneliness succeeds ; the spirits become depressed, after the great excitement. At the risk of being termed romantic, or any other nick-name “God’s creatures” may please to give me, I confess to have *played the woman* on this occasion. The tears, however, were not painful or



unhealthy;—they were rather proofs of the *health* of the soul. The mental repast we had been treated to, as well as that we fondly anticipated a repetition of, the following morning, at sunrise, was such as to reconcile us to some disappointment in the fare which the *auberge* at Righi Staffel afforded, where the “negative catalogue” was very copious.

Though nothing could be well worse than the *potage* placed before us, and the *et-ceteras* that followed, we found ourselves so much refreshed by some mulled claret, well spiced, that we sallied out to witness the effect of the scenery by moon-light. Whether it was that we did not go far enough from the house, or that we were not happy in the selection of a good spot for the purpose, I cannot say; we were, however, much disappointed. In all probability, the moon had not reached a position in the Heavens calculated to shew to advantage the distant mountains; or that her partial light is more adapted to home scenery.

Our evening passed off very agreeably; for which we were indebted, in a great degree, to a circumstance we little expected to occur in such a situation, the society of a Swiss lady, who, with her maid, had taken up her residence at Righi Staffel, as she informed us, for the benefit of her health. As there was but one public room, she was under a necessity of joining our party, or shutting herself up in her “*chambre a coucher*.” That she preferred the former alternative, we had reason to rejoice, as she was very cheerful and communicative. In England, we should have

been rather surprised to meet a lady in such a place, and under such circumstances. Though rather on the wane, she was by no means plain in person: her toilet seemed to have been by no means neglected, near as she was to the skies. She made no scruple of telling us her name and rank. Her husband, we understood, was one of the *Magnates* of Lucerne. Our party consisted of four,—a German, a Scotchman, an Irishman, and an Englishman. Her attention seemed so equally divided to those present, that it would have been no easy matter to charge our fair tenant of the mountain with any undue partiality, though I am inclined to think that the German was *least* a favorite of the number. But I have more than once had to observe the want of cordiality between the Germans and the Swiss.

We were too much engaged in conversation, to take a proper note of Time; the consequence of which was, we retired late to rest, which was also, certainly, of a very negative kind. Our beds were not super-excellent, and therefore, between the expectation before us, and the defect *present*, we left them at an early hour, with little reluctance.

We had a considerable height still to ascend, before we reached the Culm; and, what was worse, partly when it was nearly dark, that we might reach the summit before sunrise. The gray tint of morning was fast giving way to the faint glow which precedes the first appearance of the sun, as we reached the summit of the Righi. We saw

several on their way there from the little inn, which is built a little below the highest part of the mountain, in a tolerably sheltered spot,—pilgrims to the same shrine. One I observed amongst the rest, who, I suppose, fearing he might not have time to dress himself, had wrapt a blanket round him, and was now making rapid strides towards the Culm, on which a considerable number of persons had assembled. All eyes were directed towards the east, ready to offer their orisons to the Fire God, who, in all his glowing splendour, burst from the envious mountain-skreen, tipping, for a while, the extreme heights with his ruddy beams, as if delighted with the hills, as they seemed to hail, with joy, his returning light.

I could not help thinking, as I looked around, we resembled so many *fire-worshippers*, a dream to which a greater semblance of reality was given by the sound of a bugle, which now broke upon the ear, as if it were a sort of signal to draw attention, proclaiming, as it did, that the glad moment had arrived which we had been long expecting; for the arrival of which we had all trod “hill and dale;” and all, more or less, encountered peril by “flood or field,” or possibly by both. Our homage was any thing but silent,—the eyes and lips were alike put in requisition,—all was question and reply; while each guide was endeavouring, with an elevation of heart perfectly natural, to point out to those under his care the more striking and conspicuous features in the sublime, I could almost add, *divine* panorama before us. The sight was as cheerful as



it was grand ; calculated to excite hope, confirm faith, and extort the sacrifice of praise. The heads of innumerable mountains, apparently of another world, reminding us of the fable of war waged by the Titans against Heaven, and all clothed in the same pure white garment ; clad in the same splendid robe ; unlike each other in shape, alike in aspiring ambition ; blazing forth at the same instant, to the joy of the valleys, which were still veiled in the dubious twilight ; while persons, assembled from almost every quarter of the globe, as they looked on, seemed lost in wonder and admiration.

I recognised, amongst our little congregation, the lady and gentleman who had passed us the day before, on our ascent, whom I now remembered to have dined with at the *table d'hôte*, at the Ballance at Geneva. These rencontres are not unusual in Switzerland. They had been up the Gemmi, and had seen the better part of Switzerland ; and yet the scene before them surpassed them all ; where so much was to be seen, and yet so much left for the imagination.

That many have been disappointed, and expressed themselves so, after a visit to the Righi, ought not to be matter of surprise, since so many requisites are necessary to complete the “ charm,” which cannot be said to be “ wound up,” unless the Heavens are, as they were with us, favorable to the undertaking. Thus, many, after the labour of the ascent, meet with nothing to repay them when they reach the top ; perhaps enveloped in a cloud or

mist, preventing them, very possibly, from seeing any thing but their companion or their guide. Bright, clear weather is indispensable; nor would I advise, from what I have seen and heard, any person to make the attempt, if not favoured with these necessary advantages. Even they who are so fortunate as to arrive there at the lucky moment, must wait, perhaps several hours, if desirous of seeing the more home view, of which I can say nothing, having left the Righi for Goldan, after having delayed there several hours, to no purpose,—without catching a glimpse of water or wood, although it is said that no less than fourteen lakes may be seen at one *coup-d'œil*, from the summit.

When I left Righi Staffel, after breakfast, which might have been, perhaps, between ten and eleven o'clock, the valleys and lakes on every side were enveloped in a sea of mist, to which I can only compare it, being subdivided, as it were, and shaped, apparently, into so many waves, as white and as fleecy in appearance as wool, to which by many they have been compared.

One of the guides, an intelligent German, *Solomon Hoffman*, who was attending a young German banker of Vienna, a M. De S——, who had joined our party, directed my attention to a most singular appearance, and one which was well worthy of attention, for the novelty of the sight. Reversing the order of nature, the shadow of the mountain was now seen upon the immense mass of white mist which enveloped and buried the Valley and

Lakes below, thus forming a singular mirror, where it was as visibly marked out, sketched, as it were, by the pencil of the Deity, even to the cross, which stands upon the highest part of the Culm,\* placed there to designate its extreme height, and at the same time to mark out a spot, hanging over a deep gulph or precipice, which proved fatal, about two years ago, to a young German, who had been repeatedly warned not to advance so near its crumbling edge, from which he fell, and was dashed to pieces. To add to the melancholy tale, as the story goes, his wife, to whom he had lately been married, was present, and nearly fell a victim to a vain effort to save him as he was falling. A monument, which was raised to his memory, and which commemorates the event, is to be seen at one of the Churches at Lucerne.

We did not leave the mountain, which had a fairy attraction for all of us, before we had each pointed out, or described, with peculiar pleasure, the different Alpine tracts we had passed on our way to pay our homage to the “Queen of Mountains.” We could see, from the spot we stood upon the Wetterhorn, Aarhorn, Finster Aarhorn, the Jungfrau, the two Eigers, Mont Blanc, &c.

It is not difficult to understand why man, in the earliest ages, should have felt disposed to offer up his worship upon places of high eminence. Where could the Deity

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\* Righi Culm is, according to General Phyffer, 5,676 feet in height. By the aid of a good telescope, Zurich may be seen from the summit.



find a better earthly throne, embracing, at once, grandeur and beauty? It was natural that man should raise his altars there, where the great object of the sacrifice appears shadowed in all his power, pomp, and glory. It was equally to be expected that a mountain should be made choice of by the Deity, when he deigned to hold communication with this “lower world.” Nor could Satan have evinced his wily nature more than in making choice of such a spot for the scene of his temptation.

The magnificent and all comprehensive view which the Righi commands, forms a sort of commentary upon the passage in Scripture to which I have alluded. Like the mountain to the summit of which Christ was led by the tempter,\* it presents to the eye rich and cheering valleys,

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\* The mountain, to the *top* of which our Saviour is said to have been led by the tempter, is supposed to have been Mount Quarantani. Bishop Porteus tells us that the part of the mountain where this occurred is described as exceeding high, that it “overlooks the mountains of Arabia,” the country of Gilead and of the Ammonites, the Plains of Moab and of Jericho, the River Jordan and the whole extent of the Dead Sea. “The devil,” he says, “might point out, at the same time, (for so the original sometimes signifies,) and direct our Lord’s eye towards several other regions that lay beyond them, which might comprehend all the principal kingdoms of the Eastern world.” The words of Scripture,—“sheweth all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them,”—would seem to imply something more; neither is it improbable that the devil might, in this case, by an unusual exertion of the power of working miracles, have exhibited, or have made visible to him he was endeavouring to conquer, much more than could be compassed by mortal eye when not under a similar influence.”

fed by fertilizing streams and lakes, and, contrasted with these, the peering, towering mountains, stretching to vast distances ; which, by adding an idea of extent to the beauty and simplicity which the eye of the spectator embraces, excite at once, in the ambitious, the idea of power and wealth, necessarily connected with the possession.

After partaking of a good breakfast, not the less welcome after our never-to-be-forgotten morning walk, we left Righi Staffel for the Valley of Ruin, for into such was Goldau suddenly converted one day, in the year 1806, by a sudden, unexpected, and unwelcome visitor, —a neighbouring mountain, called Rossburgh or Ruffiburgh.

It is not easy, at first, to form a proper idea of the extent of the mischief occasioned by the fall of this mountain, which may be better imagined after the traveller has reached Brunnen, has passed through the Village, and has seen and closely examined the *debris* which the Vale presents to the astonished eye, when it beholds the immense masses of rock dispersed on every side, and ascertains the distance of the spot from whence these huge masses were precipitated.

Of the extent of the mischief we may form some idea, when the imagination has once been set in motion by the heaps which surround the now rebuilt Village, which was nearly destroyed by what has been not inaptly called “ *une lavange de terre et de pierre* ;” and when told that nothing but the clock of the church was visible, after

these gigantic deposits were made, which, even now that the devastations have been repaired, remain to appal the sight,—where every obstacle that impeded the rush of the falling mountain seemed to have been in a few moments swept away.

As in all such cases, various stories are told of miraculous escapes : the one I am tempted to repeat was enhanced in its interest, as I surveyed the vengeful landmarks which the mountain had thrown around in all directions. Although I have, in another place, endeavoured to give an additional interest to the tale, by the aid of verse, it wants, I feel assured, no help to give it due interest.

The humble hero of the story is said to have witnessed, at a distance, the fall of the **Rosburgh**, which he had been, till then, in the habit of looking up to for shelter and protection. In terror, and we may suppose but with little hope, he made his way to his dwelling, now buried, with all that was dear to him,—his wife and child,—beneath the ruins. After digging for a considerable time, to no purpose, his labours were rewarded by the sound of her well-known voice ; the cheering sound redoubled his exertions, and he rescued her from her living grave. She had been indebted for her safety to Providence, which had saved her cottage from the crush.

We may imagine her joy at being released, thus miraculously, from her dreadful prison, as well as his rapture at hearing her well-known voice again ;—but where was his



beloved child? The first proof she gave of her returning recollection was in asking for her infant, whom she, at length, remembered was in an adjoining part of the house when they were thus overtaken. With renewed ardour the father returned to his task, and, at length, had the unutterable joy of rescuing his child also from a dreadful death.

Another story is told, the *denouement* of which is equally sad, and well authenticated. Eight persons had been brought to Art from the neighbourhood of Berne and Argovie, for the express purpose of enjoying the scenery which this neighbourhood presents, and of ascending the Righi. Two persons, who were of the party, but who had been separated from the rest, though they escaped themselves, were compelled to witness, as spectators, the destruction of the rest. Arrived themselves at a Village called Harmetlen, on a neighbouring height they beheld the rest of the party about two hundred paces in advance, entering the Village of Goldau, at the very moment when the fall of the mountain commenced. Not supposing there was the least danger, distant as they were from the summit, being several miles from the spot whence the falling rocks were detached, they stopped to survey this extraordinary spectacle with the help of a telescope; when, all of a sudden, the whole mountain appeared to be in motion. In an instant showers of stones were seen in the air, moving with the rapidity of lightning above their head, which told them plainly their only safety was in flight.

Every one of their friends disappeared in an instant, buried beneath the mountain of Goldau, the ruins of which now formed for them, to the height of a hundred feet, a gigantic monument. In spite of an indefatigable search in this fateful sepulchre, they could not discover a vestige of the unfortunate sufferers. The loss occasioned by this disaster was calculated at 2,000,000 florins.

In five minutes this charming and fertile spot was changed into a frightful desert. Entire forests are said to have been upturned from their roots, mixed with the falling matter, and destroyed. The Villages of Goldau, Busingen, Ober-Rothén, Unter-Rothén, and Lowertz, were buried under the ruins, while the inhabitants of the Valley, so celebrated for the beauty of their forms, their energy, activity, and frugality, were either crushed beneath the moving beds of rocks, which are said to have taken four different directions, forming so many distinct lines, or plunged into the most frightful despair. 433 persons are said to have perished, and 350 to have escaped.

From Goldau we proceeded for Brunnen, in an open carriage, which we just filled, being now four in number. At Brunnen, whilst we were waiting for a boat to take us to Fluelen, we had scarcely entered our *auberge* before we had a visit from a boy armed with a cross-bow, who, in a sort of cantabile voice, accompanied with an air intended to depict the hero of the piece, began to recount, in measured syllables, the adventures of "William Tell." The narrative was sustained for some time in a sort of Patois-







*Drawn by W. E. Brown, from a View taken on the Spot by the Rev. Dr. Williams, in 1840.*

*Printed by C. F. Mansfield.*

View on the LAKE of URI near BRUNNEN.

*Published by Smith, Elder & Co. Cornhill.*



German, spoken in this neighbourhood. After having received his grateful acknowledgments for a trifling remuneration, to which we all of us contributed, we committed ourselves once more to the bosom of the Lake.

We soon entered the third branch of the Lake of Uri. Of this spot,—which is fraught with interest of every kind, in its reminiscences, and the association created by its connexion with the history of William Tell, and the existing independence of the Swiss, as well as by the appeals it makes to the charmed eye of the traveller,—Cox says, “the scenery of which is so grand and sublime, that the impression it made upon me will never be erased from my mind. Imagine to yourself a deep and narrow Lake, about nine miles in length, bordered on both sides with rocks uncommonly wild and romantic, and for the most part perpendicular, with forests of beech and pine growing down their sides, to the very edge of the water; indeed, the rocks are so entirely steep and overhanging, that it was with difficulty we could observe more than four or five spots where we could have landed. On the right hand, upon our first entrance, a detached piece of rock, at a small distance from the shore, engaged our attention: it rises to above sixty feet in height, is covered with brushwood and shrubs, and reminded me, in some degree, of those that shoot up in the middle of the fall of the Rhine, near Schaffausen; but here the Lake was smooth as crystal, and the silent, solemn gloom which reigned in this place was not less awful and affecting than the tremendous roaring of the other.”

Somewhat further, upon the highest point of Selisberg, we observed a small chapel that seemed inaccessible; and below it the Village of Grutli, near which the three heroes of these Cantons are said to have met, and taken the reciprocal oaths of fidelity, when they planned the famous revolution. On the opposite side, but farther on, appears the chapel of William Tell, erected in honour of that hero, and upon the very spot where (it is said) he leaped from the boat which was carrying him prisoner to Kussnacht. It is built upon a rock that juts out into the Lake, under a hanging wood; a situation, amid scenes so strikingly awful, cannot fail of strongly affecting even the most dull and torpid imagination.

On the inside of this chapel the several actions of William Tell are badly painted. While we were viewing them, we observed the countenances of the watermen glistened with exultation, as they related to us, with much spirit and sensibility, the cruelties and tyranny of Gesler, governor of Uri, and the intrepid behaviour of their glorious deliverer. They did not, however, as I expected they would, treat us to any thing like a *proceleusmatic* song.\*

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\* Dr. Johnson, in his Tour to the Hebrides, says, "in the Highlands, they accompany every action which can be done in equal time, with an appropriated strain; its effects are," he says, "regularity and cheerfulness. The ancient *proceleusmatic* song, by which the rowers of galleys were animated, may be supposed to have been of this kind. There is now an oar song used by the Hebridians." I confess I was rather disappointed at not meeting with



Indeed, I have frequently remarked, with pleasure, the natural enthusiasm which so generally prevails in this country, and have greatly admired the fire and animation with which the people discourse of those famous men among their ancestors, to whom they are indebted for that happy state of independence which they now enjoy. This laudable spirit is continually kept up and encouraged by the number of statues and other memorials of the ancient Swiss heroes which are so common in every town and village throughout Switzerland.

The spot upon which the chapel is built is called the Tellensplatte, or Tellensprunge, from the circumstance which caused its erection, and is situated at the foot of the wild Achenberg, rising 5340 feet above the Lake,—not many feet from the surface, but 600 feet above its lowest depth. This branch of the Lake takes its name from the Canton of Uri, which it borders. The abruptness of the almost perpendicular walls which form its barrier, increases in the same proportion the interest which it is sure to excite, while safety admits the traveller to give it that inspection it so well deserves from the admirers of romantic scenery.

The chapel, called after William Tell, was built, as was another at Burglen, his native place, a few miles from

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something of this kind on the Lake of Lucerne, the more so as there seems to be no want of inclination to introduce the subject of their deliverance from despotic tyranny, a theme which is particularly adapted to lyrical composition.

Altorf, thirty years after his death, in the year 1388, when a *fête* was celebrated, for the first time, in honour of the hero whose name it bears, by 114 persons ; since which a mass has been annually celebrated in honour of this heroic liberator of his country ; and certainly nothing is wanting that the magnificence of nature can supply to give the place and ceremony its due effect ;—look which way you will, beauty and grandeur contend for empire.

The entrance of the Valley of Isenthal, immediately opposite this rock, presents its wood-covered mountains, whilst, higher up, you behold the Rothstock, the Surenen Alps, and Blumlis Alp, with its glacier, nearly 900 feet above the level of the water. In fact, the Waldstetten, the more it is viewed, the more delight it is capable of affording the spectator, possessing, as it does, all the charms of sublimity and grace, and inspiring all those varying sensations which spring from a contemplation of its ever changing features. No Lake ever reflected a more lovely landscape than that which now trembled beneath the oar, as it gently dipped in the tranquil water, rich with mountain, wood, and glacier, changing and shifting their shapes as we proceeded gently on our way towards Altorf, as the varying light and shades alternately gave way to each other, according to the changing position of our boat.

That the difficulties rise in proportion with the demands made upon the pencil, I can easily imagine ; a circumstance to which must be attributed the little that has been done, (comparatively speaking,) with what might be done by one

who, uniting talent with an enthusiastic love of the grand, might be able, as well as willing, to take up his residence here for such a time as would enable him to do justice to the towering landscape, and those lights and shades in which this Lake is said to be unrivalled, especially when under the influence of the rays of the morning or evening sun. From whatever point you view this Lake, a majestic character reigns throughout.

We arrived at Fluelen without feeling any sensation calculated to diminish the singular gratification we experienced, and therefore could not form any judgment as to the terrible effects of an “Orage,” which must be formidable to those who are overtaken in this gulph of Brunnen and Fluelen, especially in the neighbourhood of Obernase or Unternase, where the rocks descend so vertically as to afford very few spots which a boat can approach with safety. The effect of a storm, under such circumstances, is said to be truly terrific, especially if your boat is small and your boatmen inexperienced. They tell you, however, that all the accidents that have happened, have arisen from the helmsman or the rowers having been in a state of inebriation. They also recommend you, (come from whatever part of the Lake you may,) to endeavour to reach Fluelen before sunset; after which, they say, you are liable, not only to violent, but contrary winds, which then descend from the Alps.

After heavy rains you are subject to dangers of another description, as you pass under the Achenberg, from the



perpendicular summits of which rocks are frequently precipitated, to the imminent danger of those boats which may be passing at the time. These various impediments have been known to prevent the boats from plying for many days: in which case travellers are obliged to go from Brunnen to Fluelen over the Achenberg, a good day's journey.

During the campaign of 1799 and 1800, the French General, Le Courbe, and his grenadiers, are said to have passed this route by night, by the aid of flambeaus.

I write this from Altorf. To-morrow we mean to ascend Mount St. Gothard.

## LETTER XVI.

*Tower of Tell—The Muotta—Lines upon a Harp—St. Gothard—Monk's-leap—Anecdote in the Pyrenees, by a Traveller—Altorf—Fire at Altorf—Records connected with the History of William Tell saved from the flames—Leave Altorf for St. Gothard—The Retreat of the Russians over the Alps called the Kienzighulm—The Passage contested by Massena—Anecdote of a French Officer—Celebrated Echo at Brunis—Meet a Chamois—Verses upon the same—Pont au Diable—Burglen, Birth-place of William Tell—Return to Altorf—Adventure of a Stranger in the Pyrenees.*

## ALTORF.

THE situation of Altorf, which has been called the cradle of liberty, the wild aspect of the surrounding mountains, each vying with the other which should approach nearest to the sky, seems to mark out the spot as the scene—the appropriate stage—for some extraordinary event, such as might give a classical interest to the Waldstetten, establishing a precedence in its localities above all its compeers.

The tower at Altorf records on its walls the leading facts connected with the history of the hero Tell. The records were near falling a victim to a fire in 1799, which destroyed every part of the building, except the tower.

Even the elements themselves seem to have respected the triumphant tale, which has thus passed the ordeal of fire. To this event the people were indebted to the discovery of a dungeon underneath, till then unknown or forgotten, supposed to have been that in which Tell was incarcerated by the bailiff Gessler, who little dreamt how soon he himself was doomed to meet that death which he had awarded him who so manfully and heroically refused to become a slave, to gratify the cruel lust of despotic power.

We left Altorf at an early hour, a party of four, in a *calèche*, and soon found ourselves approaching the turbulent torrent of the Schechen, the name of a valley from whence it issues. The view from hence is magnificent; to the left the Golzerberg, and to the right, on the other side of the valley, the Surenen Alps; before you, to the south, the Bristerstock, covered with glaciers; behind which, to the left, peeps out the summit of the Crispalt.\* This place, and its neighbourhood, was favoured with a visit from the Russians, under Suwarrow. At this time the Canton of Uri was constantly the theatre of war, when the French were opposed to the Austrian and Russian armies. War, awful as its course must always be, when carried on amongst the crags and glaciers of the Muotta-thal must have reached the climax of horror, “*nives quæ cælo prope immistæ.*”

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\* One of the sources of the Rhine is from this mountain, as also that of the Reuss.



The retreat of the Russians over the heights of a ridge of mountains called the Kienzighulm is spoken of at this day with admiration by the peasants of the Alps, as an achievement of the greatest difficulty: the path was considered impassable to the feet of all but the chamois and its pursuers. As if they had not enough to encounter from the nature of the pass, in conquering the obstacles which nature had opposed to their progress, the passage was contested by a considerable French force, under Massena. The combat was fierce and bloody, and was near proving fatal to the French, great numbers of whom were precipitated from the Alpine bridge of the Muotta into the torrent beneath, adding its own rude roar to the groans of the discomfited. After this desperate struggle, the Russians pursued their unmolested way by the Prigel to Glaris and Schweitz. This surprising march has given an historical interest to a country till then but little known.

The voiceful echoes returned sounds such as were, for the first time, heard among these crags. The dogs of war being unslipt, Havoc lorded it wide. The blood of the invaders mixed with the pure stream of the torrent, and that valley whose silence, till then, had been unbroken, save by the step of the hunter and his prey, reverberated with the deadly feud of the foe, who now made these wild, but hitherto peaceful hills, the arena for his murderous exploits. Instead of promoting harmony, to which they had been from time immemorial appropriated, its

wood-crowned hills resounded now only the shout of Defiance; the discordant groans of Despair.\*

The battle was so well contested as to leave it doubtful who were the victors; the object of the Russians being a retreat from a country in which they had been great sufferers for want of food. They are reported, in passing

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MUOTTA-THAL, IN THE CANTON OF SCHWEITZ.\*

At one end of this village is a marble mill, the property of a Glarñois, who gets his bread by preparing wood for musical instruments of maple or fir, the same as is used by those who make violins and pianos, by which he makes considerable profit. He always selects such trees as have grown on the highest mountains, and on the north side, as the wood which is exposed to this wind, is always found to be more elastic, and to produce a finer tone, than trees which have grown in any other situation. Out of an hundred maple trees scarcely one can be found fit for the purpose.

LINES UPON A HARP, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN FORMED OF THE  
MUOTTA-THAL TIMBER.

1.

Who gav'st thee, Harp, that voice,—that tone,—  
So plaintive, mellow, yet so round?—  
Caught listening to the echo lone?—  
Or midst the rushing cataracts found?—  
Where'er thou got'st thy harmony,  
To thee, 'twas fatal, gifted Tree!

2.

When high aloft thy green head swung  
To the loud music of the blast,  
When peeling anthems rocking rung,  
As thro' each branch the wild winds past,  
The way-farer would stop to hear,—  
To the forest turn his raptured ear!

Mont St. Gothard, on the 25th, (the retreat by the Prayel was on the 27th or 28th,) to have suffered so much from want of food, as to have been reduced to eat soap and leather, boiled or stewed down for that purpose.

The French seem to have been worsted by the Russians at first; and, although they were obliged to fall back as the Russians advanced, contrived, by throwing down rocks, to obstruct their passage through the Urnerlock, a rock in which a gallery has been cut, similar to, and nearly as long as, the grand gallery in the Simplon.

This gallery opens to the North, immediately upon the “Pont au Diable,” and the gorge of Schollenen. The passage was only obstructed, however, for a short time, as the Russians re-opened the gallery or passage of Urseren, and passed the bridge, the near arch of which had been

## 3.

Now thy leafy honours strown,  
 Thy proud tops lash the skies no more;  
 But though thy brightest charms are flown,  
 A second birth's for thee in store;—  
 Melodious still, though changed thy form,—  
 No more responsive to the storm.

## 4.

Now dulcet notes thou dost reply,  
 Invoked by the soft silver call  
 Of Heaven-born song;—thy dying fall  
 Challenged by vocal harmony;—  
 Transplanted to a foreign strand,—  
 Hailed,—welcomed in a distant Land.



destroyed, having contrived, ingeniously, to fasten a beam to the bridge, by the aid of officers' scarfs. Many hundred of soldiers of both parties were, however, precipitated into the Reuss below, where they met their death. The following anecdote is upon record.

During the night which succeeded the retreat of the French, a Cossack, who was placed as sentinel on the borders of the river, hearing the groans of some person issuing from the depth below him, descended to the spot from whence the sound issued, at the risk of his life, and found, two hundred feet below where he was posted, a young French officer, who had been so bruised by his fall as to be unable to stand. The Cossack, by the help of his belt, contrived to fasten the unfortunate Frenchman on his shoulders, and was about to re-ascend with his burden, when the rock on which he was standing gave way beneath his feet, he was precipitated to a considerable depth, and severely wounded in his thigh. At length, however, renewing his exertions, he regained his post, with his charge, in safety, after having undergone a most severe fatigue. The officer of the Russian guard took care of the Frenchman, and sent him to Hanz, where he was perfectly restored. The story is well authenticated. The sufferer was in the habit of relating his own miraculous escape with the most lively emotion.

The people of Andermatt, where this anecdote is well known, suffered much and often, from the pillage of the different armies, both in cattle and in their houses. Amongst

other losses, they had to regret that of a small wood of pines, which had been for years religiously preserved as their best protection against avalanches, to which they are subject from their situation.

My imagination had wandered to the scene of warfare which our guide, Solomon Hoffman, had been recounting, (for this neighbourhood may be said to be fruitful in such narratives,) when our attention was called to what was said to be the abode of a celebrated echo, at Brunis; and, to say the truth, I do not think I ever beheld a spot more suited, by its appearances, for the abode of the lonely nymph.

The place is called Brunis: the rocks and amphitheatre-form of the hills around, together with the silence, are completely in keeping with the stream, which seems to linger here, and increase in depth, as if unwilling to take its leave of the scene to which it forms so appropriate a feature,—clear as the sound that seems to rise from out its mysterious depths. To enjoy this scene properly, the visitor should, if an admirer of such music, adopt the counsel given, by our great poet, to him who meditated a visit to Melrose, “to go alone the while;” not that I would advise him to visit it by the “pale moonlight,” as there is as much, independent of this attraction, to delight the eye as the ear.

I trust I shall not be thought to descend too much into the minutiae, when I notice what may be termed a small object in itself, though constituting, as I thought, a peculiar beauty,—a sort of green weed of fragile texture, in

appearance, which was seen at a great depth in this current, waving gently to and fro' under its impulse, while the surface of the stream was perfectly still and unbroken as a mirror, and seemed, as it were, if I may be allowed to make use of so bold an expression, to make "transparence visible."

We had scarce arrived at Amsteg before we descried a party descending from the heights above us: this, we found, consisted of a party of two ladies and a gentleman. Before we accosted them, from the pallid looks of the ladies, and other symptoms, it was evident they had suffered from fatigue, if not from fear:—our opinions were more than confirmed by their own account.

In their way from the Grimsel, both of their mules had fallen in a snowy track they were obliged to pass: luckily no accident had followed. One of the ladies had dismounted before the circumstance took place; the other lady was on her mule at the time. The best of mules might fall under similar circumstances, even with the usual complement of guides, two to each; which ladies passing over these Alps generally find indispensable. They were not sorry to get into a more beaten path, and to find themselves once more at their ease, in an open *calèche*. Both of the ladies, as we understood from the gentleman who accompanied them, were adepts in the art of sketching from nature, and were provided with all the apparatus for the occasion, but were unable, either from fear or fatigue, to exert the talent, although they had travelled far, and



incurred much danger, chiefly with the design of enriching their portfolios.

After you reach Amsteg the scene is continually shifting, as the traveller crosses the different bridges, which impede, or rather facilitate his way. The scenery, of course, continually varies as he passes from one side of the valley to the other. The leading feature, however, is the same, possessing much of the awful and sublime, increasing as you approach the Urnerlock, the name of the rock through which the road runs.

After passing the Devil's Bridge, by means of a chamber cut through the rocks,\* the country from Amsteg to Urseren bears the name of the higher Reuss, whilst it is termed, by others, "La Vallée Bruyante," or Krachental, a name which it owes, no doubt, to the sound and uproar made by the torrent, as it shoots from rock to rock.

After passing Meitschlingen you reach a bridge called the Fallibruk, near which the torrent of Fellenen is seen, surrounded by its dark pines: opposite to this is Gurtellen. A bridge soon afterwards takes you to the western side of this restless and turbulent stream. This bridge bears the name of Pfaffensprung, or the "Monk's Leap," which leads to the chapel of D'im Weiler. This bridge presents, on every side, views savage and sublime, and is

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\* In the year 1807, the passage through this rock was cut, by one Pierre Moritini, an Italian, in order to avoid the dangerous pass, till then made use of, called the "Pont Poudreux."

composed of a single arch, ninety feet in height. It is said it owes its name to a circumstance of a young monk's having leapt across the stream with a young female in his arms, whom he had carried off *vi et armis* from a neighbouring convent, and thus avoided his pursuers.

Near a bridge called the Schon-Brucke a sight awaited us, new to all the party,—a chamois, and alive ! The guide first directed our attention to a woman, standing at the time near one of those cabins that are scattered very thinly over the nearly barren spot ; she beckoned to us, and, as we approached, we found her in possession of a young chamois, nearly full grown, who seemed very averse to being thus exhibited ; neither was it without much difficulty she could retain her unruly prisoner. The guide confirmed the assurance she gave us, of the utter impossibility of keeping them in confinement, much less of taming them, let them get them ever so young. After a certain time, such is their wild nature, that they are obliged either to destroy them, or give them their liberty.

We each of us made her a trifling remuneration, for which she seemed more than satisfied. If every passenger paid, and who would not willingly pay such a tax who has never seen one of these beautiful, but untameable animals, who cannot exist but in a state, and who may be said to be the type, of Freedom, she would not be ill compensated for her office. In the subject I found a poetic theme afterwards, the fruits of which are here subjoined.

THE CHAMOIS.

When spring shall cease to flow,  
 The cloud to drop the shower,—  
 The stormy wind to blow,—  
 To fly, the fleeting hour ;—  
 The mist to haunt the mountain,  
 The ocean cease to roll,  
 When back shall flow the fountain,  
 A part become the whole ;  
 When the beaming light  
 No more shall grace the day ;—  
 Stars cheer no more the night ;—  
 Night lose the lunar ray :  
 Pride dwell no more with man ;—  
 Reason dwells with the child :  
 Then shall cease,—and not till then,—  
 The Chamois to be wild.

Then, woman, break the chain  
 Of the dweller with the free ;  
 To quench it, is in vain—  
 The spark of liberty !  
 Behold its wandering eye !  
 Oh ! tells it not a tale ?  
 There 's gold !—then let it fly,—  
 Re-seek the mountain gale.  
 Here, take the gold !—'tis thine,—  
 Unbind its fettered feet,—  
 No longer shall it pine ;—  
 Behold it !—Oh ! how fleet !—



To yonder rocky dome,  
 From tyrant man it flies,  
 Where it may freely roam,  
 A neighbour of the skies !

The traveller is continually passing, in his ascent, from the ruggedness and narrowness of the way, from the right to the left bank, and back again, by a succession of bridges, until he reaches Urnerlock. From Schon-Brucke to this last place, about two leagues and a half, the Reuss forms a variety of successive cataracts: the Rohrback, in particular, forms a beautiful fall from the rocks on the left.

Before you reach Gestinen, Le Goschenthal breaks upon you, abruptly, in the direction of the north-west. At the further end of this valley the high mountains and gigantic glaciers of the Trift and the Gelmer are to be seen, situated between the Valleys of the Grimsel and Gadenen. The torrent of Goschenen, to the north-west, which issues out of the valley of that name, unites its foaming waters here with those of the congenial Reuss. From this spot there is a path made use of only by the chamois-hunters, who are known to pass from hence even to Hasli. The famous grotto, called Sandbalme, famed for its crystals, is situated in this valley. A quarter of a league further on, you repass to the left bank of the Reuss, over the bridge of Tanzenbien; after which, an hour and a half's walk will bring you to the celebrated "Pont au Diable," where you regain the right bank of the torrent, which here almost deafens

you with its noise. The breadth of the arch is seventy-five feet,—the vertical height of the fall formed by the Reuss is one hundred feet; but taking it in an oblique direction, it may be said to be three hundred feet. It is not the bridge itself that is so remarkable, but the *tout ensemble* of the picture which nature here presents to the eye of the beholder. It may truly be said that this scene is, at once, one of the most sublime, the most terrific, and most singular scenes that Switzerland has to boast of. The roar of the waters affords a sort of awful pleasure—“a sweet thunder”—which must be heard to be believed. The very rocks seem to tremble beneath the force and weight of mighty waters, which here precipitate themselves below; and yet this very spot has been the scene of the most frightful combats of men, more fierce in their strife than the elements. The traveller, while he turns his face to the torrent, as he stands on the bridge, may easily imagine himself in a tempest, such is the violence of the current of air in which he is suddenly involved by the impetuous fall of this body of water. A little higher up you arrive at the foot of a ledge of rocks called Teufelsberg, through which a road has been made, after piercing the rocks, consisting of a gallery, two hundred feet in length, twelve in height, and twelve in breadth, called the Urnerlock.

Upon leaving this dark and humid vault, the traveller finds himself transplanted, as if by some magic hand, into the green and smiling valley of Urseren, where not a sound

is to be heard,—all here is tranquillity. The Reuss is seen to glide along a smiling valley, giving no note whatever of preparation of the changes so near at hand—of the transition it is so soon doomed to undergo, from the calm state of peace to the war of waters, to which it was momentarily approaching, as if eager to enter into the deafening encounter.

The only entrance to this valley, before the beginning of the eighteenth century, is said to have been from the rugged Valley of Schollenen, by means of a bridge, suspended by chains, crossing the boiling waters of the Reuss from the further side of the Teufelsberg. This bridge was called “Le Pont Poudreux,” a name which it owed to the vapour, not unlike powder in appearance, with which it was ever enveloped,—the effect of the violence of the resistance its waters had to encounter in its passage.

Here it was I parted with my fellow-traveller, and with no small regret, who I found possessed all the cordiality for which his country (he was of the Sister-isle) is so distinguished, and upon which was engrafted enough of foreign manners to render him a most pleasing companion. Before we parted, he made it a point that I should pay him a visit at his villa on the Lake of Geneva, provided I returned before the day he had fixed for leaving Switzerland for Italy, where he purposed passing the winter.

I regret now I did not accompany him across the Furka and the Grimsel. Had I been as well acquainted with the



country then as I now am, I should have listened to his proposal, as, by crossing the Brunig again, I might easily have made my way to the Lake of Lucerne, Schwitz, Morgarten, and Enseidlin, the track I had now laid out for myself. My determination was made in the wish to avoid travelling over the same ground, which I must have done, after reaching Meyringen, through which place it was his intention to return. But it is impossible to avoid this sometimes:—as it was, I was obliged to retrace my road to Altorf and Brunnen. If, however, my way was shortened by the route I made choice of, I lost the opportunity of seeing some of the wildest scenes in Switzerland. I mention this circumstance here, with a view to caution others, who may travel the same road, from falling into a similar error.

After a cordial shake by the hand, I saw my *compagnon de voyage* take his solitary road towards the Hospice of Mont St. Gothard, while, with my two other more recent companions, I turned my face again towards the Urnerlock. I did not feel perfectly satisfied with myself; the choice I had made seemed to partake too much of the ways of the world, ways to which I have never been much wedded, and to which I should scorn to be a slave. This I felt the more, because I was well aware I had left him to make his way *tout seul*.

The nature of the scenery would have added to the interest, and enhanced the pleasure of my route, but for the greater attraction which lay behind me. My chief motive, and in

which every other was swallowed, was my anxious wish to trace every spot connected with William Tell, and the other heroes of Helvetia, and especially that spot rendered sacred by the memorable defeat which the Austrians, under Leopold, sustained, in his unjustifiable and vain attempt to enslave a noble people.

I did not regain my usual spirits till my ear and attention were again enchained by the wild cataract bursting through all impediments beneath the bridge, not of *sighs*,—but of *groans*,—upon which I again found myself; its waters lashed into a grey foam, first,—then dashed and subdivided and pulverised into thousands of particles of misty vapours, to which, no doubt, the old bridge was indebted for the before-mentioned title, which it bore in the olden time, before his Satanic Majesty had made such improvement in architecture. Much of the interest must naturally be lost, however grand or beautiful the scenery, after the novelty of the first impression has ceased.

As soon as I had left the Pont au Diable, where I could have lingered a whole day, with a delight increased by what it fed upon, amidst the harmonious uproar of waters, forming, as it did, a sort of bath for the mind, I found the interest, as it were, vanishing by degrees. My mind would have ceased to *lave* in the sound of these waters sooner than it did, had I not occasionally cast a look behind me, and stood still, with my eyes and ears turned towards the spot I left with so much regret. Frequently I found myself alone, my companions having pursued their path at

a more regular pace. This homage was due to the superiority which the scene we were leaving so far possesses over most of those scenes of a similar kind which invite the notice of the traveller in Switzerland.

We resumed our seats again, at Amsteg, in the open carriage we had left there, with little to interest us on our now beaten track till we arrived at Burglen, which is situated at the entrance of the Valley of the Schachen, half a league from Altorf. This is the birth-place of William Tell, and is visited much on that account. A chapel has been built here, to commemorate the spot where this patriotic hero was born. As his life, which seemed to be held only for his country, was employed in noble deeds, so his death was worthy of one of the house of Attinghausen, the founder of the freedom of Helvetia. He is said to have perished at a very advanced period of life, in attempting to save the life of a child who was carried away by the torrent of the Schachen, which empties itself here.

“ Cowards are cruel, but the brave  
Love mercy, and delight to save.”

The truth of the *first* part of the assertion in this couplet has already been exemplified in the persecuting tyrant of Altorf, Gessler. To the *latter*, the death of Tell bears ample testimony. His life was not prolonged in vain.\*

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\* William Tell is said to have lived to the middle of the fourteenth century, an epoch at which the accession of the Cantons of Zurich,



Providence, in its extension, was “more than kind,” since he had the happiness, in his old age, to see his country, like a radiant and blessed star, rise from obscurity, acquire, daily, greater strength, and more glory, till it finally attained an elevation which shed joy and honour wherever its influence reached.

At Altorf, our party at dinner at the *table d'hôte* was but small: a stranger is generally hailed, on these occasions, with a welcome. At this moment, when I had just taken leave of a fellow-traveller with regret, such an acquisition was doubly appreciated. Although he was a solitary traveller, he seemed by no means incommunicative, whilst he enlivened us by the manner in which he described many of the scenes he had witnessed. Although he preferred his

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Lucerne, Zug, Glacis, and Berne, consolidated the Swiss Confederation. He left two sons behind him, William and Walter. John Martin Tell, the last of the male descendants, died in 1634, and his posterity was finally extinguished in the year 1720, in the person of Verna Tell. At the death of William Tell the inhabitants of Uri, in memory of their illustrious fellow citizen, instituted a procession at Burglen, where they annually assembled for that purpose. Their Landsgemeinde decreed that, every year, a sermon should be pronounced on the spot where stood the house of William Tell, their dear “concitoyen et le premier restaurateur de la liberté, en memoire eternelle des bienfaits de dieu et des heureux coups du heros!” The following epigram is said to be written by Henri de Hunenburg, a contemporary of Tell. It was addressed to his brother-in-law, Hector Reding de Biberech.

Dum pater in puerum telum crudele coruscat,  
 Tellius, ex jussu, sœve Tyranne, tuo,  
 Pomum, non natum, figit fatalis arundo;  
 Altera mox ultrix te periture petit.

own society to any other whilst passing over the mountains, his communicative disposition evidently proved that in his choice he was not actuated by any misanthropical bias. Whilst alone, he said, in his defence, he was his own master, free and unshackled, and at liberty to take whatever path he pleased, without consulting a companion. He seldom or ever took a guide. In this manner, by his own account, he had crossed the Pyrenees, a matter he seemed to consider of more difficulty and danger than traversing any part of Switzerland. Before a traveller becomes thus, as it were, in love with his own shadow, determined upon preserving his identical supremacy, he must, of course, make up his mind, and be prepared often to incur danger and hardship; and above all things, he should be provided with a brace of pistols, as it often will happen that he is driven hard to find a night's lodging, and is sometimes compelled to mix in society where self-defence is absolutely indispensable.

The narrative he gave us, however, of a little adventure which befell him when travelling over one of the Pyrenees, and which I am about to repeat, was intended to throw a ridicule over the absurd exaggerations which travellers are too apt to indulge in, when reciting those adventures with which all mountain-travellers are more or less expected to meet. The adventure befell him in the Pyrenees.

Weary with a long day's ramble, after losing his way, he arrived very late at an hostelry, of a very humble and somewhat suspicious appearance, where he not only found

a very scanty supply of food, but, what is worse, was told he could not have a bed, unless he could be contented to take up his night's rest in a room which, upon inspection, appeared already to be fully occupied, and by a description of persons, judging from their appearance, not of the most eligible kind. In fact, the only spot in which he found there was any prospect of reposing himself, after the fatigues of the day, was a rather spacious room, the floor of which was already strewed with travellers, many of whom, to judge by their appearance (to say no worse,) were likely to prove unwelcome, if not dangerous, bed-fellows. The wanderer, as well as the pauper, often encounters strange bed-fellows. There was no resource, and at length, after procuring a large blanket, he took up a recumbent posture on the floor, taking care, at the same time, to have his pistols within his reach.

He had been now sometime stretched at length, not much at ease, and after tossing and turning, was about to add to the subjects of the heavy but levelling God, when he observed the door of the room open slowly, as if directed by some cautious person, afraid of giving alarm. His first movement was to put his hand upon his pistols, determined, at all events, not to die unrevenged. He had presence of mind, however, to lie still, watching, at the same time, the motions of the door, and especially of him who had opened it, and who was now slowly and cautiously entering the apartment.

“ So strided Tarquin, in the dead of night.”



In one hand he now beheld a lanthorn, while the other grasped what appeared to be a dagger. He had now advanced a considerable way in the room, and was in the act of examining, in an uneasy manner, which betrayed no small fear of discovery, the different persons who met his view on every side, seeming to look for some stray article or appendage of the sleepers, which he might, unperceived, make his own. He had not, however, yet done more, apparently, than slightly investigate the physiognomy of some of the sleepers, making his way, not by rapid, but long and silent strides, towards that part of the apartment where he himself reposed, not, as you may suppose, on a *bed of roses*. He was now close upon him, as if he had selected him as the object most likely to repay him for a more minute inspection; occasionally, however, he observed he cast an eye backward towards the door, as if afraid of interruption in that quarter. In one of these intervals, he grasped his pistol, not knowing how soon he might have to defend himself from the marauder, when, all at once, he beheld him take another direction, and at length open the door of a cupboard. That which he imagined, at first, to be a dagger, proved to be a carving knife: the next moment (the interval was scarcely perceptible) he saw the lean robber in the act of——What? I think I hear you say—in the act of slicing, then of devouring, voraciously, a huge piece of bacon, which he had cut, with no unsparing hand, from the main stock, to which the cupboard had proved no protection. After

having satisfied the irresistible impulse of hunger, he retired by the same entrance at which he entered, loaded with an, as yet, untasted, and larger piece, reserved, no doubt, for a more private discussion. On mentioning the circumstance the following morning, to “mine host,” he recognised, in the *swinish robber*, his son Pedro, whose appetite he described as being of that inordinate and insatiable nature, that nothing could satisfy.

I shall now leave you to sleep, upon this tale. The teller of it has already retired, that he may be enabled to pursue his way at an early hour to-morrow; and it is time I should follow his example.

## LETTER XVII.

*Grutli—The Three Fountains—Verses upon the same—Brunnen—The Inn at Schweitz—The Landlord—His Beau Frère—Misunderstanding—Visit Morgarten—Lake of Egeri—The Abbey of Einsidlin; description of the Convent; its history—robbed by the French army during the French Revolution—Present Convent rises greater from its ashes.*

## WEGGIS, LAKE OF LUCERNE.

AFTER a pleasant walk from Altorf to Fluelen, we embarked upon the Lake. One of my companions, the German, had scarcely entered the *batteau* before he complained of being qualmish, and signified his wish to be landed as soon as possible on the left side of the Lake, where he might get a conveyance that would take him to Lucerne. We landed at the foot of the Selisberg. This spot has been justly designated as a place sacred to humanity and history, not because a battle was fought here, but because it was the spot upon which the Liberators of Switzerland met, and swore to rescue their country from the ignominious thralldom in which it was then held, or fall in



the attempt; an oath which was at once exemplary and successful. They shew you here, with no small pride, a house nearly concealed from view by fruit-trees, whose roots are watered by the three springs to which the inhabitants have given the name of *Sacred*, and, for this reason :—When the never-to-be-enough lauded founders of Helvetian independence pronounced the solemn oath which linked them to their cause; at the very moment when, beneath the depth of night, they called upon Heaven to witness their league,—these three fountains were said to have leaped from the earth, on the very spot on which the Federalists stood, where they have ever since been running. Urged by the legend, which is fraught with poetical interest, my best feelings stimulated by the subject, my heart warmed by the recollection of the spot upon which I stood, I may be forgiven if I mistook the glow of patriotism for the glow of inspiration, and attempted to give to the circumstance that interest which such subjects derive from verse, even when, as in the present case, imperfectly executed.

*VERSES upon the THREE FOUNTAINS of GRUTLI.*

Oft in thy calm deep Lake the wimpling wave  
Hath laughing sported with the varying peak ;  
Those rocky steeps, which sometimes stoop to lave  
In thy translucent glass, while the clouds break,  
As if they loved a quiet bed to seek,—

Sport for the rough assailing storm no more :

So, hadst thou language, PILATE, thou would'st speak ;  
So Fancy dictates, as with gentle oar  
I gaze, and slowly move along thy gifted shore.

And now, again, in dream-devoted boat,  
As in the mirror, I behold thy steep,  
While we upon thy bosom softly float,  
Each rude rock softening in the shadowy deep,—  
When now thy waters seem all but asleep,—  
The TELLENSPRUNG I reach, a deathless name  
From URI's son :—till clouds shall cease to sweep  
Its granite head, so long shall last its fame,  
Still sung, still sacred made, by URI's loud acclaim !

What noble hills on every side invite  
The entranced eye, as it before—around—  
Now throws its glance ! What beauty and what might  
Here meet—kiss hands upon this holy ground !—  
While hushed to wondering silence all around !—  
The ROTHSTOCK\* here, clothed in its changeless vest,  
The SURENEN, the ISENTHAL† profound,  
The BLUMLIS ALP,‡ peering above the rest,  
As Monarch of the subject hills, lifts his tiara'd crest.

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\* The Rothstock is, according to General Psyffer, 9564 feet above the level of the sea.

† Isisthal, or Isenthal, a Valley in the Canton of Uri, at the bottom of which is the Glacier of Getschenen, never yet visited by travellers, as being deemed impenetrable.

‡ The Blumlis Alp is 8760 feet above the Lake of Isenthal, while the Lake is probably 3000 feet higher than the sea.

But of all those within the range, the ken  
Of the rapt vision, there is one that now  
Bids me, abrupt, leave steep, and wave, and glen,  
With less assuming, yet bewitching brow ;  
That sacred hill 'erst listened to the vow  
At GRUTLI uttered,—SELISBERG, 'tis thee !—  
To thee, with patriot heart, I bend and bow,  
Where, pointing to Heaven's canopy, the THREE,  
In league, swore the stain'd hills to save from slavery.

As the tongue spoke, the oath in Heaven was heard,  
Which did the covenant laud, shielding the land ;—  
In Heaven's own book the vow was registered,  
As to its throne appealed the warrior band ;—  
As to the skies each raised his trusty hand,  
Linked 'neath the glittering canopy of night ;  
Sworn to each other ne'er to sheath the brand ;  
Or to reclaim, by glorious strife, their right ;  
Or nobly die, like SPARTA's sons, in hallowed fight.

HEAVEN heard the words !—scarce had the warrior spoke,  
When from the ground welled forth a triple tide ;—  
Scarce raised their hands on high, when forth it broke,—  
Was seen adown the steepy rock to glide,—  
Nor e'er known, since that moment, to subside :  
Of patriot purity a type, the stream,  
At once the SWITZERS' source of Faith and Pride,  
HELVETIA's sons the Fountain sacred deem ;—  
Still of their Praise and Gratitude the lofty theme.



I did not part from my German fellow-traveller without a regret, which I have some reason to think was mutual, as he requested, in a manner which convinced me he was sincere, that I would make inquiries for him upon my return to Berne, whilst he promised to do the same for me.

I now once more made my way across the Lake of Brunnen, without any one to whom I could say—"how delightful is this Lake!"—or, "how grand the mountains!" Sterne tells us we never should be without a companion, if it is only to observe how our "shadows lengthen as the sun goes down." Begging his pardon, to the contemplative, the shadowy hours are just the time when man may best dispense with a companion; when he may best commune with himself,—especially amongst mountains; when the varying shadows confer to the lover of the grand such a never-failing variety, gratifying at once the eye and the soul. It is rather on the barren heath, or the desert, that the wayfarer sighs in his loneliness, and begins to wish himself again within the sound of the human voice. This sensation all must understand, or at least may imagine, even if they have not experienced it.

Such a source of regret did not await me at this moment. I was doomed to experience a deprivation of a much more tantalizing nature, from being thrown into the company of one who spoke a language, one word of which I could not comprehend; a sort of *Patois* German, which is universally spoken in this part of Switzerland. To obviate the inconvenience to travellers, there is generally

one person to be met with at the little inns frequented by strangers, who speaks French. If this person, which is, generally speaking, either the host or the waiter, is not forthcoming, you are left, as I was, to make yourself understood as you can. It was with a German Swiss I now found myself on the road to Sweitz, he carrying my carpet-bag, and preceding me a few steps. I had nothing to say but “go on, I will follow thee.”

In the course of our walk, I made out several words, from their resemblance in sound to the English. My companion seemed sensible of this resemblance, by his having recourse, now and then, to a word of this sort, in preference to signs, especially on our meeting two little boys, who made me understand their wants by a language known to all, that of supplication for charity, *pour l'amour du Dieu*, and whom he signified to me, when I gave them two or three *batzen*, were *broders*. But there was not much need for conversation in such a neighbourhood, surrounded with so much on every side to delight the eye. That I was pursuing the path I wished to go, was evident, as the town of Sweitz, on the mountain side, was before me. If I felt inconvenienced on my way thither, the annoyance was nothing to that I was doomed to suffer here, as “mine host,” the only person who spoke French, was from home. Again I was reduced to the telegraphic mode of making known my wants, amongst which was that of my breakfast, a desire not a little increased by a walk of more than three leagues. The appearance of eggs and

*café au lait* soon convinced me that they had not misinterpreted my signs, while a person was despatched, as I supposed, for the *mâitre d' hotel*.

At length, just as I had finished my coffee, a person of portly appearance, and something more respectable, at least of more consequential demeanour, than those by whom I was surrounded, made his entrance. I concluded, of course, that he must be the *Aubergiste*, and addressed him as such. It was not till some time after I discovered my mistake, that I had been talking to a *medical* man, the brother-in-law of the *Aubergiste*, who, in the absence of his *beau frère*, now became his more than *locum tenens*; but I will give you our dialogue, as it took place.

Enter *Monsieur le Docteur*.

*Docteur.* Est que vous demandez mon aide,—mon avis,—Monsieur ?

*Traveller.* Oui, Monsieur ; je vous prie, donnez moi votre conseil. Il me faut un guide ; voulez vous me diriger, si vous plaît ?

*Docteur.* Je suis a votre service, Monsieur.

*Traveller.* Je compte que ceux qui viennent ici, ne restent pas beaucoup de temps ; qu'ils passent vite aux autres places ; soit qu'ils montent,—soit qu'ils descendent,—qu'ils ne demeurent pas ici, q'un petit moment —n'est pas ?

*Docteur.* Comment, Monsieur ? Pardon—je ne vous pas comprends, quand je vous dons mon conseil, je fais mon possible, a prevenir.



*Traveller.* Les detenir ici sans doute.

*Docteur.* Point de tout ; vous me moquez.—Monsieur, pardon, je fais mon possible a retablir leur santé.—Permettez, Monsieur,”—holding out his hand, as if to feel my pulse, whilst I withheld mine, having now found that we were both labouring under a mistake. I now asked him if he was not the master of the house,—the *Aubergiste*. “*Aubergiste !*” his large eyes darting at the same time—*point de tout*, “*Je suis beau frère a l’ Aubergiste, je suis Medecin.*”

When our mistake had been rectified by mutual explanations, he informed me that he at that moment was in waiting upon a patient, then in the house; a lady, who was lying ill of a fever in consequence of too much exertion, encountered in ascending the Righi. I thought also I could discover some little chagrin at finding he was not to have another patient. After some little time we became good friends. To make amends for his disappointment, I made a purchase of some drawings, by a Swiss artist of the name of Smeitz, which he now shewed me, informing me at the same time that the artist was a relative. This purchase proved a peacemaker to Monsieur le Docteur, who, no doubt, made me pay their full value. They are, however, excellent in their kind, far surpassing any attempts I have as yet seen to delineate a similar grandeur of scenery; a success which must be attributed to the artist being a native, who dwells in the midst of the sublime subjects of which his pencil treats. Having packed these up,

or rather wrapped them round a roller of wood, which I was recommended to do by the artist, I bade adieu to Schweitz, and Monsieur le Medecin, and proceeded with the best guide I could get (and bad was the best) in a *char au banc* for Morgarten.

The road is very pretty as you proceed in this direction, abounding with orchards, the fruits of which, plums in particular, quite ripe and blooming, came continually in contact with the vehicle as it passed through the narrow road, calling you to pluck; an invitation I did not think it any sin to avail myself of.

As you proceed, the Lake of Lowertz and its castle are seen to great advantage. Leaving the Lake of Lowertz to the left, we soon began to ascend Mount Sattel, in our way to Morgarten. Here again began my disappointments; finding, as I did upon the first question I put to my guide, that I could not have met with one residing in the country who was less acquainted with its localities. Of the battle of Morgarten he had heard, but knew nothing; a battle had been fought, but when, he knew not, nor where, nor wherefore. There was no mistaking the spot, however, as upon it a chapel is erected, while upon the walls the event is represented *al fresco*.

I was much disappointed in this painting. I will not say any thing about its execution; but I must confess I did expect, in a battle which owed its success, after Swiss valour, to the narrowness of the pass, shut in on one side by the Lake of Egeri, and enclosed on the other by a

steep mountain overhanging the road which the Austrians were compelled to take, that these local advantages would have been discoverable in the painting, and that both the Lake, which had risen very high the night before, and the steep, from whence pieces of rocks and roots were hurled down upon the advancing invaders, would have formed leading features in this heroic scene ; more particularly as these features would have added to the interest of the picture. We may form some idea of the narrowness of the pass, when told that it was with some difficulty three horsemen could pass abreast through the defile.

Fifty Swiss men who had been banished from their country, desirous perhaps of redeeming their credit, had been, at their own request, (a request which was not granted, it is said, without some difficulty,) stationed on the rock above this narrow road. From this spot, a part of the mountain called Morgarten, as soon as they perceived the Austrians, who were twenty thousand strong, advancing up the defile, headed by the Count de Montfort, they poured down upon the cavalry trunks of trees and rocks, which so frightened the horses that the troops fell into disorder ; to retreat was impossible, situated as they were at the head of a column many miles in length in their rear ; —disperse they could not. The attempt, however, was made ; the result was just as might have been expected ; destruction awaited them on every side. A movement to the right plunged them into the Lake, where many were drowned, while a quagmire or marsh awaited them on the



other side. It was at this moment that the confederate Swiss, consisting of about thirteen hundred in number, rushed down, pike in hand, from behind the Tower of Schornen, where they were stationed, led on by a celebrated and aged warrior, Rodolphe Reding de Biberegg. The contest, which took place chiefly between the mountains of Figlerflue and Morgarten, was soon decided. The cavalry, much incumbered with their armour, fell back at last upon their infantry, which were completely broken, when numbers were killed by the Switzer clubs and massy maces; and, at length, the whole army took to flight, *sauve qui peut* being the word. They of Zug, Zurich, and a few others, who had joined the enemy from Winterthur, being the only troops who stood their ground, were killed; well knowing that, as traitors to the cause, they would meet with no quarter. Duke Leopold was saved by flight. William Tell and Walter Furst D'Attinghausen, the founders of the new Republic, took a conspicuous part in this glorious battle;—a battle which, for the importance of its result, and the patriotic example there evinced, yields to none upon record, not even to that of Marathon itself.

But, as Ebel justly observes, without visiting the field where the battle was fought, it is impossible to understand how so large an army as the Austrians, twenty thousand strong, were said to have possessed, could have been defeated by such a handful of men, the Swiss not (according to any account) consisting of more than sixteen hundred

men. The event can only, in fact, be accounted for by supposing one of two great local changes to have happened; either that the Lake has since retired, or that a great part of the more projecting part of the mountain which overhung the pass, described as being so narrow, has undergone the fate which has befallen many of the neighbouring mountains, and has been precipitated into the valley.

It was not without some disappointment I retraced my way to the road where we had left our *char*, and proceeded towards the abbey of Einsidlin, at a pace much more deliberate than agreeable. I found it was in vain to make remonstrances; my charioteer was not to be excited any more than my guide, through whom I was compelled to interpret my wish, to no purpose,—*par nobile fratrum*. They both were of one mind, perfectly satisfied that they were doing what was best for a lean horse, and more accommodating to the occupation in which they were seriously engaged—regaling themselves with their pipes; and inhaling the fumes of the tobacco, of which I had my full share. The representations I made to them of the annoyance I suffered, and the dislike I had to the smell of tobacco, either was unattended to or discredited. I became, at length, resigned to my fate, by compulsion, finding that the celerity of motion was inversely as my remonstrance.

I more than once envied the ingenious Cruikshank his talent at caricature, not that there was any striking feature in either of the countenances; but for a memorial of

inane expression there could not have been better subjects, wholly devoid, as were the faces of both, of all intelligence. "Slow and sure," they say, "goes far in the day," a proverb which, having, as the only consolation left me, called to mind more than once, my phlegmatic director, Pilot, was near disproving and upsetting with the vehicle he drove, so absorbed was he in the cloud in which he was enveloped.

We, however, arrived at Einsidlin time enough for the *table de hôte*; I forget at what hotel, though it just faces the convent, which lies at the foot of a hill; a hill which, although it affords a shelter to the convent, which is well wooded, shuts out from its view a magnificent range of snow-clad peaks and glaciated mountains. If you wish to get a view of these, you must ascend the adjoining hill, or, at least, change your position for one more remote from the abbey, whose inhabitants seemed determined to have no visible rival near, to divide their attention from their own handy-work, in the sublime masonry of nature.

The history of the abbey "Le Notre Dame des Hermites" partakes, in no small degree, of the romantic cast. The abbey is said to have been founded early in the ninth century, by a person of the name of Meinrad, celebrated for his piety. His first *debût*, it seems, was made upon a neighbouring mountain, called Mount Etzel, between Einsidlin and the upper part of the Lake of Zurich. Here he became too celebrated to be left in peace: as has been the case with many others, his elevation accelerated his death.



Becoming a favourite of Hildegrave, a daughter of Louis, King of Holland, and abbess of a monastery at Zurich, she caused another cell, with a chapel attached to it, to be built, and presented him with the image, to which the convent is indebted for its name, which became the object of public veneration, and, unluckily for him, of public generosity ; since, to the over-weaning wealth from the many offerings made at its shrine is to be attributed the robbery of the convent, and the murder of its abbot, in the year 863.

After dwelling at the hermitage for six-and-twenty years, while he was made a saint, it is said his murderers were brought to justice by the miraculous intervention of two ravens, two tame companions of the Saint, who, upon the murder of their protector, followed his murderers to Zurich, and never left them till they were brought to justice, and executed. After this it appears that the abbey was uninhabited for forty years, when, in the year 907, Bennon, of the noble house of Burgogne, and canon of the cathedral of Strasburg, attracted to the abbey by a pilgrimage, resolved to pass the remainder of his days here. By him the chapel and cell were repaired, and several others added. The neighbouring barons contributed their support to the establishment, till by degrees it reached that magnitude and magnificence which it exhibits at this day.

Its history, in more than one instance, evinces the danger and insecurity attendant upon ambition. Bennon

paid the forfeit of his eyes for his zeal in the cause. His successor, St. Eberhard, (who was no less illustrious in his birth,) having dedicated his immense wealth to the repairs of this phoenix monastery, (for into such it was now converted,) the cell of St. Meinrad forming the centre of the building, it was now that these recluses formed themselves into a religious community, under the regulations of St. Benoit. St. Eberhard being constituted Abbot, St. Conrad the bishop of Constance, at the request of Saint Eberhard, undertook to consecrate the holy place, little dreaming he should be anticipated by the holy choir of angels, who are said to have relieved him of his duty. Pope Leo could not do less, after such a miracle, than make “Notre Dame des Hermites” independent of all ecclesiastical power, by rendering it infallible “*absens de culpe et de peine* ;” and by promising plenary indulgence to all those who devoutly paid their homage at the shrine. So much for “La grande dedicace Angeletique,” the memory of which is annually kept up, and lasts, if its anniversary falls on a Sunday, for four successive days.

After a good night's rest and a still better breakfast, I lost no time in repairing to the shrine of “Our Lady ;” nor was I disappointed, upon entering the great door of the chapel, the first view of which, with its many altars, tombs, and richly-painted ceiling, is most imposing. This feeling is much increased by the situation of the convent, placed in the midst of a solitary and bleak valley, and surrounded as it is, with mean habitations, forming so strong a contrast to this superb building.

The *tout ensemble* received an additional interest from its being the time of mass, and the number of people kneeling before the shrine. The indistinct sound of the priest officiating, his voice murmuring, and reverberating through the fine dome, added a sort of interest to the moment, and was in keeping with the sight of those who were silently offering up their prayers in different parts of the church.

The English eye is not easily reconciled to such gorgeous ornament as the interior of the chapel exhibits, being used to the union of grandeur and simplicity in buildings set apart for the worship of the Deity. Perhaps, we ought to look more to the cause than the effect, which, mistaken though it may be, springs from the same source as that which actuates the protestant in erecting their edifices—an enthusiastic spirit of devotion.

From the gilding and painting which assail the spectator on every side, the effect intended is injured, in despite of the appropriate subject upon which the painter and carver have been too lavish. The whole appearance is, notwithstanding, imposing; the length of the building, from the entrance to the grand altar, being no less than 288 feet, its breadth 116. In the church there are no less than twelve altars, separated from the body of the church by iron railing: the two principal ones of marble, the others of stucco and plaister. On each lies a recumbent figure, as large as life; but whether intended for saints or warriors, I could not discover, as the paraphernalia of war and devotion were mixed,—the mitre, crosier, and sword. There might have been some without the first, but cer-



tainly none without the latter weapon of defence ; but I believe in those times they were frequently used alternately. Between each of these, which rest against the outer walls of the chapel, there are pillars, serving to support a gallery twenty-three feet in height, which goes round three parts of the building, and helps to constitute private chapels below. Of three organs, with which the church was furnished previous to the revolution in France, there remains but one. To what extent plunder must have been carried by the French soldiers, under the pretence of fraternal feeling, may be conjectured, from this circumstance. From the losses the convent sustained, it is to be apprehended that the monastery paid dearly for the unsought boon. Possibly the French may have been actuated by revenge as well as plunder, Einsidlin having been, at the commencement of their revolution, a place of refuge to many of the priests and nobles, who fled here for protection during the reign of terror. The paintings are by different hands : those at the altar and in the choir, are by Francis Kraus, a Suabian ; that of the Nativity, *al fresco*, is by Cosmo Asam, painter to the court of Bavaria. Before the entrance to the choir is the grand cupola ; its elevation 112 feet above the base of the church.

The grand altar, which stands within an iron railing, fifty feet in length, is composed of fine marble, and was made at Milan. Before the altar, the Last Supper is represented in bronze, of one cast. The altar has suffered much from the revolution. A painting at the altar, repre-

senting the Assumption of the Virgin, is by Kraus. The smaller altar, or what is called *La chapelle*, containing the image of the Virgin, is smaller, and inferior in every respect to the larger one; but it makes up the deficiency by the superior interest it communicates to the pilgrim. The interior is of stucco: above the altar, in the niche, is placed the figure of the Virgin, encircled in a brilliant golden cloud, no inappropriate emblem, if we may judge by the wealth which at different periods has been placed at her feet; but which, in its fate, seems to have illustrated the scripture metaphor, of being gifted with an attribute which it holds in common with the angelic host; it having long since fled from this abode.

The treasury, which is placed above the penitentiary, is now remarkable only for its emptiness. A similar reproach cannot be passed upon the library, which, though it has not escaped the general plunder, still, it is said, contains 26,000 volumes. The *Bibliothèque* is a magnificent room, comprising the whole breadth of one side of the building, having to boast of a fine vaulted roof. Near the library is a cabinet of natural history, containing a collection of minerals, choice and well arranged.

After paying a visit to the refectory, which is a delightful room, the ceiling in particular,—which, as well as the walls, present some apparently well-executed portraits of the different Abbots and donors to the convent,—I prepared to leave the Abbey, not without taking a short survey of the garden, which, like the building, is square,

forming a hollow centre to the convent. The chapel forms the front of the edifice, and, with its dome in the centre, communicates with the inhabited part, which constitutes the three other sides of the square, by long galleries above, and a sort of cloister below. From this gallery, doors open on each side to the cells, &c. But the French revolution is not the only enemy that “Notre Dame des Hermites” has had to complain of; she has had even a worse enemy to contend with, from the most destructive of elements, having suffered from fire, in several instances, losses not easily repaired, in the year 1021, in 1226, in 1465, and again in 1577, when every other part of the building but the chapel became a prey to the insatiable and devouring flames. But as she has risen again, with renewed splendour, she may, with the pride of sanctity, lay claim to the merit attributed to the imaginary bird, which more than renovates,—rises, we are told, with fresh glory from its own destruction.

I left the sacred pile with my best wishes and regret, perfectly in accordance with the author,\* who says, “*Il ne faut rompre le filet qui tient l'homme à Dieu.*” Adieu.

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\* Author of the Beauties of Christianity.



## LETTER XVIII.

*Lake of Lowertz—Anecdote of a Female Ghost, said to haunt the Ruins of the Castle of Schwanaw—Valley suddenly covered with a Debris of the Fall from the Righi—Chapel of Alten carried away by the Overflow of the Lake, and left near Seven—Gesler's Castle—Kussnacht Chapel upon the Spot where Gesler was killed—Lake of Zug—Views from thence—Church at Weggis—Lucerne—Ulrich Zwingli, the Reformer, burnt to death—Bridges at Lucerne—Dance of Death—Fish of the Lake, various and fine—Female Bandit—Smokers and Card-players alike—Leave Lucerne for Berne.*

## WEGGIS, LAKE OF LUCERNE.

HAVING turned my back upon the lady “Des Hermites,” I retraced my way to Schweitz and Brunen, it being my intention to sleep at the little *auberge* at Weggis. The Lake of Lowertz appears to great advantage, on descending the hill from Rotherthurn. On the largest of the two isles, both of which are very picturesque, the ruins of an old castle are very visible; it is called the castle of Schwanau, or Wonau, the tower of which was built in the eleventh century. It is said once to have been inhabited by Ascetics, the last of whom died at the advanced age of eighty, in the year 1797; since that time it has been inhabited by a family of peasants. Like most

other dilapidated castles it is not without its marvellous tale. The one belonging to this is the more interesting from its poetical *denouement*.

In 1307, a creature of the infamous Gesler is said to have carried off, by force, a young girl of Art, and to have brought her to this island: the brothers of the girl having got intelligence, overtook the ruffian, and washed out the indignity in the blood of the perpetrator of the foul deed.

On the first of January of the following year, the inhabitants of Schweitz seized the castle, and destroyed it. Since then an appropriate inhabitant, one of a supernatural species, is said to have taken up its abode here, upon particular occasions. At a certain hour, (midnight, of course,) frightful cries may be heard within the walls, preceded by a clap of thunder; after which, a young female, (beautiful, no doubt,) makes her appearance on the ramparts, which overhang the Lake, with torn garments, dishevelled hair, carrying a flambeau in her hand, pursued by a man armed at all points. The warrior, at length, is seen to fly, in his turn, before the object of his pursuit, and finally to precipitate himself into the Lake beneath, amidst the most frightful yells.

A considerable part of the Rossberg, when it fell, was precipitated into this Lake, causing its waters to rise 60 or 70 feet on the side of Seven, a village situated at the other side. The inhabitants, warned by one Augustin Schuler, who happened to be on a neighbouring eminence, had only just time to escape. The waves carried away the chapel of

Olten, near Seven, and left it near Steinen, a distance of about a mile and half, where it has ever since remained. A huge block of stone, which, before this event, was at the other side of the Lake, not far from the road from Steinen, was afterwards found above the Village of Lowertz ; a part of which has since been broken through, in order to re-establish the road or passage. The Village of Lowertz was so covered with the *debris*, that every part of it was buried beneath it and the mire, excepting the steeple of the church. The Curè escaped by a speedy flight. Some Rhododendrons,\* never found at a less height than 3000 feet above the Lake, were suddenly transported to the borders of the Lake, amongst the clefts of the rocks, rolled down from the Righi.

At Brunen I found the guide I had been looking for in vain in passing through. He had heard of my inquiries, and was now ready to accompany me, an offer I hesitated not in accepting. Once more I found myself with an intelligent companion, on the lovely Lake of Lucerne, in a *bateau*, with an awning over our heads, to shelter us from the sun, and a table underneath, where I could spread my map, or commit my notes to writing, when I could be persuaded to turn my eyes from the enchanting scene which surrounded me in every quarter above—around—below ; where were mirrored, in softer hues, the rock, the mountain, and the chalet, trembling in beauty, as the

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\* Called by some, the “Rose of the Alps.”



paddle broke, for a moment, the surface of the otherwise quiet waters.

The sun was setting behind Mont Pilate as we were about to add ours to the many little *bateaus* that were anchored under the window of the little *auberge* at Weggis. There was no want of accommodation; in fact, I found I had the house to myself; a circumstance I should have been more surprised at than I was, was I not aware that encomium is not always followed by the hoped for result;—that, overdone, it often defeats its end. The adulation offered to the host, in the traveller's-book, I now called to mind, where every thing was lauded, “to the very echo that lauds again.” I now took a review of these pages, wishing to see who had been visitors since I had left it, when I found an admonition to travellers had been recently inserted, by one who must have been a sojourner here before, and who, with a view to moderate the adulation which we are then most disposed to offer when most delighted, (and who but must be charmed with this spot on a fine summer's day?) requests those who write their praises to be less bountiful of them in future, as “the landlord, in consequence, had since added two franks a bottle to his champagne.”

The night was in harmony with the day which it had succeeded. As I sat at the window of my little room, looking at the reflection of the moon, which never shone upon a more congenial spot, I called to mind the expressive

lines of Ovid, perfectly applicable to the moment, when not a stir was to be heard on every side,—

“Et nitor in tacitâ nocte diurnus erat.”

In fact, when it might have been said to be what the poet describes, and which I have attempted to translate, by calling it a “softer day.” At such an hour the mind naturally feels disposed to wander:—I thought of home—of my distance from it—from those who endeared it to me. When I looked around me, I could well understand,—nay, account for the influence of its recollections, the power of the song,\* which is said to endear the Swiss to their valleys and mountains. The perfect solitude in which I was placed,—the hour,—the circumstances—mingled with the recollection a feeling, not gloomy or desponding, but one of a somewhat melancholy cast. I felt a tie which bound me, and could well appreciate the feeling of the Swiss, when, besides their independence, they have so much in the scenery around them to endear them, to “bind them,” to their “native mountains.”

At an early hour the following morning I pursued my way to Kussnacht, in a *bateau*, breakfasted at the inn, and then made for the ruins of Gesler’s castle, where it is said it was his intention to have imprisoned Tell, when

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\* Who has not heard of the “Rans de Vaches?” and who, having seen the country, can doubt of the truth of the many stories upon record, in proof of the self-devotion it is said to engender?

he was overtaken by the storm, which compelled him to change his plans ; and which, eventually, brought destruction upon himself. Years, ages, cannot destroy the interest which every lover of freedom must feel, as he treads this spot of ground, and beholds the dismantled tower, standing as it does, a melancholy warning to tyranny, of the wanton exertion of power, but too often abused by those to whom it is entrusted. Well has the immortal Shakspeare apostrophised his fellow man, who,

“Drest in a little brief authority,  
Plays such tricks before high Heaven  
As make the angels weep.”

The remains of this, to me, hateful looking tower, now in its proper state, that of dilapidation, is seen long before you reach the place. It has every appearance of having been once a strong hold, and shows how nearly cruelty and fear are allied. Whether it was that the effect was lost by habit on my guide, or from his German origin, I know not ; but he seemed somewhat surprised when I took out my pocket-book to sketch the building, (poetically I mean. \*) “*Je voudrai rester ici pour un petit moment,*” said I to my guide, sitting down and pointing to him to do the same ; a permission he lost no time in availing himself of, and which a tedious walk the day before from the Grimsee, had rendered doubly welcome. Whilst he slept, stretched

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\* Published with the “Legend of Einsidlin,” and other Poems, by Saunders and Otley, London.



out at his full length, I put together the lines to which I now allude. There is something about this ruin and its situation,—(inclosed on every side with a thick wood—nothing but its shattered turret to be seen peering above its dungeons underneath,)—that makes the beholder (except he be a German) tremble and exult, at the same time.

I left the spot, and folded up the scroll upon which I wrote down, or endeavoured so to do, the combined feeling which actuated me at the moment; and, having roused my somnolent Teucer, hastened to the spot where the tyrant paid the just debt due to his crimes, and where a chapel is now built to commemorate the event.

At this chapel, which is built just at the meeting of four roads, I met two gentlemen, Sir E. B——— and another, whom I had dined with at Einsidlin the day before. A recognition took place, when I rejoiced to find they had not, any more than myself, passed over this ground “unmoved.” He would not surely deserve the name of Englishman who could; he who feels it not, has no business to put his foot upon the mountain. Sir E. B——— and his friend returned to Kussnacht, while I made my way to Immensee, pleasantly situated on the Lake of Zug, from whence there are boats in plenty for those who wish to visit the town.

The views from the Lake, which is abundant in fish of various kinds of the best description, are truly beautiful. The Righi to the south,—the gloomy Pilate,—terminated by the distant mountains of Unterwald, Grindelwald, and

Lauterbrun. The colossal hills, from six to sixteen leagues distant, are to be seen distinctly reflected in these crystal waters. The most advantageous spot for a *coup d'œil* of this Lake is at the distance of a league and a half from the town of Zug, near Kiemen. You there see, at once, the superb bay which opens on the side of Art and Immensée, the banks of the Lower Lake as far as Zug and Cham, the north side of the Righi, the Zugerberg, the Schnèe Alpe, &c.

We returned back by the same road ; and, crossing one of the many hills which abound in fruit trees, plums, apples, pears, &c., passed again in sight of the frowning ruin of Gesler's castle, the scene, no doubt, of many a "foul and midnight murder;" but standing, now that time has *had* its revenge, an example to tyrants, claiming at once our attention and abhorrence. I was not sorry to turn my back upon the dismantled walls, and to find myself again at Kussnacht.

The walk from Kussnacht to Weggis is enchanting, continuing, for a considerable distance, by the side of the Lake, which spreads out luxuriantly to the right, while the view of the hills beyond it again invite the eye to repose upon them, especially when tinted with the soft light of evening. Imagination is not necessary here to increase the charm, derived from "wavering woods," when they become perfect from imperfection—

"Imperfect, if beheld."

The moon was now rising, and seemed to shed a double portion of light upon the little steeple of the church of Weggis,

here and there paying its homage to the little crosses which designated the cold dwelling place of many a once busy mountaineer ; while flowers of various sorts, pinks in particular, of a fine description, might have induced us to suppose—had not our eyes assured us that it was not so—that we were treading a garden, and not a grave. “ Tower and tree, and lake and mountain,” all seemed peacefully rejoicing in the ungarish light, of which this little sanctuary received its full share: nothing could surpass the still repose “after life’s fitful fever.” Its inhabitants seemed to “sleep well,”—though not forgotten,—as the flowers planted above them proved ; which, from their luxuriance, and the absence of every thing like a weed, gave proof that some watchful hand was ever near to root out the officious nettle, should it dare to intrude its unhallowed head.

The only sound to be heard was the lispings of the placid wavelet, as it saluted the sides of the different *bateaus*, which lay at anchor under the window of the little room I was about to take possession of, once more, in this still deserted mansion. How was it possible to sleep at such a moment, when all nature seemed awake, or under the influence of an harmonious dream ; something more delightful than even truth. My eyes were banqueted—the calmest light,—the sweetest shade ;—the Burgenstock before me, rendered doubly bright by the contrasted shade of the dark Pilate ; while a ray of diamond light, stretching across the Lake, and looking like a path to the opposite mountain, made the picture complete. Such was the landscape which



engaged my silent admiration, and chained me to a long window, (often to be met with in Swiss houses,) which occupied one whole side of the room of the little abode, at the lake-hemmed\* Weggis, whose very foundation is washed by lulling waters.

It was dawn of day before I could bring myself to close my eyes upon this seductive landscape; and, even when I sought my pillow, much of what I had looked upon with such calm delight, repassed before me in a visionary form. At a rather late hour of the morning I left, reluctantly, this charming little *auberge*, so rich by nature in the views which it commands.

As we launched out into the Lake, the attraction redoubled, so that the eye, from the demands made upon its attention, in the multiplicity of its appeals, was almost at a loss which way to look. The Righi from gratitude, and a recollection of the feast its summit had recently afforded, claimed a priority of homage. The mind, distracted by a variety of objects, finds repose only by concentrating its thoughts on the object which fixes at length its preference, as much frequently the result of chance or circumstance, as of its superiority. I had been on the summit of the Righi, but not upon that of Mont Pilate, which I was approaching nearer to, at each successive stroke of the oar. I, at length, found myself at its foot, and soon after at Lucerne.

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\* "Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea."—*Timon of Athens*.

The town of Lucerne, independent of its environs, has much wherewith to repay the attention of the stranger. In the year 768, Charlemagne bestowed it on the abbey of Murbach, in Upper Alsace, securing certain valuable immunities to the people. At the end of the thirteenth century, it passed into the hands of the Emperor Rodolph de Hapsburg and his sons, being with all its privileges and rights sold to him, by an abbot of Murbach, with the convent and twenty bailiwicks. Worn out with constant wars, especially with its neighbours, the inhabitants of the Waldstetten, disgusted with the tyranny of the Austrians, contracted in the year 1332 a perpetual alliance with Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden; to which the league at this day owes its name. The Austrian nobles declared instant war with the Lucernois, destroying them with fire and sword. The people, however, indignant at their wrongs, and sick of their tyrant masters, persevered. The bailiff of Rotenburg's chateau was the first that fell beneath their vengeance. A considerable number of the first families still sided with the Austrians, and formed a design, in secret, of attacking and destroying the chief leaders of the people; and, at length, fixed upon the night for the execution of the project. This intention was, luckily, defeated by a young boy, who was present at the conference, and gave timely notice of the intended plot. Thus the town was saved, and the alliance of the confederate established, the Austrians being compelled, in the year 1036, to renounce all their possessions.

The Hotel De Ville, amongst many others, has to boast of a beautiful picture of Wursch of Unterwald, of *the law as delivered from Mount Sinai*. The arsenal is also well worth seeing. Amongst other things deserving of notice, are, a banner of the city, stained by the blood of the Avoyer of Gandoldingen, who died at the battle of Sempach;—the coat of arms of Duke Leopold,—and the collar of iron which, with premature but defeated tyranny, he brought with him when he invaded the Swiss territory. The collar inside is full of sharp iron spikes, and, as it was said, intended for the Avoyer. A better device for insuring a cruel and lingering death to the wearer could not be imagined: Heaven, in justice, returned the chalice to the lips of the Despot. They shew you part of the spoils taken in the year 1476, in the battles of Granson and Morat, which, judging by the torn banners, must have been bravely contested. Amongst many other casques and battle-axes are to be seen those of Ulrich Zwingli, used in the battle of Capel in 1531. The body of this brave reformer was found after the battle, pierced with innumerable wounds; he is said to have died with these words in his mouth, “*If they kill the body, they cannot kill the soul.*” His body was torn in pieces, and cast into the flames. A person, named Thomas Plater, saved his heart by snatching it from the flames, and another person of the name of Myconius threw it down into the Rhine, for fear it might hereafter be made an object of a new superstition. These two



persons were friends of the reformer, some of whose family are yet living at Glaris and at Zurich.

The *Bibliothèque publique*, as possessing many valuable manuscripts, and the cathedral, as possessing many fine paintings, are worth inspection. The three bridges in this town also merit the attention of the travellers, especially that over the Reuss. Paintings are to be seen at each of the compartments, which support the roof of the bridge; this is covered in, except at the sides. The compartments form a series of descriptive sketches, of which the grim tyrant Death seems to be the hero. It is the work of a painter of the name of Meglinger. Perhaps its merit consists more in the imagination than in the execution of the painter, and may be deemed more curious for the variety of the scenes exhibited than for its close imitation of nature. In all the various scenes of life here depicted, Death may be discovered, though not always as a prominent person of the picture. He is to be seen at the festive ball, and at the marriage feast; amongst the revellers and masquers,—though disguised, still grinning with exultation and conscious power, laying in wait for his certain prey.

The Pont de Kappel, built at the mouth of the Lake, and commanding a magnificent view, is 1000 feet in length; on this there are no less than 200 paintings, representing the various exploits of the Swiss, of which Monsieur Le Tresorier de Balthasar has published an explanation. Le Pont de la Cour, 1380 feet in length, serves as a communi-

cation between the town and the parish church of D'im Hoff. This bridge is adorned with paintings, whose subjects are taken from sacred history.

I was surprised and interrupted whilst on this bridge, by a party with whom I had dined the day before, whilst occupied in sketching;—endeavouring to paint, by the aid of words, the scene before me. Mont Pilate in the distance, around whose craggy head the clouds were breaking, retiring one by one, as if to give more effective grandeur to the outline, whilst a *bateau* was drawing near to the shore, with several tourists dressed in the picturesque costume which is frequently worn for the purpose of facilitating their progress across the Alpine steeps; a linen frock, generally white, the cape worked with different colours, sometimes is worn over the coat, and oftener becomes its substitute, as being of much lighter materials. This dress, not coming quite as low as the knee, with an appropriate travelling cap and an alpenstock,\* aided by an active figure, gives the wearer something of a theatric air. The group that stepped on shore added not a little to the effect, aided by the pretty costume of the women of Lucerne, which, being Sunday, was visible on every side. There is no place from whence the Lake is seen to more advantage than from the Garden a l'Anglois of M. Pfyffer. The Righi, Mont Pilate, and, between these, the steep and craggy Burgenstock, with the Lake for a foreground, form

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\* A long pole, with the spike at the end of it, so called.

a lovely picture. Above the Burgenstock, the Blum Alp, in the Canton of Underwald, remarkable for its singular form, crowns this enchanting view.

To enjoy the views which the Lake presents on every side in fine weather, you must take a boat, and when you have got a good distance from the shore, nearly to the centre of the Lake, then cast your eyes above, around on every side, and, above all things, *below*, where every mountain feature is softened down, and where the shifting clouds are seen to the greatest advantage, mirrored in their own glass, as if delighted in viewing themselves reflected in the element from which they drew their existence, and to which they are ever and anon returning, as they sweep over the lower parts of the mountains, descending again as they dissolve, and with loud lament swell the mighty mass of waters below.

Such are the mental repasts which the Lake of Lucerne has to boast of.\* For the less intellectual, these waters

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\* The following beautiful description of the Lake of Lucerne is taken from a well-known author :—"Of all the lakes of Switzerland, there is not one which can compare with the Lake of Lucerne. If its banks are not adorned with villages, villas, gardens, orchards, and vineyards; if its hills, covered with rich and luxurious vegetation, are not seen to spring abruptly from its borders, yet the appearance which it presents is irresistibly attractive, leaving, as it does, upon the soul, recollections never to be erased. Disengaged from the vain pomp and tinsel of feeble art, Nature displays all the majesty of her empire. The inexhaustible variety of her images, the singular contrast of all that is most imposing and impressive,—scenes, comprising at once the most sweet, the most romantic, and grand,—raise the mind



are not without their charms, swarming as they do with a variety of the finest fish. Amongst these are the balle, the rotele, the salmo lavaretus, and salmo salvetinus, besides trout, carp, perch, tench, lampreys, eels, &c. In walking on a bright morning by the side of the Reuss, I was surprised at the shoals of fish I beheld, but still more at their size, which, though at a considerable depth, from the clearness of the water, were plainly discernible, especially when turning their silver scales to the sun. What they were, I could not discover, though, from the shape and size, I imagine they were salmon. I could not help thinking how surprised a cockney punter, only accustomed to fish for gudgeons in the Thames, would have stared at such a sight. But the surprise ought to cease when we recollect that the place I speak of is the mouth of the Lake, which is, in many parts, 600 feet in depth, nine leagues in length, and four in breadth.

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of the beholder, and leave him in rapture and surprise. As you penetrate the gulphs of Kussnacht, Lucerne, Winkel, Alpnach, the Buochs, and Fluelen,—the aspect of which is now grateful and now sublime, now melancholy and now terrific,—the scene changes at every plunge of the oar the form of the mountains, which spring up, as it were, from the bosom of the Lake, nor terminate till they mingle with the clouds. The views, the picturesque situations you behold, when casting your eyes upwards from these gulphs, and especially from the mid lake, present an infinite variety, according to the different effects of light and shade, but more particularly when these grand objects are lit up by the rays of the morning and evening sun. Survey the Lake from whatever point you please, one character only reigns throughout,—the majestic, the sublime, the extraordinary,—creating at once feelings of admiration and delight.”

The *table d'hôte* of our inn was held in a room, the windows of which are immediately over the Lake, so that an angler, if expert, need not look far for a dish of fish. One of the amusements was fishing out of the window, for which purpose a fishing rod was kept in the room ; not that I can say that any of those whose *piscal* propensities urged them to make use of it were very successful : at least, I should have been sorry to have had no better dependance for the supply of the table, which it is but justice to say was well kept. The want of sport certainly could not be attributed to the want of fish, which we could see swimming about in all directions. The bread, however, proved no bait, as it was “ scattered upon the waters ” in vain ; there was no return. The person who took the most interest in this unproductive sport was an Englishman, of a species not very frequently to be met with, I hope, for the honour of my country ; passing himself for a long time as a foreigner, till, upon one luckless day, a topic being started of too interesting a nature, he forgot his lesson, and spoke in his native tongue too fluently to be mistaken. Upon being asked by an English lady present what could induce him to dissemble, and, like a spy, to mix with a party, to whose language he wished to be supposed a stranger, he excused himself, by saying he had been compelled to adopt the plan in his own defence. The result had been such as to induce him to persevere in the deception. As long as he spoke English, he found he was overlooked by his countrymen, but that, from the moment he had made choice of a foreign

language, in the place of his native tongue, and that he was mistaken for a foreigner, he met with every attention from his own countrymen which he could desire. Although there was something specious in his defence, there was also something suspicious in his explanation; and, as his appearance altogether, and manner, were not very prepossessing, the company voted him from Lucerne, a thousand miles off, to Coventry. Had he, under similar circumstances, fallen into the hands of Clara Wendall, a female, who was once the head of a gang of robbers, and who was at this very time in the prison at Lucerne, in all probability he would have met a similar fate with that denounced against Morris, the spy, by Helen Macgregor, and have been doomed to feed the fish in the Lake, by being thrown out of the window. On the other hand, if he had lived in the time of Gesler, he would have been no unapt instrument of the blood-thirsty bailiff.

Before I left Lucerne, I was determined to make an effort to see the extraordinary female to whom I have alluded, a much greater object of curiosity than La Belle Battelliere, of Brienz, whom every body goes to see, inasmuch as a female bandit is a much more uncommon character than a female rower,\* “Ladies of the Lake” being, at least in Switzerland, numerous, though not all pos-

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\* Lord Byron observes, in one of his letters, that the boats on the Swiss lakes are *manned* by women.—See *Moore's Memoirs of Lord Byron*.



sessing female beauty like the graceful maid of “Loch Katrine.” In pursuance of my wish, and anxious to get a sight of such a heroine as Clara Wendall, who, independent of her professional celebrity, her skill and courage, was said to be both young and handsome, I accompanied a party to the prison where she was confined. Our attempts to get a sight of this female prodigy were all in vain,—entreaties, and even attempts at bribery, were made to no purpose;—all that we obtained was a confirmation of her being there, and a sight of the barred window of the tower where she was confined, under a strict injunction of admitting no one to her. Her sentence has been since mitigated, as I was informed a few days since, by a person who read to me an extract from a letter written by a lady of rank, residing in the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc, where Clara Wendall is confined for life, in a high tower; but, I believe, not now wholly inaccessible. I was informed at the same time, that the same lady, of a noble family of this country, from Christian motives, highly creditable to her, is in the habit of paying occasional visits to Clara Wendall, urged by the first, the most divine of all motives—charity.

It has been asserted, that when a woman once loses sight of the barrier that divides the sexes, she becomes worse, in degree of crime, than those of the rougher sex:—as far as I could learn, the gang she commanded, to which a brother of her own belonged, had not been guilty of any wanton act of cruelty, having been indebted for their

success, in general, more to stratagem than to open violence. She has been indebted, probably, for her life, to this circumstance,—every other country but our own making a proper distinction between robbery and murder, in not assigning the same punishment to offences between which there is so wide a difference.

Disappointed in getting admission to this *lioness*, we paid a visit to the Renglock, a canal cut out of the rock, as long ago as the thirteenth century. Until this work of art was achieved, which is worth a visit, the town of Lucerne was subject to inundations from the mountain torrents. These, after heavy rains, or a sudden melting of the snows, poured down in such floods, and so rapidly, as to endanger the property, and often the lives of the Lucernois. By giving these torrents another direction, this malady has been cured. The road to the Renglock lies between the Sonnenberg and the Plattenberg.

I regretted much being obliged to leave Lucerne without ascending Mont Pilate, engagements limiting me to time, left me no alternative, and I, consequently, left the town the following morning, taking with me *une petite chapeau à la Suisse*, which one of the ladies of the hotel assisted me in purchasing, and intended for a young lady not five years of age, now somewhat nearer to me than at the time I made the purchase. This, and a butterfly, of a beautiful and magnificent kind, which I killed in my walks the day before, were the only trophies I carried with me from Lucerne; a place it is impossible to leave without

that species of regret which they who are alive to the beauties of nature must feel, upon turning their back upon such unrivalled and peculiar attractions.

I little thought, when under the indignant feeling of disgust which the apparent treachery of my countryman had exhibited at Lucerne, in denying his country, and assuming the tongue of an alien, that I should so soon meet with any thing like an interpretation which could in any way be urged in extenuation of an act so deserving, in appearance, of reprobation ; I say in appearance, because the circumstance I am about to relate may be used, in some degree, as a plea of justification.

I had scarcely entered the *sal a manger*, at Willisar, the first stage to Berne, before another *voiturin*, with four horses, drove up, containing two ladies and a gentleman, a female servant, and a *courier*, who had much more the air of a gentleman than Captain ———, his employer. The ladies were shewn into the room in which I was seated, while the gentleman, a specimen, I fear, of too many of my English “*Mi Lors*,” kept his station at the door, with a pipe in his mouth, puffing, not saying, *unutterable things*. I could not help thinking that what has been said in vindication of card-players, might be applied, equally, to smokers ;—that “it gives those something to do who have nothing to say,”—I say this, with great exceptions, knowing how many of our most highly gifted, and highly informed writers, have recourse to cigars, as a relief, after mental labours, and find a renovation in



that which nothing else can give. I must, however, be allowed to think the application was not inappropriate in this case, where it was made a pretext for observing what would have been a dead silence, but for the *puff* which at intervals broke upon the ear, on the part of this aforesaid Englishman, who, being thrown into the same room with a fellow-countryman, could not deign to bring himself to exchange a syllable, and who could only nod, in assent to a question which was intended as a commencement to a few minutes' conversation upon the topic then next to my thoughts, the interesting Lake, &c. which I had left behind me ; and which he must, himself, have been, (pipe in mouth, I suppose,) inspecting, with a “lack lustre eye.”

We were going, as I found, the same road, and departed much about the same time. I little thought, at the time, it would be my fate to put up our horses again at the same time, at the same inn ; that we were destined to pass the night under the same roof, a circumstance I was too soon convinced of, by the difficulty I found in making the *garçon* who waited upon us listen to my wants.

We had ordered our several dinners, were once more inhabitants of the same apartments, nay, more, placed at the same table ; the only difference was, that he was with his party at one end, surrounded by every luxury, while I sat at the other, *tout seul*, with a more circumscribed fare. Dinner over, we sat over our desserts,—peaches, nectarines, &c., which were numerous at his end, though at mine very

scarce, and of an indifferent quality. The appetite, the most equalizing of all human weaknesses, of the party, (for appetite will, like all other things, have an end,) being satisfied, the *dolce far niente*, the trifling with the fruit, even, passed, a dead silence ensued, which, I believe, would never have been broken, had I not, at last, summoned up resolution enough to make a remark relative to the best road from the place we were then at, I think it was called Saint Urbans, to Berne. This observation I made, understanding there were two roads, one much shorter than the other. The manner in which my question was met was not very encouraging; but, judging from the abruptness of the answer, was rather considered as officious. This did not prevent me from making another effort:—finding that the replies were made in as few words as would suit ideas which gave the lie to the conclusion, that

“ Brevity is the soul of wit.”

I had recourse, at length, to my book. How strange! how contradictory is human nature! the act, whether it conveyed a wholesome reproof, or not, I cannot say, but it seemed to dispose, particularly the female part of my *fellow-voyageurs*, to be more communicative.

Having tried the Lake of Lucerne to no purpose, notwithstanding its fertility as a theme, having found it as barren as the road between Dan and Beersheba, I left the Righi for Mont Blanc, and the “ Mers de Glace,” where I found these tourists had been, as well as myself. Here

I found I was *at sea* again: unfortunately, I mentioned the name of a lady, a Mrs. C——, who, with her daughter, had not only visited Montanvert, but had performed what may be considered an exploit,—had been at what is called the “Jardin,” a little spot difficult to get at; which has been so called from its peculiar situation, in the midst of snow and ice; and abundant (for no snow ever lies upon this little Eden) in flowers of the mountain-tribe.

In order to reach this little garden, which, like a jewel in an Ethiop’s ear, or “like a good deed in a naughty world,” shines in the midst of a wilderness, the visitor must incur considerable danger, having many crevices of ice to pass,—where one false step would prove fatal,—and some craggy steeps to ascend. Such an achievement had never before been attempted by a female, neither could it have succeeded in this instance, had not the ladies adopted the resolution of sleeping upon the mountain. That they did succeed, by thus pitching their tent near the glacier which they were to pass, and for which they are entitled to much credit, was very well known to all who visited Chamouni after the event took place, in the summer of 1827. The guide with whom I ascended Montanvert, and afterwards crossed the “Mers de Glace,” had been, as he assured me, of the party. Though a very natural topic, and one at the moment necessarily associated with Chamouni, it did not, by any means, appear to give pleasure to the party to whom I addressed myself: the elder of the ladies seemed disposed, I thought, to take umbrage at the tale, asserting



that she was acquainted with Mrs. C——, whose talents and enterprise, great as they were, would never have urged her, ardent as was her taste for sublime scenery, to have visited the “Jardin,” had she thought it would have made her the general topic of conversation. After a few more observations on my part, rather laconically answered, I thought there would be more chance of harmony in holding communion with *self*, into the *laboratory*\* of which I consequently now retired, determined to shew I could do without the *music of speech*. The delinquent at Lucerne, whom we had *banished to Warwickshire*, now recurred to my recollection, and I freely, at that moment, forgave him for the armour he had *put on, in self-defence*, against his own countrymen.

Upon retiring early, that I might start *a la bonne heure* in the morning, to my *chambre a coucher*, I rung the bell, and shouted for the *fille de Chambre*, to no purpose; every one was in attendance upon *Mi Lor Anglois*, and his pipe. With some difficulty, and after much delay, I succeeded in obtaining a little *l'eau chaude*, and at length retired to my bed,

“To sleep,—to dream, perchance.”

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\* Lord Byron, in one of his letters to his highly gifted Biographer, speaks of the “lonely laboratory of Self.”

## LETTER XIX.

*Address to the Sun—Meet my German Fellow Traveller—Travel with him to Berne—Find my portmanteau, but without a direction—The Aubergiste very civilly restores it—His quarrel with an English Traveller who had lost a ring at the Faucon; settled by the Bernese Magistrates—Panorama of the Sunrise at Mount Righi—Visit Fellenberg's Academy at Hofwyll—Description of Hofwyll—Curious Communication of the Dining-room with the Kitchen—Wooden Horse—Leave Berne—Verses upon the same—Lausanne—Geneva.*

PARIS, SEPTEMBER, 1827.

THE sun was just lighting up the snowy summits of the distant mountains, their hues changing, shifting, and ascending, as he sunk, till at length his glowing rays rested upon the very highest peaks, lingering as if loath to depart from such a scene, ere he left them in darkness, as we began to descend towards the town of Berne. As I sat in the carriage I made the attempt I here subjoin, (how vain!) to describe the scene, as it now burst upon my sight, and now faded from my view.

*ADDRESS to the SUN in the ALPINE MOUNTAINS;*

WRITTEN IN THE ENVIRONS OF BERNE.

Above the undulating hills, each peak,  
 Robed in its purest garb, seems to aspire,  
 As though it would hold converse there—would speak,—  
 Touched here and there with spots of glowing fire;

The summits now below,—now rising higher,  
 As sinks the Sun,—as though the God should say ;—  
 “ Man’s worship, tho’ thou shar’st with me, my lyre  
 Shall hail thy charms, coeval with my lay,  
 Ere my beams sink beneath the ocean Lake away.

“ As at the morning-dawn thy breezes float,  
 Responsive to their breathing be my string,  
 Hailing thee, as it once, in days remote,  
 Did Memnon’s lute,—the morning chant shall sing,—  
 As welcome too,—while Echo’s caves shall ring.  
 Yes—I will kiss, with ruddy lips, thy snow,  
 As thou thy offerings dost harmonious bring,—  
 Embrace with burning cheek ;—my earliest glow,  
 With matin salutation thou alone shalt know.

“ When Order bright from murky Chaos sprung,  
 Thou first wert with my lightsome robe invest ;—  
 Thus shall thy domes for aye by me be sung,  
 Where first my rays did on thy summit rest ;—  
 Of all God’s works on Earth the greatest—best :—  
 When vengeful waves in ire were o’er thee past,  
 Dimming thy favoured\* cimes, by Heaven’s behest,  
 First on thy joyous head my light was cast ;—  
 And still, at Morn, I hail thee first,—at Eve, the last.”

I was rejoiced, upon arriving at the Falcon, to find  
 Mr. De S——, my German fellow-traveller, from the  
 Couronne, had been inquiring after me.

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\* The Alps have been poetically termed the “ tall pillars of the sun,  
 from the French word *les cimes*, or summits.



Upon inquiring after my trunk, which I had left at Interlacken, I was well pleased to find it had arrived before me, but without any direction. The slip of paper which I had given to the landlord of the inn at Interlacken, who was half asleep when he received it, had, in all probability, been lost. An explanation of the circumstance, coupled with an assurance that I was the owner, an assurance I was able to confirm by shewing him the key, soon made me master of my own again. In this I thought myself fortunate, as the ire of the *aubergiste* had been excited, not a little, by an English traveller, a day or two before, who had accused mine host of being accessory to the loss he had sustained in a ring which he had left on his table, but which had suddenly disappeared. Upon its non-appearance, after the lapse of two or three days, at the end of which the lord of the Falcon had vouched for its restoration, high words took place, followed, at length, by a summons from the master of the house to the accuser, before the authorities of Berne; and ending in a sort of Baratarian decree, which gave no satisfaction to either party, nor much encouragement to appeal to law,—each being left to pay their own costs. The lord of the Falcon did not express much satisfaction, having built much upon his influence with the deciding magistrates.

It seems the gentleman who lost the ring acknowledged it to be of little value to any person but himself, a circumstance which should have rather urged him to offer a reward for it than to have at once made so serious a

charge against the owner of the house where it had strayed, or had been stolen. Its value was chiefly imaginary, as having been the gift of a deceased relative. The circumstance made some noise at the time;—so much so, that a representation was made to the English ambassador. If report spoke true, it was not the first loss which had occurred in the same house. It is but justice to say, on the other hand, another report told a different story; one of the *on dits* of the day asserting that the gentleman found the ring afterwards in his waistcoat-pocket.

As soon as I had opened my trunk, where I found every thing just as I had left it, I paid a visit to the “Couronne.” In doing this, though I did not find the friend I sought for, I stumbled upon the courier of *Mi Lor Anglois*, who told me the party had come to an anchor there for the present. He had told me before, the lady he served was no relation to the lady who had signalized herself by her achievement on Montanvert, a conviction which her manner, and her bearing the same name, had induced me to harbour. I discovered, afterwards, that this same lady of the “Jardin,” to whom I have before alluded, had been at St. Bernard, where she had paid a long visit,—(I do not mean to say she *wore out* her welcome; )—and, upon leaving it, had made a remuneration which it is not in every person’s power to make, having, with her pecuniary contribution, left behind her a beautiful sketch of Mount St. Bernard, which, I understand, still hangs upon the walls of the refectory.

I had scarcely got back to the Falcon before Mr. De S——, whom I had been in search of, made his appearance. As soon as dinner was over, (we dined at the *table d'hôte*, at the Falcon,) we went to see a sort of panoramic exhibition, a mimic representation of that which we had seen together in all its glory—the Righi at sunrise. I should, perhaps, more properly have termed it a diorama. First of all, you see the mountain under the influence of twilight, or “darkness visible,” then under that of the various tints which accompany the approach of day, till every peak is resplendent with the glorious light. The converse of this is then exhibited—the still more sublime, but more melancholy sight of the setting sun amongst these Alpine regions. Although this representation was upon a small scale, it was very close to nature, and far more interesting than any of the dioramas I have seen in London. The only persons present, besides ourselves, were my fellow-travellers, who, now that I wanted not their ear or their voice, were ready, as was evident by their manner, to recognise me. It was now my turn to be indifferent. When a cheering word would have been music to my solitary ear, it was withheld; now it was at his service who wanted it not, I wrapped myself in my independence—they in their pride:—the result was, we passed each other as strangers; and that too in the *land of the free*.

The following morning I breakfasted with my *compagnon*, by invitation, after which we paid a visit to Mr. Fellenburg's well known institution at Hofwyll. The



drive there from Berne, about five or six miles, is pretty : the road has been well beaten by the English traveller. The institution of Mr. Fellenberg has been established at his own expense : its fame, I need not say, has spread far and near. Who that has seen it will not rejoice that a design so praiseworthy, and which was wholly his own, has been repaid with complete success. The school, which is an elegant and extensive building, stands in the midst of a large tract of land, dedicated entirely to experimental agriculture. Nothing can be more beautiful or eligible than the situation, commanding a distant view of a noble range of snow-capt mountains. A hundred boys, of the wealthier class, here receive the best of education, upon reasonable terms ; the best masters being engaged for this purpose, who give their regular lectures in the classics, mathematics, &c. There is another part of the building set apart for the humbler classes of society, where the boys are taught, *gratis*, scientific and practical agriculture. One part of the building is appropriated to machinery, where the most improved models are to be seen, made after the best patterns, by the pupils, who are taught every branch of trade connected with agriculture. While nothing has been omitted that can improve the mind, the health of the body has had its full share of regard. \*

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\* I have heard, since I was there, that they have constructed a large wooden horse, which is made, mechanically, to go through all the movements employed in the riding-school, with a view to

Besides a large bath for swimming, gymnastics are had recourse to in the interval of more sedentary occupations. There are also lectures given in botany and mineralogy, a study particularly suited to this country, abundant as it is in specimens of every kind. Where a taste for any of the fine arts evinces itself, it is cultivated without delay, as I witnessed myself, having heard several playing instruments in concert. And what a school-room!—the distant Alps for its boundary!—Where shall we find such another? where Nature unfolds to her sons the richest leaves of her brightest folio!

The system of Mr. Fellenberg now explained, unravelled every thing that before appeared inexplicable, confirming me in the favourable opinion I was predisposed to entertain of a mode of instruction which may make Westminster, Eton, Harrow, &c. “hide their diminished heads.” Had I a son, at this moment, to educate, this is the place to which I should, unhesitatingly, give a preference, combining, as it does, all the advantages of a private school, without being liable to any of the objections which may be argued against public education. The very air of the hills breathes independence. Here is neither slave nor tyrant, the fagger or the fagged;—the system, in a word, supplies every requisite to insure all that can be wished,

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give a good seat. There is also a ship, having all the ropes and sails, the knowledge of which is calculated, as far as theory can do, without practice, to make sailors.

and much more than can be found in any seminary in Great Britain; whilst good morals are inculcated, toleration is upheld, in its true sense, to all sects of Christians;—no one being compelled to adapt his creed to the narrow or extended bed of an intolerant *Theologic Procrustes*,—the only certain method of ensuring philanthropy, harmony, and Christian conciliation.

We were conducted through various apartments of the school, than which nothing could be more clean or comfortable, whether it be the dormitories or the lecture-rooms, (where we saw several at lecture,) or the dining-room. In the latter I was struck with a contrivance which I am surprised has not been adopted in other places, where many mouths are to be fed at the same time, especially where the dining-room is or might be over the kitchen, as was the case here. At great public dinners it might be found highly convenient; and, whilst the meat was served hotter, might render the same number of waiters unnecessary. At one end of a long apartment was a large cupboard, with shelves and doors, extending across the room; here, in different compartments, an interchange of soiled plates, knives and forks, for cooked meats, ready for table, was continually going on, during dinner-time,—the former descending as the latter came up from the kitchen, at a given signal. This is, at once, a simple and ingenious contrivance: the effect, upon a signal being given from above, was as if the different viands had been brought up at the waving wand of some magician, the



noise being so small, (the machinery being, I suppose, good,) as scarcely to be noticed.

Besides the school, there is a separate building in which Mr. Fellenberg resides in the heartfelt enjoyment of a well-merited success in a measure to which he has dedicated his whole life; truly rewarded by seeing his efforts reap the praise of all who visit the manly, noble, patriotic institution of Hofwyll.

Immediately after breakfast the following morning I left Berne, in Mr. De S——'s *britchka*. I found my companion very agreeable. He had been taught the English language, which he spoke quite fluently, by a countryman and namesake of my own. Mr. De S—— had been, I found, in England for eight months; intended wintering at Rome, and afterwards visiting Naples; to each of these places he gave me a direction, which he said would find him, as also his address at Vienna, where his father, I understood, was an eminent banker. Finding that I was anxious to become acquainted with the Italian language, to facilitate my progress, he made me a present of two volumes of Goldoni's plays, the phraseology of which, as being most used in conversation, he considered as best calculated to advance a beginner who was anxious to speak the language. He had derived much advantage in this way from works of a similar kind to the one he so strongly recommended. Whatever profit I may derive from his good intentions, I shall never look at it without recalling the occasion which put it into my pos-

session, and ever retain it as a test of his good intention towards me, as well as a memento of the pleasant hours I passed in his society. Whenever he was at a loss for an English word he applied to me, whilst he pointed out many words in the German which scarcely differed from the English, either in the pronunciation or the orthography. Amongst his other recommendations was a taste for music,—an excellent ear and a good voice. Madame Vestris seemed to take precedence of every songstress he had heard in England. He did not, however, succeed so well in his pronunciation of the English words, in his attempts to sing one of her songs, which was as great a favourite with him as it is with every one who has heard her sing “I’ve been roaming;” in singing which no one, I should think, could vie with Madame Vestris, even if inclined to make the attempt. He appeared to sing and pronounce the Italian with more ease than the English ballad,—the most difficult, perhaps, to execute, if we are to form any criterion from the few who have obtained celebrity in that style.

The hills, whose shelving sides face the Lake of Geneva, as we descended them between Lausanne and Geneva, were now glowing with the purple clusters of the vine, inviting the eye, while the hand was warned against any depredation by a symbol, shewing that the guardian lictors were awake, and ready to inflict summary punishment against offenders,—bunches of rods being placed here and there, raised upon poles, to warn the marauders from any

spoliation,—a custom, no doubt, these rustic lictors derived from the Romans. We now found ourselves, once more, at the environs of Geneva, and soon came to a full stop at the door of the Ballance, where, with some difficulty, we succeeded, at length, in getting accommodations.

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*VERSES written at Geneva, on a Moon-light Night.*

ADDRESSED TO THE LAKE.

ALL—all are gone—and they who wooed the breeze,  
And Pleasure's cheerful light,  
Have fled!—for 'tis the night,  
Which but the sad, or FANCY's child, can please:  
Each sheetless mast waves to the rocking sea,—  
Waves rocking to and fro,  
Wringing as if with woe;  
The weighty waters meet,  
The stout planks foaming beat,  
As angry at their own neglected destiny.

At their neglect well may'st thou sigh,  
Indignant lash the faithless boat  
When tenantless 'tis seen to float,  
Though Cynthia with the night draws nigh.  
Lash then their sides,—indignant lash,—  
And when they trust to thee, and woo  
Again, thy milder day-breeze sue,—  
Dash 'gainst their ribs thy billows—dash.



Reserve a rude surge for the day,  
For those who will not hail the ray  
Of Luna, which now plays upon  
Yon passing, lonely, faithful sail,  
Which gives her light wings to the gale,—  
Now basking 'neath a softer Sun.

All, all are in the death of sleep!—  
Who, on the surface of the deep,  
Sported this morn,—pillowed on down,—  
Forgetful lie beneath the frown  
Of death's own counterfeit!—then rave,—  
That thus they woo untimely grave;—  
While thy own planet reigns above  
So bright,—and yields her light of love.

## LETTER XX.

*Paris—Swiss Traveller in the Diligence annoyed at having his Trunk searched at Dole—still more enraged at being searched in the middle of the night in France—gets outrageous—Officer of the Gens d'Arme sent for—Arrive in Paris—Hotel d'Italie—Strange Character there—Theatres at Paris—Trentes Années—Somnambule—Frescati—Victims to the Gambling Table—Versailles—Bastile—Thuilleries.*

PARIS, HOTEL D'ITALIE.

As I travelled back to Paris in the Diligence the same road by which I came to Geneva, I have little to say upon the subject; you may suppose, when I tell you I walked up the steep road which takes you from Geneva over the Jura, that I often paused and cast a lingering look upon the Lake, and the range of mountains, which, from their height, and especially Mont Blanc so seldom to be seen unveiled, seem to leave the line of the horizon undefined. At Dole they gave us a good deal of trouble in examining our baggage very closely. I could not, for some time, find my passport. The want of this, though I made light of it myself, (assured that I should find it, if deemed indispensable,) was by no means considered by the *gen-d'arme* as a matter of indifference. His aspect, which

began to assume a *fierté* and self-consequence, and to pretend any thing but what was agreeable, made me make a search, which, luckily for me, proved successful, or I might have been detained there, if not confined, till I was furnished with another.

One of my fellow-travellers, a Swiss, was much annoyed by the manner in which his trunk was searched. It seems he had been making an unsuccessful effort to get a livelihood at Geneva by teaching the violoncello, and not finding encouragement, he was about to change his residence for some town in France, where he was told there was a better chance of succeeding. The upper part of his trunk seemed full of old pieces of music, many of which were torn up, and were now made depositories or envelopes to pieces of rosin, scraps of music, or possibly attempts at composition, for they appeared to be in manuscript; others contained strings, screws, bridges, bows, all instrumental to harmony in their proper place, although they produced nothing but discord now, when one after another they were unrolled, in spite of his remonstrances and the assurance that they contained no smuggled goods,—leaving them to him to pack them up again. The wanton manner in which they proceeded, laughing in derision as they turned out the contents of his trunk, at length completely exasperated the Helvetian, who began to remind them that he, as a son of the land that gave birth to a Tell, had a right to expect better treatment; an assurance that made them still more disposed to add to his annoyance. His vexation



was doomed, however, to be put to a greater trial, as we advanced, when, at one of the towns we stopped at in France, in the middle of the night, we were all obliged to undergo a still stricter examination. This appearing to the Helvetian harmonist to be still more unreasonable, and a complete work of supererogation, his wrath observed no bounds, and he began to abuse the officers in the most unqualified manner. This, in its turn, kindled the anger of the searchers, who sent for their commanding officer, who, in his turn, bid the *Douanier* thrash him, “*frapper le désobeissant*,” and if that would not do, to send him to the guard-house. It was with much difficulty they could appease the poor Swiss, whom I afterwards was told had been a little *distrain*.

We had a pleasant party in the *interieure* of the Diligence from Dijon; two English ladies—a mother and daughter,—and three Frenchmen; one of them very gentlemanlike and agreeable. On one occasion he brought with him, upon resuming our places, after breakfast, some of the finest grapes I ever beheld or tasted,—enough for the whole party;—we found them particularly grateful after travelling in a close vehicle all night. I was a little surprised when the donor told us he had only given a sous, or a sous and a half for them. The second night was very disagreeable,—a vacant place having been filled by two outside passengers—a boy whom he had the care of, and an infant,—and who, in spite of our remonstrances, he continued feeding with fruit. We soon began to regret we had permitted

him to become an inmate of the carriage, into which he was only admitted upon sufferance. Luckily the weather was very fine, or we should not have been able to have availed ourselves of the only resource left us,—that of travelling with one of the doors open. I doubt very much, if we had remonstrated, whether it would have been of any avail, as the *conducteur* seemed to have an uncontrolled power, especially with the French travellers, who, I believe, in general, do not pay so much for their passage as the English.

I was not sorry to find myself in the environs of Paris, where our passports were again demanded of us, and still more rejoiced to find I could get good accommodations at my old place of abode—the *Hotel d'Italie*,—the hotel from whence I write ; and where I am accommodated with three good rooms,—the drawing-room divided from my sleeping apartment by a third, which makes a sort of waiting-room, having a bricked-floor. For these apartments I pay five francs a day. Madame presides herself every day at the *table d'hôte*, which is supplied with every luxury the season affords, at five francs a head. The difficulty is to get a place at the table : to insure this, it is necessary to signify your intention of dining there, by times in the morning.

Adjoining to the *sal à mangér* is a billiard-room, where some of the party generally retire after dinner, for the purpose of playing a pool ; the person losing so many hazards retiring to make way for a fresh candidate. The game is only played with the white balls, and has this

advantage over the other game, that numbers may, in a short time, become partakers of the sport. I met several countrymen at this *table d'hôte* who did not lodge at the hotel, but who were in the habit of dining there occasionally. The greater part of the company, however, consisted of foreigners, French and Italian. There was one person, an Englishman, who was always to be found at this table at the dinner hour,—a little elderly man, with a small brown wig; his appearance was that of a mercantile man, which I understood he had been for many years in London, where he had realised something handsome; he could not speak a word of French, although he preferred a *table d'hôte*, which scarcely any others but foreigners frequented. I observed he eat of almost every dish successively; indeed, he gave the excellency of his fare as his reason for living in Paris, where he had lived, he said, as well as the first nobleman in England, upon a moderate income. He regularly put the same question to me every day, that is, “if I had heard any thing of the Thames Tunnel?” An English gentleman, a well known dramatist, who was, and had been for several years, in the habit of dining at this table, told me he had asked him the same question, the only one he ever asked, regularly for two years, whenever he chanced to meet him; after this he was generally silent for the rest of the day.

To write concerning the scenes of Paris, which every one has seen or read of, would be to commit an unpardonable tautology. The subjects, though inexhaustible, are



at length exhausted, whether it be Notre Dame or St. Genevieve, or the hundred and one theatres which are filled every night long before the commencement of the first performance. The *Trentes Années* and the *Somnambule* seemed to be the favourites of this year. They have both been dramatised for our stage; with what effect I know not, as I have never been present at their representation on this side of the water. The essence, I imagined, has in a great degree evaporated in the transposition, if we may judge by the short time they kept possession of the stage. The *Somnambule* is highly interesting, as performed at the *Academie de Musique*, though often bordering upon what might, perhaps, be called indelicacy. It possesses an interest of a superior kind, which is kept alive to the very last, till the, at first, questioned virtue of the fair *Somnambule*, which was on the very eve of being sacrificed to appearances, at length is made manifest; and poetical justice is done. When the sleep-walker in the last scene is seen walking on the ridge of the house not a sound of any sort was to be heard in the house; I really believe that one half of the audience believed they were not sitting at a play, but witnessing facts. The different attitudes of the actors on the stage, supposed spectators of the event, upon which hung the happiness, the fair fame of the *Somnambule*, contributed much to the delusion; some, the greater number, falling on their knees, others not daring to look at the terrific scene, which attracted such attention and interested every heart. The

vaudevilles and dancing were inimitable. The other piece, *Les Trentes Années*, which has filled the house for ninety nights successively, at a theatre in the Boulevards, addresses itself to some of the strongest feelings of our nature. The gradations of vice are well portrayed in the “Thirty Years of the Life of a Gamester;” at the end of which period every virtuous feeling, every taste, but a vitiated and invincible love of the vice which has proved his bane, becomes extinct; till at last, that he may be enabled to pursue the unextinguishable propensity, he assents to a proposal, made by a companion, a sort of *Stukely* of the piece, to whose example and influence he owes all his misfortunes, to murder his benefactor, the man who had preserved his life, when driven to the last extremity. To add to the horror of the scene, which is the last, this person turns out to be his own son, from whom he had been separated when an infant, having been banished from his own country for killing his antagonist in a duel.

Since a breach had been made in the unities of this piece, the author is to be praised for availing himself of the circumstance, adding, as it does, a horrible interest to the tale. A gentleman, whom I sat next to in the pit, observed, that there had always been a great majority of females in the house at this performance. I observed, upon casting my eye round from the *parterre* where I was situated, that there were nearly nineteen women to one man. No stronger proof could be given of the extent of

the evil in this country, which it was the intention of this piece to check, by depicting all its horrific results.

Of the bad consequences of the vice of gaming, which undermines every noble principle of the human breast, it has been my fate to witness many instances which may be said to be cases in point. Amongst these, I shall select one for your amusement, at which you may laugh or 'cry just as you please, as you may be a disciple of the laughing or the crying school. My acquaintance with the family of a gentleman, of whom I am about to relate an anecdote, made me an eye and ear witness to the misery, I may say destruction, which was brought upon his house by this invincible propensity in the head of it, who began life as a barrister, with undoubted talent, and a clear estate of more than £2000 a year. This inheritance, perhaps, was his misfortune, as in all probability, if he had applied to his profession, whilst his time had been honourably occupied, he would have enriched his family; as it was, he neglected his profession, lost his time, and at last the whole of his property; a fine estate, which unluckily was not entailed upon his eldest son, then in the Guards, who died before his father, leaving a family unprovided for. But to return to the father;—like most other gamesters, his temper was affected by his losses, and while he staked hundreds at the gaming table, he became remarkable in his family for his penurious disposition;—so much so, that, after losing hundreds, he would quarrel with his wife, an amiable woman and excellent mother, for



straws ; and would accuse her frequently of extravagance, even at the very time when, if he had considered for a moment, he must have known the thing was impossible, not having it in her power, if it had been her inclination, to be otherwise than what she was,—an excellent economist. One evening, after having been treated worse than usual by the fickle goddess, whom he worshipped so unaccountably, he returned home in a state of mind bordering upon despair, something beyond the point of irritation, when perhaps too much remorse reigned in his bosom to admit of wrath, and wholly unable to disguise his feelings. His wife, who thought to take advantage of the moment, began to remonstrate with her husband, and to point out, by anticipation, the ruin that awaited his family. Had he received the remonstrance, as it was intended, it should have led to reformation, and a determination to make no further offering at a shrine where his homage had been so ungratefully received. But when was a gamester ever reformed?—certainly not here. Instead of receiving the kind reproof as he ought to have done, he vowed he would that very instant put a period to his existence ; and thinking to excite a feeling of pity in his wife's bosom, which he felt for himself at the moment, he immediately rushed out of the room in search of his razors. His wife followed him,—as he supposed,—to prevent the dreadful catastrophe. Imagine him now with one of his razors at his throat, and his wife,—I think I hear you say, in terror rushing forward to snatch it from him—No ;—“ *tout au contraire* ”—encouraging him to the act—

her hands occupied with a basin, which she was now holding up, ready to receive the “ruddy drops,” which, however, were not so soon destined to flow, to follow the threatened act of bronchotomy. No;—exclaims the no longer penitent, the mocked, the angry husband, coolly shutting up his razor, “I’ll not destroy myself—I’ll not put an end to my existence, because I know it would give you pleasure.” The sequel was,—he lived on till he lost every shilling of his property.

I was doomed to bear witness to the sad effects of this passion in another example of this infatuating propensity. The day following that on which I went to see “*Les Trentes Années*,” at the Theatre de St. Martin, a proposal was made to me by a friend, to visit Frescati’s celebrated gambling-house, little thinking I should meet, in an old acquaintance whom I had missed for many years, without being able to conjecture what had become of him, another victim at the same altar. I had lost sight of him for some years: when I had last seen him, he united personal beauty with manners particularly elegant. The gentleman I speak of was well known in some of the best circles about town, and at Bath. He was then (about twelve or fourteen years ago) in possession of an excellent property and noble mansion, which he had inherited from his father, a gentleman of high rank in the army, and much respected. When I met this victim to this infatuating vice, I should scarcely have known him; he had lost all pretensions to his wonted good looks,—was nearly bent double,—whilst no less

a change had taken place in his circumstances ; his property, with his house, having been sold, bit by bit, to pay the debts of *honour* he had sustained at the gaming table. He was now only a looker on, with just enough left him to enable him to obtain the absolute necessities of life ; the propensity still undiminished, and playing occasionally for shillings and sixpences, when he had any to stake. What an insatiable demon is this God of Chance !—what an infatuated being is man !——

I have been to see the elephant intended as a model for a fountain ; and the *Jardin des Plantes*, but not the giraffe, which, not being well, was not visible. I have also seen Versailles, which, with all its vastness, did not give me an idea of grandeur. It is now rather a monument of desolation. It were well if it proved a warning to kings, who are disposed to extravagance. A saying is well recorded of the perhaps only prudent king\* of the house of Bourbon ; that it was “ better that the people should laugh at his penuriousness, than weep at his prodigality.” Little thought this good king, at the time, how soon the people he governed would practically feel the truth of the saying, in the production of this excrescence of stone, which has since proved so eventful. Nothing proves more the wanton and lavish recklessness of its founder than its present state, denuded of furniture, and its being unoccupied by those for whom it was intended as a royal residence. The existence

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\* Louis the Twelfth.



of these walls may be considered a standing memorial of tyrannical and regal extravagance, and an extenuation, in some degree, of revolution. But the French had a better plea for resistance, in a building which fell beneath the ire of their just and indignant vengeance—the Bastile; on the site of which now stands the elephant, as if emblematic of the power of an enraged people.

The Louvre was repairing, and consequently shut. The Thuilleries, however, were thronged very much every day, by crowds who went to see, and be seen; the exhibition of the handy works of French artists in the mechanical line, being, at least, the apparent attraction. It is not, however, capable of being much used as a lounge; as the company never meet, always moving in the same direction, following each other in succession; making their entrance at one door, and their exit at another. One of the lions of the present day was a state coach, upon a new construction, for Charles Dix.

But it is time to say adieu for the present, which the possession of my renovated passport, just put into my hands, tells me to lose no time in doing. You shall hear from me once more before I cross the water, when I “set my hour-glass on the ocean’s edge;” \* till then, again, I say adieu!

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\* “Our avidity to hear from those we love,” says Miss Seward, “is always proportioned, in some degree, to the consciousness of their distance; especially when imagination sets her hour-glass on the ocean’s edge.”—*Anna Seward’s Letters*.

## LETTER XXI.

*Boulogne — High and low Town — Pillar of Napoleon — Society at Boulogne — Excellent Amateur Painters living there — Anecdote of a French Officer resident there — The Museum — Concert — Storm on the Coast — A Vessel wrecked — Lines written on the spot, upon the subject — Protestant Chapel built so as to be turned into a Theatre — French Regiment — Their mode of settling their quarrels — Beaten Tracks — Difference between Beaters in looking out for subjects — Gray's opinion of writers of Travels — Conclusion.*

## BOULOGNE SUR MER, GRANDE RUE.

THEY who travel from Calais to Paris, and return the same road, must form a very imperfect idea of France. Before it was my lot to be rolled through the barren, unumbrageous Picardy, I had visited Normandy; had glided down the Seine, had borne testimony to the demands which its banks must make upon the admiration of all visitors, who travel with their eyes open, and their senses not shut. The journey from Paris to Boulogne made therefore no change in the first impressions which I had imbibed, from having made my first *entrée* in France, at Havre. They were too deep and too pleasing, to be eradicated. As life has often been compared to a journey,—so a journey, converting the simile, may be compared to life, where the bitter and the

sweet are mixed together. The only difference in my case was, that the “*mauvais quarte d’heure*,” which happens to all, was put off to the latest period. This is still more like life;—the last part of it generally proving the least interesting and most negative in the enjoyments to which it restricts us.

That it appeared a long, as well as “*mauvais quarte d’heure*,” I must acknowledge, lasting from Paris till I found myself at the Hotel d’Angleterre, at Boulogne. The meeting of many dear friends soon made me forget the penalty I had lately undergone in making the purchase, which all must undergo who are compelled to make use of such an unsentimental vehicle as a French Diligence; and which I fear those who travel even in a *Remise*\* now-a-days would experience, and when “Monks,” and “horn-boxes,” and “mad Maria’s,” are so scarce. There is something very peculiar about this town, which, though it may be said to resemble a country town in England, in some respects, is still unique in its appearance. In fact, it may be said to be two separate towns in one.

The old town, which is upon a hill, being quite distinct from the new and lower one, which the English chiefly inhabit, is inclosed by the ramparts, upon which there is a good walk, commanding a fine view of the sea. For a constant residence, the upper or old town is by far the most

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\* See Sterne’s “Sentimental Journey.”



eligible, as good houses may be had in the upper without the appurtenance of a “*boutique*.” There are very few houses which command a view of the sea ; none indeed, I believe, excepting those built upon the Quay ; at the entrance to which is a low, but pretty building, comprising a ball-room, reading and billiard-rooms, very conveniently situated, and close to the sands, so well known for their extent and fine quality.

Standing upon a rock above, they shew you a small house, in which Buonaparte is said frequently to have passed the day, and sometimes the night, in meditation how best to attack the foe on the opposite coast. From this spot there is, or rather has been, a road constructed, running often on, always near, the edge of this rocky and high land, and reaching as far, I was told, as Calais. At intervals are to be seen the remains of small stone sentry stations ; indeed, from the appearance of this coast, one is led to imagine he thought more of being invaded, than of becoming invader. The same defensive works are to be seen below, at different distances on the sand, whereon little forts are built. These, when the tide is in, are surrounded by the sea ; and each of them armed with artillery. Probably all this was intended to protect the coast from the too near approach of our ships, when in pursuit of the gun-boats, which once proved such a bugbear to the English. And yet we must suppose Napoleon was serious in his intention of making an attempt to land, when we look at the pillar, built on the summit of one of the

rocks, which he erected, as it is said, with an intention to commemorate the conquest\* of England. What has been said of the monument of London, may now, with much more propriety, be applied to the monument of Boulogne, which,

“ Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies.”

The society at Boulogne is, generally speaking, bad. All that can be said in its praise is, that it is something better than it was formerly, though still a refuge for outlaws. There are many respectable families resident here. Generally speaking, however, convenience, more than choice, is the attraction. There are some who give this place the preference to any other in France; an election which they have been induced to make from its proximity to England, and the advantage it affords in masters of every kind, who are to be had here much cheaper than in England; a material circumstance where there is a large family to be educated, without a superabundance of means. The price of provisions is also much lower than in England, with the exception of butcher's meat; house-rent is much the same. There is another recommendation which Boulogne possesses,

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\* “ Sic transit gloria mundi,” may well be applied here. Little did this infatuated man think how soon the time would arrive that would make such trappings unnecessary. We have often heard of the intoxication of power: such an instance of this species of inebriety is not to be found perhaps in *ancient*, certainly not in *modern* history.

at least such it is to many—the probability, if stationary here, of meeting friends ; being, as it is, a sort of resting-place for tourists, especially those who have made their tours, who generally, now-a-days, return by the Boulogne packets, in preference to those of Calais. I met with more than one family who had chosen this place as a retreat, after being tossed about by fate ; and who might have put up the same motto over their doors as that used by the hero of Salamanca—

“ Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valet :  
Sat mihi lusistis, ludide nunc alios.”

There is \* one person in particular who has chosen it as an haven of this kind ; who, after having served his country with fidelity, and reached the summit of his profession, has, in this retreat, pursued the bent of his talent for one of the sister arts, and obtained no small celebrity, by exertions which the active period of his earlier years left him no opportunity of cultivating. His house has now to boast of some *chef d'œuvres* in landscape painting, in oils, conceived and executed in a manner such as none but they who combine genius with application could reach. There is another amateur who has presented to the Museum† here a

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\* The highly gifted amateur I allude to has, since this was written, exchanged his pencil for a truncheon—not, it is to be hoped, to the exclusion of the other.

† The Museum is open at certain hours, *gratis*, to the people. The collection of birds, butterflies, shells, minerals, and curious quadrupeds, is excellent. Besides the Museum, there is a large collection



view of Boulogne, a most welcome donation, for which they are indebted to their own liberality ; the municipality here having accommodated the person I allude to with a room for his paintings in the Hotel de Ville, which he now makes use of as his study. This accurate civic portrait, done in a masterly style, upon a large scale, is now suspended in the Museum, by the side of a view of the same place, taken some centuries ago, when Boulogne was in its infancy.

There is another person, a Frenchman, residing in the neighbourhood of Boulogne, whose life has been chequered in a most extraordinary way. A French officer, Monsieur ——, having been an adherent to the Bourbons, and hostile to what he considered the usurpation of Buonaparte, thought he might, without any breach of honour, serve in the British army, then in alliance with the Continental Powers for the avowed purpose of restoring the family to whom he had sworn fealty. Not being able to procure a commission, his property being confiscated, he enlisted in the British hussars as a private. With that regiment he was at the battle of Waterloo, and was there wounded. Before his wounds were quite healed, his regiment left

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of books, chiefly in the French language, many of which are lent out. There is also a long room dedicated to sculpture, where there are casts to be seen of all the finest Grecian models. On a Sunday, the Museum is open to those who have no leisure to inspect these curiosities upon any other day. In fact, there is much here to interest either the ornithologist, entomologist, the mineralogist, zoologist, or conchologist.

Paris for England. At length, anxious to join them, he proceeded, before he was perfectly recovered, on his way, by slow stages, until he reached Avignon ; where, finding himself much fatigued, he sat down one day at the door of one of the houses in the town. This being noticed by a female friendly to the English, he was asked to take shelter inside the house.—The female turned out to be his own sister, whom he had not seen for many years.—The interview is said to have been most affecting.—After a time, however, he pursued his way and rejoined his regiment, where, on account of his gallantry and general good conduct, he was offered a cornetcy. This history, in the mean time, had reached the ears of the Bourbons, once more restored.—Honours now awaited him on every side.—His attachment to his own sovereign was thought worthy of still higher rank, which was offered him in one of the cavalry regiments of his native country. In the mean time a mutual attachment had taken place between him and a lady of his own country, who was possessed of an independence which she offered to share with him,—but upon the condition of his leaving the army ;—a stipulation to which he now acceded, having made choice of the environs of Boulogne for his place of residence.—I should have added that he was of an honourable and ancient family.—To this circumstance might be attributed the reluctance he spoke of, as having felt when called upon, which he often was, to hold an officer's horse whilst he mounted—the only feeling of degradation he underwent in the execution of those duties he

have always felt for the sublime sight which the angry sea, when lashed into fury, presents to an enthusiastic eye. Here the image was rendered complete by the visible ravage which the overwhelming waves were making upon the shattered bark.

Whilst a friend who accompanied me to the shore was taking a sketch of the boat, and lamenting that a more shattered condition had not yet made it more worthy of the pencil, I scribbled hastily the lines in my pocket-book, which I have here transcribed. They possess no merit, beyond that of being a faithful description of that which passed before my eyes.

## STORM AT BOULOGNE.

WRITTEN UPON THE SPOT.

Oh! what a din!—what tumult of wild waves is here!  
The waters seem as if they'd wash away  
The steep! What chance has, then, yon wave-beat bark,  
That, on yon sands, close to the rocky shore,  
Writhing beats to and fro, telling sad tale,  
While the wild waves leap o'er her decks,—or beat  
Her sides—while now the howling winds  
Relentless mock the handyworks of man?  
  
See the long line of surges, boiling fierce  
Like water in a caldron,—in wild rage  
Chasing each other,—striving which shall first—  
Shall soonest—lash, with dying howl, the shore,—  
Dying, exhausted in their fury!—while afar  
At sea, even to the horizon, others leap



Up with their hoary heads, preparing for  
Fell havoc;—threat'ning, with their thunder, woe,  
Destruction, death, to all who daring meet,  
Or, hapless, find themselves o'erta'en,—enclos'd !  
Poor boat !—Now buried in a fog of foam  
Thy scuppers run a snowy stream, and give  
The engulphing waters to the mother sea,—  
Quick to return again.—One level waterfall,  
From ocean's distant line e'en to the coast  
Which now we tread ! a deluge vast it seems,  
Threat'ning to o'erwhelm all :—and now I feel  
As safety only were in flight ;—and look  
Back to the towering steep ere 'tis too late,—  
As if nought else could presently restrain  
The rebel foe ;—as if the flood would soon  
O'ertake us in its race.—Never till now  
Beheld mine eye such anger, when each wave  
Unbridled seems, and curbless in its might !

The shopkeepers at Boulogne either feel or affect a *non-chalance* when they hear of the English families leaving Boulogne, assuring themselves that their places will be filled by others ; convinced, as they say, that the English cannot stay at home. They are not a nation of shopkeepers, and cannot be brought to puff off their articles, or even to exhibit them to advantage. Their chief aim seems to be to find out exactly what you want, that they may not be under the necessity of giving themselves more trouble than what is indispensably necessary. I was much amused this morning in a shop, where I went to purchase

some ladies' scarfs and handkerchiefs to take with me to England. Having made my purchase, at once, for some articles just arrived from Paris of the newest fashion, Madame La J—— looked, and expressed herself highly pleased. I soon, however, had reason to know she could be otherwise. A countrywoman of her own (it was market day) just at this moment came into the shop, and asked the price of a piece of silk, probably with a view to sell it again. Such, I only presume, was the case, from her endeavouring to cheapen the article so much. Madame La J—— told her, not very mildly, that she wanted to take off from one yard as much as would amount to the profit arising from the sale of the whole piece. Not satisfied with this assurance, she spoke of some other shop that she was determined to try. The blood of Madame was now completely up. Rolling up the article, she signified that she did not want her custom. “*Allez donc,*” cried Madame, “*et achétez une robe pour votre chat.*”

Having made all the purchases I intend making, I purpose, as the wind has abated, crossing the Channel to-morrow. The only articles I have any apprehension about are a female Swiss dress “a la Bernoise,” and some prints, which I collected on my journey. The first I am most anxious about, as I believe they are liable to be seized, or highly taxed. Part of the dress consists of embroidered velvet, of which there are a great many yards.

There is a very good chapel of ease here, built expressly for the service of Protestants. It is more spacious than

appropriate ; but this may be easily accounted for, if what I was told is true, that the architect, in building it, in his plan, was obliged to look to future contingencies, and particularly to the possibility of the arrival of a period when Boulogne might be deserted by the English. The chapel was therefore, under this impression, so constructed that it might be converted into a theatre. This will, in some degree, account for the appearance of the interior, much too light and gaudy for the purpose to which at present it is applied. I have known two or three instances where theatres have been converted into chapels by the Roman Catholics,\* so that it is only turning the tables upon us. But every thing on this side of the water is made to assume a theatric air, whether it be a “*coup d'etat*,” or a “*coup de theatre*,” or a “*coup de chapelle*.”

The sedan chairs, under a similar influence here, are existing proofs of the genius of the nation, bearing titles which give to “airy nothings a being and a name.” One is called “La Dame Blanche,” another “La Hirondelle,” “La Fidelité,” “La Beauté,” &c., attaching to each an imaginary vitality, and not without some pretension, if the report of those who have been carried by these ladies “with a name” is to be credited.

The roads about Boulogne are execrable ; the only good

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\* The Roman Catholic chapel at Bath is one of the instances I allude to, which was for many years the Theatre Royal of that gay town.



one may be said to be the hard sand, which, at low tide, extends for many miles: the draft, however, is heavy for wheels. Besides, there is a monotony in ploughing the sea shore; nothing to vary the prospect to the eye, always on the look out for novelty. For those who use saddle horses only, it might be pleasant enough in summer.

There is a regiment of the line here, nearly a thousand strong; but consisting in general of young men under size. This looks as if the successive conscriptions had exhausted the country; a conclusion which seems to be more justified by the extreme youth of many of the new candidates for glory. Instead of side-arms, as with us, I observed that each soldier wore a sword. When they quarrel, it is usual to decide their disputes with this weapon; umpires standing by to see fair play. The first drop of blood, as is the case in our contests with the quarter-staff or cudgel, is the signal which terminates the combat. The method has not been found by any means to encourage quarrelling, the aggressor being compelled to give satisfaction.

The country about Boulogne having been considered well adapted to the "noble sport," a pack of hounds not long since was amongst the importations from England. Although several Frenchmen were induced to avail themselves of the circumstance, the "Rulers" here set their faces against it from the first, till, remonstrances proving vain, the *gens d'armes* one morning arrested all the offenders, French and English. Fine and confinement staring them in the face, the field soon became deserted, since which

time the pack have had a holiday. Some of them, I understand, are to be fellow-voyagers to-morrow with me in the Packet. They will not need a passport, a word which implies either the commencement or termination of a "Tour." Mine has been so often countersigned, as scarcely to leave room for this last signature, which it is about to get.

Gratifying as is the assurance you make me of your wish to take me by the hand again, I fear I have, by that same instrument, anticipated the interest, at least the novelty, of any narrative I may have to make of the incidents which may have befallen me; and yet, after all, there is no eloquence like the tongue leagued with the "*quattro occhi*."

That the ground I have gone over is *beaten* ground, I am willing to allow; that it is worth *beating*, is equally true: much depends, after all, upon the *beater*: besides, almost every *beater* starts more or less new game, whilst some go over the ground without starting any; even Switzerland, to many, proving barren ground. Lord Byron met a lady asleep between Interlacken and Lauterbrun, as he justly says, at the "most anti-narcotic spot in Christendom." Another applied the epithet *rural* to Mont Blanc and Chamouni. "A person asked me the other day," says Werter to his Charlotte, "if I *liked* Ossian?"—LIKED Ossian!!!—A fellow traveller, on the other hand, assured me he met a lady and her daughter, riding a mule upon the edge of a precipice, on one of the highest Alps passable, the former of whom had broken her leg, two years before,

on the same mountain. Some there are then,—and not a small number I believe,—who can never be tired of gazing upon sublime scenery; and yet how small must be the number who are enabled fully to gratify this taste, compared with the enthusiastic admirers of the sublime and beautiful, who willingly would, but have it not in their power, visit this enchanting country, and who must therefore be content to take it at second hand.

To add an interest to my narrative, of the defects of which no one can be more sensible than myself, I have given two sketches of scenery, which I trust will be found faithful and interesting. In a few other places, where the theme struck me as fraught with poetic capability, I have endeavoured to convey the impression made upon my “mental eye,” but only where the “numbers came,” I trust, not “*invitâ Minervâ*.”

As I have not attempted to give a description of any place I have not seen, I hope, at least, my descriptions, however anticipated I may have been, will wear as much freshness as an oft-trodden path is capable of. I am not conscious of exaggeration in any one instance, however I may be of not having done justice to the Land, which, being a masterpiece of Him who “fills all space,” defies the pencil or the pen.

To those who, like myself, wish to see this Land, (for, after all, the eye alone can properly appreciate its grandeur,) if this short Tour of two months may prove any assistance; or if it should urge them to make the attempt



to visit the country where two Seasons reign at once, I shall have reason to rejoice ; convinced that I shall entitle myself to the thanks, the gratitude of those whom I may have roused to the undertaking.

At all events, if I have no title to any other merit, and may be thought to have taken up a subject to which the "*decies repetita placebit*" is not applicable, at least I have the satisfaction of thinking, that in having given an account only of that which I have "seen or heard," I have an authority for thinking I have not wholly thrown away my time. I allude to, and shall finally terminate with, a quotation from a letter of Gray, who tells us that "any man living may make a book, if he will but set down with truth what he has seen or heard."

THE END.

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